00038358

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 28 September, 2015

THE

MERCHANT ABROAD

IN

Europe, Asia, and Australia.

A SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM

JAVA, SINGAPORE, CHINA, BENGAL, EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, THE CRIMEA AND ITS BATTLE GROUNDS, ENGLAND, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ETC., ETC.

By GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

OF BOSTON.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY FREEMAN HUNT, A.M.,

EDITOR OF "MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE," &C.

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO., 47, LUDGATE

NEW YORK:—G. P. PUTNAM & CO.

1857.

C 1

32358

38553

00038358

C 2

TO

ENOCH TRAIN, ESQ.

OF BOSTON,

These Inklings from foreign lands are respectfully

INSCRIBED

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF HIS MANY ACTS OF KINDNESS,

By a Graduate

OF HIS

COUNTING HOUSE.

C

INTRODUCTION.

Commercial Literature is a new term. I have sought to make it acknowledged. It seems to have been thought that the only books for a merchant to read or to write, were those formidable rows of ponderous ledgers, dealing only in the inexorable logic of arithmetic, to which learning was a stranger, within whose lids a gleam of fancy or of humor dare not intrude, and which summed up the subjects and results of commerce, in the uninviting rhetoric of figures. But Commerce no longer lingers around its ancient haunts. It now pervades the world. The merchant lays his hand upon the entire products of the globe, in all the changing forms, to which human industry and ingenuity may transmute them. Agriculture says to him, "Behold the varied results of my industry in different climes, it is yours to make them useful to the nations." The Manufacturer asks him to carry and distribute the products of the loom. Whatever is valuable to man, calls on the merchant for help. The very gold which the sands and

the rocks of California and Australia so profusely yield, requires the merchant's ships and system of exchange to make it of the value it really represents. Why then shall not commerce be installed among the occupations whose achievements shall be deemed worthy of record, and possess a literature peculiarly its own. To give it this position, to preserve its doings and experiences, not only its brilliant successes, but its gradual march, to give permanent record to the whole sweep of mercantile pursuits, to keep alive the bright names that adorn its progress, has been the main object of nearly twenty years of my life.

It has seemed to me coincident with the general scope of these labors, to gather into a more permanent form, the following letters of a young American merchant. They contain much information of use to the mercantile community. They were written on ships and steamers, and amidst all the inconveniences, hurry and bustle of travel, and, from the author's continued absence, abroad, have not the benefit of his revision. They therefore appear, as written for the daily journals, with all their evidences of haste upon their head. From such deficiencies they are redeemed by the intelligence, difficult of access, which they embody, by their graphic history of

the rise and progress of that new world destined to wield the sceptre of the Southern Seas, by their statistical knowledge, by the glow and sprightliness of their descriptions, and the amusing incidents they relate. The history of the countries through which the traveler passes is compressed into a few pages, and the commercial details are enlivened by humor and wit. Received with distinction by the merchant princes of the lands he visited, his opportunities were rare and enviable—opportunities which he has not failed to improve.

The author, Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, went from Boston to Australia in 1853, and established, at Melbourne, the prosperous house of George F. Train & Co. with which he is still connected. During his residence of thirty-two months at Melbourne, he took a prominent and active part in all measures for the advancement of the colony, and when he left was honored with a complimentary dinner by the merchants of Melbourne. His portrayal of the marvelous growth of that city from its wharfless condition when he reached there, to its present commercial position, is a description of events which, it is probable, can never be repeated in any other portion of the globe.

For this correspondence the title of "Young America

Abroad" was at first adopted—one of our papers having selected the author, for a biographical sketch, "as a representative of the young American merchant,—of that Young America which pours its energies through all the channels of commerce in all quarters of the globe—which, at home or abroad, upholds the high character of its country—which is ready to plant itself wherever great achievements await it, whether amid the furs of the North West or on the quays of the seaboard; now ploughing the Arctic ices, or searching for new points of development under the Equator; now carrying our flag and institutions to erect them on the golden rocks of California; or, as if not finding room enough within our own boundless domain, aiding to establish a new port, build a new city and create a new commerce on the golden soil of Australia."

Indeed we must allow Mr. Train to give his own ideas on this subject by quoting from his speeech at Melbourne, July 4th, in response to a toast to "G. F. Train and Young America." After tracing the descent of Young America for a thousand years, he says :—

"But if the retrospective view has dazzled us, how much more astonishing is the present; when our thirteen little States are rolling on towards forty living

Republics, bound together as one nation; when our three millions have grown to thirty, and 'driven by the hand of God,' to quote De Tocqueville, 'are peopling the Western wilderness at the average rate of seventeen miles per annum;' when our Lilliputian commerce has whitened every sea, and our mother tongue has worked its way into every land, and when our influence and our progress—like the ripple in mid-ocean—reaches from shore to shore.

"Startle not, my friends, at the lightning pace of the pilgrim's steed. He is sure to win the race,—naught stops him in his destiny; when danger lurks in his pathway, he turns high his head and snorts a proud defiance at the precipice that would have ruined him, and plunges on to victory. * * * Young America is only another edition of Old England, in a binding peculiar to the New World. Young John Bull in his shirt sleeves, working with an energy that commands success. England and America are partners, not rivals. The younger nation is the junior, who manages the western branch of the old concern. Youth gives activity, and hence the young man opens his letters before breakfast, on the steps of the post office, whilst the old gentleman prefers breaking the seal in dressing gown and slippers after

dinner. Young America showed the same feelings of independence in establishing a house of his own, that every young man experiences who leaves the old house to earn an honest livelihood by his own exertions.

"In this instance, however, the connection with the old concern is of more value than that with the balance of the world. The revolution was merely an animated conversation, where shot and cannon were introduced to give emphasis to the debate, and when the disputed 'point' was settled, old England rose with renewed vigor, in Young America. The sources of discord soon began to dry, and now, as the flower turns to the sun, the needle to the magnet, the child to its mother, as the twin brothers of Siam receive each the same emotions, so are we bound by speaking the same language, and worshipping the same God, to remember England, the proud old mother of our race,

'And join the Stars and Stripes and Cross in one fraternal band,
Till Anglo-Saxon faith and laws illumine every land.'"

FREEMAN HUNT.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

Review of a Thirty Months' Residence in the Southern El Dorado—Fever of Australian Speculation in 1853-4—Its consequences and Reaction—Government Blunders—The Mining Troubles—Economical Reforms in the Government of the Colony—The New Constitution—Its Effect upon Existing Parties—Australian Nationality—Independence Looming in the Distance—A Yankee Tour of Pleasure, &c. - - - - - - - - - 13

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Batavia—The American Commercial Marine—The Java Boatman—Beauty of the Coast Scenery—The Mangosteen—Appearance of the Town—Novelty of the Sights that meet the Traveler's Eye—Trade of Batavia—The Climate, &c., &c. - 26

CHAPTER III.

Life of Mercantile Classes—Animated Scene on the Road to the Merchants' Country Residences—Description of their Villas—The Native Population—A Dutch Reformer—A Java Hotel—Batavia Cookery—The Race Course—Contre Temps of a Stranger—Curious Habits of the Javanese, &c., &c. - - - - - - 33

CHAPTER IV.

Interior of the Island—Javanese Conveyances—Malay Post Boys—The Plantations—A Javanese Marriage—Wonderful Sights—The Whole Book of Nature Opened in a Three Hours' Ride—

PAGE.

The Government House—Official Receptions—Population and Administration of the Dutch Colonies—Their Revenues, Expenditures, &c.—The Europeans on the Islands—Effects of the Climate on their Constitutions—Political History of Java—The Native Population—Departure, &c., &c. - - - - - - - 40

CHAPTER V.

The Voyage to Singapore—Our Fellow Passengers—Olla Podrida of Nationalities—Pilgrims to Mecca—Arab Women—Arrival at Minto—Off Singapore—Dutch Diplomacy in Japan—Commerce with that Empire—The Hollanders Catching the Bird while other Nations are Beating the Bush—The American Treaty with Japan so much Waste Paper—The Javanese Mail System—A Political Discussion at a Dutch Dinner Table—The Dutch Navy in the Indian Archipelago, &c., &c. - - - - - - - - 53

CHAPTER VI.

A Singapore Hotel—Its Inconveniences and Horrors—Importance of Singapore as a Commercial Rendezvous—The Opium Privilege—Scenery of the Island—Environs of the City—The Population, Native and Foreign—The Chinese Millionaire, Wampoa—Trade of Singapore—The Malay Pirates—American Commerce in the Indian Archipelago—Siam and its Exclusiveness—Efforts to Open its Trade—Horrors of the Coolie Traffic, &c., &c. - - 66

CHAPTER VII.

More about the Coolie Trade—Numbers of American Vessels Engaged in it—Statistical History of the Commerce of Singapore Colonial Budget for 1853-'54—The Press of the Island—Commercial Notes, &c., &c. - - - - - - - - - - 78

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Singapore—Steaming in the Chinese Seas—Pleasures of Traveling with an Opium Cargo—Distinguished Passengers—a Man Overboard—Appearance of Hong Kong—Volcanic Aspect of the Island—Its Political History—Impolicy of the

PAGE.

Measures Adopted in San Francisco towards Chinese Emigrants —The Lions of Hong Kong, &c. - - - - - - - - 86

CHAPTER IX.

First Impressions of Canton—The Boatwomen of the Port—Chinese Bloomers—New Year's Calls—The Lions—The Clubs—Chinese Lingo—Political Restraints—Commerce of Canton—The Parsees of the Factories, &c. - - - - - - - - - - 97

CHAPTER X.

Trip along the Coast—Sea Shore Scenery—Villages, Fortifications, Mountains and Temples—The Hong Kong and Shanghae Steamers—Their Profits, Specie Lists and Cargo—A Mandarin and his Suite—Coolie Trade of Swatow—The British Attack on the Pirates—Desperation of the Gang. - - - - - - 103

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival at Woosung—Anticipating the Mails—The Opium Trade—Adventure in the Chinese Seas—The Missionary Establishments —The Foreign settlements at Shanghae—Ingenuity of the Chinese Mechanics—Interior Life of the Hongs—The Streets of a Chinese City—Model Baths and Washhouses—Opium Dens—A Joss House —A Chinese Tribunal—Charitable Institutions—Club Houses, &c., &c. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 107

CHAPTER XII

The Merchants of Shanghae—Trade with Japan—The Voyage of a New London Trader to Simoda—His disappointment and Subsequent Adventures—Value of the Perry Treaty—Shanghae as a Whaling Station—Future Progress of that City—Its Government, Trade, Population and Climate—Banks and Rate of Exchange—Mercantile Routine and Salary of Clerks—A Ball and the Ladies 123

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Shanghae, en route to Hong Kong—Threatening Weather—Navigation of the Yang-tze-Kang—New Scenes—Ug-

PAGE.

lier natives and Another Language—Boating in the River Min—Gunning and Tall Game—Foo-chow City—Its Trade—Foreign Population—Young America About Town—Narrow Streets, Crowds, Bustle and Noise—Meeting a High Official—A Curious Old Priest in a Cage—Beauties of the Country. - - - 130

CHAPTER XIV.

Navigation In the Chinese Seas—The Horns of a Dilemma—Macao Its Former Magnificence and present desolate Aspect—Camoens—Coolie Store Houses—Chinese Sense of Commercial Honor—The Bogue Forts—Canton—The Foreign Cemetery—Trade at Hong Kong, &c., &c. - - - - - - - - - 144

CHAPTER XV.

Books in China—Discordancy of Views in Relation to its Religious Future—History of the Opium Trade—Noble Declaration of the Emperor—Interesting Statistics of the Trade—A Practical Subject for English Philanthropy—Precept and Practice, &c., 153

CHAPTER XVI.

The Philosophy of Chinese History—The Lessons which it Teaches—Secret Political Societies in the Celestial Empire—Their Objects and Influence—The War of Great Britain with China—Its Benefits to the Commerce of the World—Origin of the Present Rebellion—Its True Causes Explained—Christianity Not its Mainspring, as is Erroneously Supposed—Comparison between the Romish and Protestant Missionaries—Resemblance between the Romish and Bhudhist Forms of Worship—Extraordinary Spread of Education amongst the Chinese Population—National Characteristics, &c., &c. - - - - - - - - - 164

CHAPTER XVII.

Will American Trade with China Increase?—What the Continental Countries have Done—Their Commercial Intercourse with China and their Failures—Russia more Active—Intercourse with Siam—Novel Yankee Speculation—Anglo-Saxon Enterprise—

PAGE.

How the Americans were Introduced to the Chinese—Trade Statistics of Canton—What the People Pay for Opium—Tea Freights —How "Young America" can get in—Missionary Influence— What American Steamships may do—What the People Want and what they can Return. - - - - - - - - - 178

CHAPTER XVIII.

Trip from Hong Kong to Calcutta—Scenes Along the Indian Coast —A Submarine Diver Operating in the East—Reminiscences of Japan—Value of the Perry Treaty—Arrival in the Hoogly River —Steam Competition between India and China—Cost of the Voyages. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 187

CHAPTER XIX.

Trade of Calcutta—Immense Fleet of Vessels—Pilots' Monopoly— Approach to the City—Temples, Trees and Bungalows—A City Hotel and City Crowd—Metropolitan Sights—The Mint, Museum, Floral Exhibition, and Great Men, &c. - - - - - 194

CHAPTER XX.

Calcutta Society—Entertainment to Lady Canning—The Ball and its Beauties—The Supper and Celebrities Present—Ladies, Warriors and Rulers—Eastern Costumes and High Dignitaries— Lord Canning's Rule, &c. - - - - - - - - - 203

CHAPTER XXI.

An Evening Drive—Glorious Sunset—Scenes in the Suburbs of Calcutta—A Glance at the River—Forts on the Banks—Notabilities out Riding—Lord Dalhousie's Departure. - - - - - 211

CHAPTER XXII.

Botany and Natural History at and from Barrackpore—A Visit to the Gardens—Hindoo Temples, Piety and Worshippers—Burning of the Dead—European Tradesmen in Calcutta—Native Gambling—The Ochterlong Monument—A Look at the City from the Top, &c. - - - - - - - - - - - - 219

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAGE

Native Merchants of Calcutta—How They do Business—The Baboos at Home—Cashmere Goats—More Amusement—Theatricals—The American Ice House. - - - - - - - - 229

CHAPTER XXIV.

Run from Calcutta to Suez—A Retrospect of Indian History—The First Overland Journey—The Company and its Commanders—The Black Hole of Calcutta. - - - - - - - - 235

CHAPTER XXV.

Indian History Continued—Shifting of English Politicians with Respect to Her—The Annexed Territory—Telegraphs and Railways—Effects of Conquest. - - - - - - - - - 246

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Crowded Steamer—Monopoly of the Eastern Company—Their Ships, Receipts and Expenses—Arrival in Madras—What Strangers See. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 255

CHAPTER XXVII.

Run from Madras to Aden—Ashore at Point de Galle—The Hotels—How Aden was Taken from the Arabs—Its Population and Situation. - - - - - - - - - - - - 261

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Landing Place of the Israelites—Europeans going Home—Manners of some Indian Residents—Etiquette of Eastern Officials—What they Think of the United States—Hints to Travelers. - - 266

CHAPTER XXIX.

City of Suez—Its Population—Hotels and Trade—What it Was and What it Is—Travel to Cairo—Camels, Caravans and Pilgrims—A Glimpse of the Pyramids. - - - - - - 271

CHAPTER XXX.

A Cairo Hotel and its Charges—A Ramble through the City—Royal

PAGE.

Tragedies—How to Look at Alexandria—Europeans in the City —Entry to the Seraglio. - - - - - - - - - 276

CHAPTER XXXI.

Said Pasha's Improvements—Railway Progress in Egypt—Donkey Boys at the Pyramids—A Look at the Great Wonders. - - 286

CHAPTER XXXII.

Sensations after a Journal to Jerusalem—Comforts in Syria—The City of Jaffa—People Met by the Way—The American University—Reptiles at the Holy Tombs—Mount of Olives and the Jordan—The Arabs and Missionaries—An Excitement and Incidents. 292

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Tour in the Levant—Alexandria, Jaffa and Constantinople—Cost of the Journey and Hire of a Dragoman—How a Dragoman can Bully, Pray and Cheat—Civilization of the Turks towards their Conquered—Caiffa, the Hill of Carmel, its Convent, and Elijah, and Napoleon—Acre and its Generals—A Run and Ride in the Country—A Ball at a Pasha's Palace—Glimpse of a Lady of the Harem—Zeno's Birth place. - - - - - - - - - 302

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Passage from Constantinople to Kamiesch, and its Cost—How the French manage the Post Office—Crowds of Soldiers, Sailors, Ships-of-War, Gunboats and Traders—Scenery on the Bosphorus—The Allied Dead and how they went to the Grave—How you enter the Kamiesch Bay—American Ships in Port, and how they were Admired. - - - - - - - - - - 311

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Miles, Horses, Roads and General Travel to Balaklava—Extent of the Allied Lines—A First look at Sebastopol in Ruins—her Eastern Fortresses and Sand Bags—Thoughts on the Battle Fields —Energy and Good Breeding of the Russian Officers—How the Allied Troops Agreed. - - - - - - - - - - 318

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PAGE

How Balaklava Port could have been Defended—What it is and what it was—Our Trade with England and the East—What the English and French Leave to the Russians—The Glories of Sardinia. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 326

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Battle Ground on the Tchernaya—General Liprandi's Last Effort—Dangerous Sport—Military Drunkenness and Boston Rum—How the North Side of Sebastopol Looks—Todtleben's Energy—The Diplomats of Russia—English Growlers Abroad—Russian Feeling Towards France—Policy of Austria and England—What the French say to Americans of the British—Republicanism of the French Army—The Losses of the Russian War, &c. 333

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Retrospective glances; Arrival in London—Reflections—Australian remembrances—Melbourne, Sydney and Tasmania—The Spice Islands—China—India and Voyage to Egypt—The Desert—The Delta and the Pyramids—Alexandria and its Old Associations—Joppa to Jerusalem—Bethlehem—Biblical Memories—Port of Asia Minor—Islands of the Levant—Stamboul and the Bosphorus—The Euxine and the Crimea—Modern War—Sebastopol—Kameisch and Balaklava—Return via the Ionian Islands—Landing at Trieste—Austrian Bayonets and Austrian Espionage—Continental tour—No time lost in passing through the Hemisphere. 342

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

Out at Sea—A Storm—The Ship in the Storm—Appearance of my Room—Appearance of Myself. - - - - - - - - 357

CHAPTER II.

Sunset at Sea—Entertaining Books—Equipments for Sea—Amusements—A variety of Amusements—Our best bit of Fun—"Crossing of the Line"—Our Sport at Night. - - - - - - 362

CHAPTER III.

Landing at Melbourne—Thoughts of the New Comer—The Resolution to Work. - - - - - - - - - - - 369

CHAPTER IV.

The Situation of Melbourne—Want of Timber in the Colony—Enormous Capital, but no Business. - - - - - - 373

CHAPTER V.

Hunting for the News-room—We Start an Exchange—We Consult the Governor about it—Buildings—Enormous High Rents—Seeking for Board—Newspapers—A Thought of Wilkins Micawber. 377

CHAPTER VI.

Feeling against the Miner's License-Fee—The Governor and Legislative Council—Rival Editors. - - - - - - - 384

CHAPTER VII.

Mitchel attempts Escape—Throws up his Parole—Mitchel in Disguise—Ireland. - - - - - - - - - - - 388

CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Accommodations—The Governor—Church of England—Lack of School Houses—License Forms—Digger's Hardships—Strange Dialect. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 393

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE.

Refuse of England's Jails—Lawless Vengeance—Wholesale Assassins—Humorous Executions. - - - - - - - - - 401

CHAPTER X.

Lack of Fire Engines—Fancy Ball. - - - - - - - - 406

CHAPTER XI.

Fictitious Reports—Youthful Speculations—Wild Data. - - - 409

CHAPTER XII.

Americans starting Fire Companies—Dust Kept Down—American Beverages. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 413

CHAPTER XIII.

The Parliament—House of Assembly—Sad Funeral—Dying Abroad. 417

CHAPTER XIV.

Beauty of Natural Scenery—Sydney—Elegant Liveries. - - - 422

CHAPTER XV.

Beasts and Birds—View from the Heads—Forces at Sydney. - 426

CHAPTER XVI.

Squadron of Old Whalers—Social Genorosity—Dinner at the Government House—Australian Legislators—Hospitality of the Governor. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 430

CHAPTER XVII.

Surplus Imports—Gold Crop. - - - - - - - - - 436

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Exiles—Irish Patriots—The new Governor—The Procession—Rapid Improvements. - - - - - - - - - - 439

CHAPTER XIX

PAGE.

Extensive Robberies—Australian Peculiarities—Curiosities—Kate Hays. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 445

CHAPTER XX.

Gold Field, versus Employment—Products—Profits of Digging—Gold Statistics—Financial Troubles—Insolvency—Cash Business Banks—Freights—Prospects—Railroad Collision. - - - - 450

CHAPTER XXI.

Telegraph—Clippers. - - - - - - - - - - 462

CHAPTER XXII.

The Derwent—The Army—Tasmanian Legislation—Adieu to Hobart Town. - - - - - - - - - - - - - 465

CHAPTER XXIII.

City Nomenclature—Convict Tread Mill—Clearance Permit. - 470

CHAPTER XXIV.

Steam Mail Lines—Overland Route—Panama Route—Estimated Passage—Cost of Trip—Advantage of Isthmus Route—Postal Communication—Emigration—Trade with Africa—Uniting Colonies with Great Britain—General Opinion in Favor of Isthmus—Mail Service—Melbourne the Grand Centre—Telegraphs—Public Enterprises—Contemplated Mail Line. - - - - 475

CHAPTER XXV.

Introductory Remarks—Population of Australia—Production and Location of the Gold Fields—Price of Gold—Banking Companies in Victoria—Commercial Affairs—Summary of American Shipping—Imports and Exports—Flour Trade—Insurance—Railroads—Custom House and Exchange—Postal Communications—Distances of Routes, etc. - - - - - - - - - 492

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

PORT PHILIP HEADS, Australia, November, 8 1855,
ON BOARD SHIP DASHING WAVE, FOR BATAVIA.

Review of a Thirty Months' Residence in the Southern El Dorado—Fever of Australian Speculation in 1853–4—Its Consequences and Reaction—Government Blunders—The Mining Troubles—Economical Reforms in the Government of the Colony—The New Constitution—Its Effect upon Existing Parties—Australian Nationality—Independence Looming in the Distance—A Yankee Tour of Pleasure, &c.

UP with the anchor and loose the canvass, for the ship is in trim, the pilot is on board, the wind bids fair, the tide is with us, and I at last am homeward bound. So, cheerily, my hearties, and we'll soon be on the road. How pleasant the prospect! how delightful the sound! For three years is a long time to be absent from the stirring scenes of the great republic, and I assure you I cheerish no small desire once more to be in my native land. But before I give the last parting look at the country that has treated me so well—before Point Nepean is hid in the distance, and Otway looms up on our starboard bow—I will once again resume my long neglected correspondence, and give you a glance at Australia as she is.

Thirty months have elapsed since I paid my subscription to the HERALD—a lifetime almost in this startling age—and said *adios* to the friends I left behind me, as the Bavaria spread her sails for the Southern El Dorado. Can it be possible that I am so old a colonist? I cannot credit it, yet such is the fact, for time flies like a railroad to the resident in a gold country. When I left the East river the excitement was at its height, and Australia was the only topic in the streets, on 'Change, at the club, or in the counting house. Drays and trucks were early and late, carting down the merchandise, and piers and wharves were full of packages, while the columns of the New York papers told the merits of some thirty or forty ships, all for Melbourne, filled with every description of merchandise; and the fever was also raging in almost every commercial port. Flour from the Cape, flour from the West coast, flour from England, and 100,000 barrels from America, gave the ships good freights, but caused disaster and loss of the shippers. Our ship alone had some 8,000 barrels. Speculation was wild with the expected profits, and when three months' good sailing brought us to our anchorage in Hobson's bay, we began to realize how extensive had been the panic and how reckless the shipping world; for even then, May, 1853, the markets for cash were already out of sight for everything but lumber. The bay was full of shipping, from Williamstown to Sandridge, nothing but, one complete forest of masts. But now how different. The thrilling changes that have swept over the the political horizon of Europe are not more wonderful, than the appearance of Hobson's bay now and when I landed. This morning I could not count twenty ships in the roadstead; then between six and seven hundred were crowding each other for more room. All parts of the world were represented and every production in

Christendom could be found among the cargoes. None but those who will take the trouble to look over the statistics at the customs will understand the extent of Australian speculation in 1853 and 1854.

One hundred and fifty millions of dollars worth of imports in two years time, for a population of scarcely 300,000 souls! I was one of the first Americans on the spot, and living through what the colonist call the good and bad times, and having had some forty thousand tons of shipping to my own address, I have been in a good position to see something of the extent to which our wants were overestimated, and the consequent embarrassment of such misjudged calculations. We have gone through the commercial revolution which every young and old country experiences at some time in its history; and when the accounts of the three hundred and fifty firms who have taken some twenty-five or thirty millions of dollars through the Insolvent Court are squared, a few of the Australian houses will do a large and profitable business. The bird will rise from its ashes, and the country and colony will start ahead afresh, stimulated by the new blood which slowly and surely is uprooting the prejudices of the old settlers, who looked upon reform or enterprise as a crime of which only Americans were guilty.

When we see the number of individual firms that were swamped when the tables turned, and remember the number of joint stock companies that were fast in the mud, we cannot wonder that the government got into the same mess. The immense sums paid by the miners for a while in license fees overflowed the treasury, and then followed the most reckless expenditure the world ever saw, and such an inebriated state of accounts no mortal even balanced. No wonder Mr. Latrobe wished to resign the gubernatorial honors; for, poor man, the

attacks of the *Argus*, and the rapid change of the times, almost drove him mad; and not being equal to the cry of reform, he tried the Panama route on the Golden Age, in May, 1854, and cut himself adrift from the confusion into which the gold discoveries, under an irresponsible government, had thrown the affairs of the State. The Governor had lived, moved, and had his being so long among the squatters, as Superintendent of a sheep country numbering some 50,000 souls, it was impossible for him to enlarge his views of administration so as to comprise the 250,000 immigrants which the diggings had brought into the country. The times had changed; other metal was wanted. A good overseer for the old *régime*, he was a poor head for the new. The times had changed, but he had not changed with them. Hence the disgust of the new merchants who were pouring in from every part of the compass, at the apparent imbecility of the administration, in not furnishing harbor facilities, wharf accommodation, or anything worthy of such a country, with such a revenue. The land question was rotten, and a garden or a farm could not be had for love or money. Hence the inflation in all kinds of real estate, which has gradually fallen, till it rules about seventy per cent less than its estimated value then. The government said, and with some degree of reason, everybody was too much occupied with his own affairs to legislate; but the fact is, all new comers were too disgusted to move, for what could be done when the whole colony was in the hands of a class? You might as well have asked a Southern planter to part with his estate as an Australian squatter at that time to give up a small portion of his agricultural station.

Well, matters were in this state when the home government, with their usual penetration, instead of sending out a sound, practical man of business, like Sir William Dennison, picked us

out a captain in the Navy, who had been knighted for some diplomacy, in South America, (which he acknowledged was successfully managed through the assistance of the American officials in the place) to lead us forward among the nations. Disgusted with the past, the new representative was received with an ovation worthy a Cæsar or a Napoleon—which demonstration from a people who had prayed so long for a change, did so inflate his Royal Highness, that he set about making speeches to the diggers, telling them "all power proceeded from the people," and promising all kinds of reform. This was a brilliant *debût*—but it was too good to last. The promises were not kept—the diggers became enraged at the brutal manners of the officials who collected license fees, and then came the derisive cry of "JOE!" and the upsetting of the American wagon, injuring poor Captain Young, of Newburyport. The rebel stockade on the Eureka—the reform league—the surprise by the troopers—the death of some forty or fifty on both sides —the two months' trial of the thirty prisoners arrested, without succeeding in convicting a single man—the hue and cry against the government by stump orators on the public square or in front of the Court House—and the consequent resignation of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Foster, who lost his pension by the sudden exit from power—all of which, together with the continued hammering of the press, made Sir Charles Hotham appear anything but a nosegay in the nostrils of the people. Never did man have so great a fall in so short a time—received, as it were—one month with a triumph, the next left without a friend! His Saturday dinners to sixteen, and his state suppers and Toorak balls, without champagne, were not sufficient to regain the popularity which he had lost; hence at the present time there is hardly an individual, whether he be an official under

government, digger on the Balarat, merchant at his office, or squatter on his station, that will say a kind word for our Governor when his name is mentioned.

To give every one his due, there is one thing that must be admitted. The expense of the government has been materially reduced, and the finance department begins to look more cheering, and some of the long winded accounts have been overlooked and the Augean stables of the official chambers have been cleared of their accumulated confusion. Income and expenditure are now more nearly balanced, and the former increases with the yield of gold. The export duty of half a crown an ounce (sixty-two cents) has been a godsend, and works admirably. A million and a half of dollars will be realized from this source alone during the present year. Three-fourths, if not seven-eights, of all the gold is purchased by the banks for shipment, who send some 50,000 ounces by every packet; and hence the duty is easily collected, and vigilance prevents smuggling. The tax is equal to about four per cent *ad valorem* on all imports, and falls equally and fairly on those who get the gold. This duty has helped the ministers immensely in paying off their extravagance; and this sum, together with the import tax (specific) on sugar, coffee, tea, wines, spirits and tobacco, and the miners' license, the sale of lands and the tonnage duty of twenty-four cents per ton on all shipping (a most outrageous charge), will give the government a clear field, and possibly a surplus in the treasury. But in no place more than in a new country, and especially this, made up and composed as it is of such a mixed and wandering population, are practical men more required at the head of affairs; and all well wishers of the colony and responsible government are looking ahead with no small degree of interest to the action of the new constitution,

which has just reached us from England. The present Legislative Council has the power to mark out the electoral districts, and the greatest activity has taken place among the squatters to get in their friends, but thus far without success in the city districts. Cruickshank, late Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, and prince of the squatters, has just been shockingly defeated in one of the most violent contests the place has ever recorded. Ray, a merchant and anti-squatter, was the successful candidate. Dr. Embling also has defeated Tennent, squatter, and from present appearances their cause looks slim. They have never yet had a *bona fide* lease of their stations, only a letter, saying that the documents should be forthcoming; and thus they have gone on for years without getting any title. The leases, however, have most all run out. Under the new constitution the Governor is stripped of his power, having no privilege of nominees; and is obliged to select his cabinet from the representatives of the people. The veto power has been reserved to him, but bold will be the man who moves in opposition to the majority of the members. Most of the new concillors are violent radicals, and will prove more than a match for the conservatives. The land question will at once be settled, and then we commence our glorious career.

Improvement will be seen everywhere. Government works on a grand scale will shoot ahead, and money will be raised by debentures on the public lands, so as to let posterity pay a portion of the debt. We possess every element of posterity—young in years, but old enough, in my opinion, to slip the painter, cut adrift from the Old Country, which hangs over us like an incubus, and become a nation of ourselves? But the population are slow to move—with that peculiar love of country characteristic of the English people, they are apathetic in rais-

ing a flag of their own. But sooner or later it must come, and now it seems to me is the time to move. Every merchant and every man should strive to build up a nationality, for united action is essential. The new blood in the Legislative Assembly will gradually work out our destiny, for most of the members, while, they still cherish a love for Old England, feel their affection strengthening for young Australia. There are now about eight hundred and fifty thousand souls in all the colonies, amply sufficient to make a commencement; but local jealousies, for a time, prevent unity of purpose; that will soon work away; and once connect them by the magnetic wire, they will soon know each other better. This talking across the mountains and plains by the telegraph produces the right kind of friendship. Then the railroad, I trust, will follow shortly after, and then a unity of sentiment will be secured which will bring about the right feeling to build up a nation of our own. Heretofore everybody here has been too busy in trying to accumulate money—gold being the pivot on which the population turned—but now a new era is commencing. The panic, the reaction in financial matters, the terrible depreciation in rents, land and all kinds of property—the lessening cost of living, and the steady and increasing yield of gold, has given people a fancy for contemplation and reflection.

One hundred tons weight per annum is our average yield—40,000 to 50,000 ounces of gold per week; and what is there to prevent its reaching twice this amount, for the country far and wide is filled with treasure? Already the press assumes a more national tone. Merchants look on with encouragement, and the diggers are ever ready to give their vote and support to a change of administration. *We* must think, and then act, if the other colonies hesitate. Victoria must take the lead, and

she is prepared to set the example. More than two thirds of her population are "new chums," of the liberal school, and arrived here to better their position since the gold fields opened their glittering dust. Few of them have any particular attachment for Great Britain, and are fully convinced that our prosperity will consist in nationality. Tasmania, New South Wales and South Australia are more loyal; but even they are rolling the ball. The Sydney *Morning Herald* has had some splendid editorials pointing that way, and the Hobart Town journals are full of Sir Henry Young's *coup d'état* in so unceremoniously using his prerogative—in proroguing the Council, because they wished to examine some of the convict papers, over which, the Executive say, they have no control.

Dr. Evans, the able editor of the Melbourne *Morning Herald* —who was for many years connected with the London press— and Drs. Blair and Syme, of the *Age*, are all using their pen most vigorously in shaping the minds of the people, and their articles have been copied all over Australia. I want to see the change brought about by purely constitutional means. I want no more bloodshed; we have had enough. I do not believe that the musket and the sword need be used again, for I feel confident Great Britain will grant us all we ask, for she must plainly see that a dissolution of the bond that unites us would materially increase the commerce of both nations. Look at the United States and her increasing traffic. So would it be with us the moment we act on our own account. No longer a penal colony, and England receiving no revenue, while she herself at her own expense provides troops, what possible benefit can it be to her simply to bear the name? By and by, I think, all we shall have to do is to ask and we shall receive. The moment our flag is at the mast head we shall run the race of

nations. Immigrants will flow in from Europe, from Great Britain and from the United States, the moment our lands are advertised, to occupy them and dig our mineral treasure, and our prolific soil will then begin to show its producing powers. Instead of sixty thousand per year, we may expect one hundred and fifty thousand people, and the country will grow in magnitude with a rapidity that will astonish even an old Californian. We have all the elements of greatness. Our wool interest, already an export of ten millions of dollars a year, can be increased; and with the encouragement that I trust the wool growers will receive from the legislators, and a buoyant market, I hope to see it doubled. There are large portions of the country out of the 62,000,000 of acres in Victoria which are only suitable for grazing, after giving the tiller of the land all the soil he may require. South Australia has copper in abundance, and can grow wheat in any quantity.

New South Wales can supply any amount of coal, while I'll back Victoria against the world for gold; Tasmania is the granary of the whole, and all are more or less full of metals and minerals to be discovered. Millions of acres of land in the interior of New Holland have never seen the foot-prints of the white man, and discoveries may yet be made which will throw all others into the shade. Some Australian Fremont may soon astonish the world by his explorations in the interior of this vast continent! Commencing in our infancy as shepherds in a pastoral country, we soon branched off into mining; and now we must try our hands at agriculture and manufacturing. We must grow our breadstuffs. We are great eaters, but lazy producers. This year we have paid Chili alone some two millions and a half of dollars for her 16,000 tons of flour. The fact of our having no great inland rivers must be no impediment to our

progress; the railway whistle will prove as powerful a friend. With such wonderful facilities and boundless wealth, what may we not accomplish? The Old World is bursting with wild and fierce revolution, and the dismal howl of war is ringing through the entire range of the Eastern hemisphere. Crazed with the continual boom of cannon and flash of musketry, and sick with hearing the dismal shriek of the dying, thousands will look longingly over the seas towards this wonderful island, which has been washed for so long a period by the waters of the Pacific and Indian oceans. Australia seems to have been created as a resting place for persecuted and tax-ridden man. All we have to do is to throw wide open the door, and admit the poor emigrant who flies from misery and want—from his unhappy country to the land where old men are never seen. Ponce de Leon should have steered his bark towards this point of the compass to find that fabled Fountain of Youth, for which he so long sought. The future is big with changes; but our greatness will be retarded if the mother country hesitates to give us a nationality in the world. Fifty years hence, the same ratio of increase as that since gold was found, would give us half the present population of the United States. The study is interesting to the lover of history. Our proximity to the Dutch Islands of the Indian seas, to Bengal, China and Japan will render us formidable neighbors, for the Anglo-Saxon change is on the world. Look at Australia now and when Sydney Smith used his satirical pen half a century ago. I got hold of an old *Edinburg Review* of 1803 some weeks since, where the witty clergyman as usual gave a peep at the future. Says he, in alluding to what will be done with the penal colonies when they come to years of discretion:—

"Are we to spend another hundred millions in discovering their strength and to humble ourselves again before a fresh set

of Washingtons and Franklins? The moment after we have suffered such serious mischief from the escape of the old tiger, we are breeding up a young cub whom we cannot render less ferocious or more secure!"

Again, he says, while speaking of the 5,000 colonists then at Sydney, in a tone of levity:—

"The time may come when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an Emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valor with which he has led his New Hollanders into the heart of China—at that period when the Grand Lama is sending to supplicate alliance; when the Spice Islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs; when enormous tributes of green tea and nankin are wafted into Port Jackson and landed on the quays of Sidney."

Already a portion of the prophecy is fulfilled, for the commerce of a nation has long been with us. Victoria represents all nations, and her resources are boundless; and if Australia was independent, how much stronger would be our position? Now, we are a fair mark for every nation at war with England; for in case of invasion months would pass before the mother country could give us the least assistance, for, as it is, we have no means of protecting ourselves. The little "Electra" and the "Phantome" mount a few guns—about enough for the protection of a place like Hull, in Massachusetts—and as for fortifications, we have done nothing but talk. Three decent-sized war steamships, with the Lancaster gun and shell, could burn every seaport on the island, and dictate their own terms; while, if we were by ourselves, our very helplessness would be sufficient protection.

The foregoing will give you an insight into the present position of the country, and will show the boundless nature of our resources. I believe there are some 10,000 Americans in

Australia, all of whom are becoming more or less identified with the colony. Our markets are capable of bearing up under any reasonable amount of merchandise, and most recently cargoes from the United States have satisfied the shippers.

We want a steam mail once in two weeks, but nothing but peace will settle the matter. Clipper ships do very well, but eighty or ninety days is long to wait for news in this nineteenth century. The Black Ball and White Star lines bring and take the mail to England semi-monthly, but the time is too long,

I am now bound to Batavia, and after taking a look at the Island of Java, shall proceed to Singapore, *en route* for China and Manilla; and I shall try and give you a page or two from Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, and, if possible, from Japan; after which I shall visit Penang, Madras, Calcutta, and, if time permit, pass through the interior of Bengal to Bombay; then down to Ceylon, and on to Aden, up the Red Sea to Suez, over the desert to Cairo and Alexandria—thence to Constantinople, Sebastopol, and the Black Sea ports, returning by the way of the North of Europe, France and England, to New York, which, with the ground I have already been over, ought to make me something of a traveler. I am taking the tour purely for information, and to get a little practical knowledge of my theoretical reading.

I have been shut up a long while in an Australian counting house, and this pleasure tour is recreation that strengthens the body and improves the mind; and if, in going from place to place, over ground not usually trodden by the American tourist, I can gather anything which will prove of interest to your valuable journal, and my many friends of the North, I will so manage my time as to suit the inclination, and jot down such thoughts as cross my experience while taking a flying visit over several oceans and into many lands.

CHAPTER II.

BATAVIA, Dec. 8, 1855.

Arrival at Batavia—The American Commercial Marine—The Java Boatman—Beauty of the Coast Scenery—The Mangostine—Appearance of the Town—Novelty of the Sights that meet the Traveler's Eye—Trade of Batavia—The Climate, &c., &c.

TWENTY-SIX days is a rapid passage for a sailing ship, and does honor to the Dashing Wave and her gallant commander—who, by the way is a credit to his profession. Forty years a sailor, he knows the ropes, and long experience in these seas has quickened his judgment, and his hard practical common sense and keen eye for observation, show the signet mark of the American ship-master; a class of men of whom our country may well feel proud; self-educated, the builders of their own fortunes, they walk quickly through the forecastle to the command, and become at once the responsible pilots of that wonderful commerce which adds so much lustre to our flag, and penetrates into every port that boasts an anchorage, or where a commodity can be exchanged. Captain Fisk has chartered his ship, to load with sugar, rice, and spices, for Bremen, at £4 10s. He was the pioneer of the Australian trade, taking out the Nightingale from Boston to Sydney, in 1852. This was the ship that run against the English clipper, Challenge, and got beat by taking the wrong passage down the China Sea. As we made Java Head, ship after ship hove in sight, homeward bound, probably

from China. The high land can be seen at a great distance, both on the point at Prince Edward's Island, and at Crockatoa; and the foliage, the heat of the "sun's perpendicular rays," and the very air breathe the spicy fragrance of the tropics. We passed Anjer early in the morning, and here the light-house, the little township, the fort, and the monster banyan tree, could be plainly seen with the glass, and the wind freshening up, we sailed proudly along the straits of Sunda at too rapid a pace for the Javanese boatmen, who shoot out from the land all along the shore to supply you with fruit and provisions. It was a novel sight to see so many half naked objects yelling at the top of their lungs, "Stop-he-Cap, stop-he-Cap," but it was of no use; their yelling and screeching, tugging and working, were not equal to a race with the Dashing Wave. I regretted this, for the captain had said so much about the sweet potatoes, the Java chickens, the mangostine and other tropical luxuries, that my mouth was watering for a change of diet. Anjer is the grand tollgate of the Straits of Sunda, and the tribute from the immense fleet of ships on their way home from China supports quite a population of native boatmen. There are but a dozen Dutchmen at the place. Almost every ship, on her way down, avails herself of this celebrated resting place for water and refreshments; and all vessels that pass in the day time are reported at Batavia by mail twice a week. The boatman always brings the captain his book of recommendations, and it is most amusing to look over the different marks of shipmasters. On every page you will find some clipper captain—

"This fellow, Tom, cheats, don't employ him," and on another, "This boy has supplied my ship, and appears a decent fellow, but you must watch him. Pay only half of what he asks; they are all damn rascals." Another, "Kick the nigger overboard

when he boards you ; his eggs were all rotten," and so on, through the list. Poor devils ! They get sadly sold in asking a Yankee tar to endorse their character. In the day time there is no difficulty in finding your way to the roadstead ; but there are altogether too many islands and shoals to attempt it in the night without a pilot, and that is a useful member of society you seldom find in the Indian settlements of the Dutch. There are none at Batavia ; but Sourabaya, I believe, is obliged to have them. We dropped our anchor about eight P. M., having worked our way along from Anjer during the day. The coast scenery makes a beautiful picture—the towering foliage and patches of cultivation, clear to the mountain top, and the half thousand *prahus* or fishing smacks, with their bamboo masts and latteen sails, dotting the water in the distance, as we passed island after island, and buoy after buoy, keep the fancy constantly awake. In the morning the guard boat got the particulars of the ship, and the Malays came flocking off to sell us their fruit and poultry ; and here, for the first time, I got a taste of the celebrated fruit so bepraised by travelers—the mangostine—and must candidly acknowledge that, although the juicy pulp was a luxury, after eating ship grub all the way from Australia, I was disappointed, and came to the conclusion that the world-wide reputation of the fruit has been obtained from those who, after being a long time at sea, got a taste of it at Anjer. A Bartlett pear or rare ripe peach, to my taste, is far superior. We have nothing in the States to liken it to. You shell it as you would a walnut, but must be careful and not get the red bark cover in your mouth. This the natives use for dyeing purposes.

There were about thirty sail of freighting ships at anchor, (mostly flying the flag of the Dutch,) and three or four men-of-

war. The sun's heat was perfectly dissolving as we laid off in the "dingy," under our cotton cloth covering, while the native boatmen gave the Javanese stroke to their puny looking oars, as they rowed me up the dirty looking canal, (to a tune more like filing a saw than a human voice,) which seemed about as wide as the Bowery, and is two miles long to the Boom, which, I suppose, in a civilized country they would call a Custom House. My baggage (only one trunk when you take the overland route) the official passed, without overhauling everything, as they do in Europe ; and now commenced a succession of sight seeing novelties. Everything one meets, or feels, or hears, or sees, is so entirely different from other latitudes, my senses have been kept on the *qui vive ;* and with my eyes wide open, my ears akimbo, my taste in good working order, I jumped into a Javanese buggy—a four wheel concern with a hood like an English phæton—and started off with the little wretched horses, only thirteen hands high, and all entire horses, (for no mares are allowed in the mercantile part of the town,) and found on both sides of the canal a long row of two-storied warehouses, all white, and covered with tiles, on account of being so much cooler than slate, and beautifully shaded, like the Boulevards, with trees.

I was glad enough to find a seat in the large and comfortable looking counting house of my fellow countryman, Mr. Read, who represents the States as Consular Agent, and will treat you with every possible courtesy and attention. Eighteen years of Java climate do not seem to have taken away his youth or good looks. The offices are as large as the reception rooms of a hotel, and the warehouses are so connected that the merchants can walk from one to the other along the verandah, on the second story, without the trouble of going below ; this passage is

only a private one, a sort of mutual convenience for the several merchants. The floors are covered with matting, and the windows and doors are thrown wide open for the current of air to circulate on all sides, and at mid-day the desks of the principals are fanned with a machine, the motive power of which is a little Malay urchin behind the door—the same style of arrangement as we use in the South, which I saw for the first time at the hotel in Frankfort Kentucky. At the several desks you see few Europeans; but all the natives of the East are represented. A long tailed Chinaman, with a very white moustache, officiates as cashier; a Malay book-keeper, an Arab salesman, a half-cast writer, and a dozen and a half subs, of all nations, cooped about in every direction, with as little clothing as possible about their bronze looking limbs. The warehouses run from street to street, the floors of which are brick, and, for such a climate, the building is quite cool. Tobacco, in huge casks: arrack, in pipes; sugar, in bags and matted casks; coffee and rice, spices, indigo, rattan and dyewoods, and imports consisting of every article that can be sold or bartered. The arrack is a much better article than the poisoned liquor of British India. Shipmasters should be very careful in making their charters to stipulate for a fair proportion of weight, and provide against being "blown up" with such articles as tobacco, cask sugar, sapan wood and rattan. I speak of this, as some ships have recently arrived from Australia, where they were taken up at £5 10, but there was no stipulation, after mentioning a small amount of dead weight guaranteed, about the balance of the cargo. Hence, the captain is entirely in the hands of the charterer, and, should freights fall, he has the privilege of filling up with such articles as I have named, as was the case with the "Ocean Steed" taking tobacco, while the "Leodes" preferred to

recharter at a lesser rate for a fair freight. Most business is done through agents or brokers, many of them natives, and the stranger would think the merchant led a most indolent life, surrounded as he is with such a troupe of retainers to bring him his hat, brush off a fly, fan him in mid-day, and in short, do almost everything but talk and write. Every transaction is done by sending from one office to the other notes, and as you notice what is going on, you cannot but be amused to see "chit" after "chit" brought in and sent off, touching charters, sales, purchases, &c. Every merchant must learn the Malay language, for it is the *lingua Franca* of the Indian seas; and he must also be well up in the English, French and Dutch. Every Dutchman you meet speaks all these languages; but the English are not so well posted. I believe that no Dutchman can command a ship unless he can speak English and French. These continental merchants are far ahead of the Anglo-Saxon in this respect. In fact, we have no occasion to follow Elihu Burritt's example, although his wonderful knowledge of ancient and modern languages would be very useful in the countries of the East. You go through one warehouse—you see the whole—and so it is with the private residences. The merchants all dress in white, and sometimes change two or three times a day. You seldom see one that does not look as though he had just come out of a bandbox or an upper drawer of a wardrobe. Two and a half per cent. for purchasing, and one for endorsing, and five per cent. for selling, give them a very handsome fortune in a few years; but they certainly deserve all they can get; for positively, I would not live in such an atmosphere and such a climate for all the revenue of the island. The canal opposite the business part of the place is lined with sheds, like the Liverpool docks, and natives are busily engaged in packing up sugar and

other staples for export; women and men, some opening the mat-made casks, two or three of them standing with their dirty looking feet in the sugar, while others are filling, weighing, sewing, and piling up the bags—all sizes. Those that I noticed were for the California market, which has been quite an outlet for Java produce, while little has gone to Australia. The Mauritius are nearer, and can supply us with sugar at a less rate; but rice occasionally is sent down, although the Chinamen in the gold fields won't buy Java when Patna can be had from Bengal. This sugar for San Francisco is being packed in 25 lbs. mats. It takes some time to get hold of the weight; the Dutch pickul of 125 lbs. is 136 lbs. English; and in buying and selling, all is done in rupees. The Dutch guilder or florin is the Malay rupee—twelve to the pound sterling. There are several divisions of the silver coin, such as ¼, ½, and 2½ guilder pieces; and the copper coin consists of doits and half doits, 100 to a rupee. The paper money of government as well as that of the private bank here—where they charge you for depositing—is miserable trashy stuff, and resembles in size our continental currency. I am told that coin is entirely to supersede paper shortly. As a general thing, few bad debts are made in selling to the Europeans, but those who trust the Arabs and Chinamen have been heavy losers—the miserable wretches will fail whenever anything can be made by it; and when one suspends they all go. A little while since there was a perfect panic among the Arabs; and not long ago the Chinese followed their example; now, no European will give them credit. The merchants contract with the planter or government in advance for their crop, at a fixed price, and then they supply their foreign orders at the current rates; and it would seem to us that more money is made in this by speculation than by their commissions.

CHAPTER III.

JAVA HOTEL, BATAVIA, Dec. 9, 1855.

Life of Mercantile Classes—Animated Scene on the Road to the Merchants' Country Residences—Description of their Villas—The Native Population—A Dutch Reformer—A Java Hotel—Batavia Cookery—The Race Course—Contre Temps of a Stranger—Curious Habits of the Javanese, &c., &c.

SINCE yesterday, I have been continually on the wing—my senses all alive with continual change. Our ride to our hotel in the country—where all the Europeans live—about four or five miles out of town was most delightful, because most novel. Passing the low, dirty residences of the multitude of Chinese, we followed, along a level, macadamised red colored road, the course of the canal, and must have passed a hundred carriages—in one continuous line—some with the little Timor ponies, some with the gray Java horses, and some with an imported animal from Sydney—all driven by a swarthy, naked looking native, with only a handkerchief round his loins, with a boy behind the carriage. The vehicles are of every Eastern description, but few European carriages. These were the merchants coming in to business, about 9 o'clock. Every European rides—the merchant, the tradesman, the salaried clerk, the ship captain and the sailor, are all provided with a phæton and a pair of runty looking ponies, a driver and a footman, for two dollars per day ; but I pity the stranger who rides without some friend who understands

the infernal jargon of the country. For instance, my first experience in telling them where to drive me, was in being left at Boom instead of the Exchange. They usually rise early, take a bath before breakfast, go into town and leave for home at four o'clock and dine at six—six or seven hours at the counting house, and the rest in eating, drinking, smoking, riding and sleeping; but little intellectual culture, for the climate only caters to the passions of the body, while it prostrates the healthy action of the brain; and although physically the climate undermines the constitution, the heat, the air and the habits of the place must eventually pluck many of the choicest flowers from out the garden of the mind.

On the road hundreds of natives occupied the place of beasts of burden in European countries, carrying immense loads with their bamboo pole across their shoulders, and the weight equally balanced. Should it not, they sometimes get a stone for the other end, thus taking twice the weight. You see them with all the productions of the Island. One man with buckets of coal; another with fruits of different kinds; now coming with a load of grass, and then again with marketing, which some gentleman has ordered for his dinner. Some are trotting away with a lot of goods for sale, yelling to an accompaniment on a wooden rattle; while others have a half dozen live turkies on one end of the pole and as many geese on the other, tied up most carefully with cocoa nut or some other kind of leaves, the body being entirely enclosed in a regular network, while they have the privilege of observing what is going on about them. These birds seem to enjoy their exercise, as you never hear them make the least complaint. I can imagine nothing more ludicrous; perhaps because it is a sight so unexpected.

Beautiful trees line the roadside, and all about you may be

seen the classic foliage of the tropical climate. The residences of the merchants are most tastefully built—space everywhere the great feature, and situated about 100 feet from the road—the garden completely filled with the richest garb of nature. The houses are all white, of two stories, and cover, with the outbuildings, from one-eighth to an acre of ground. Land in plenty, and the residents have made the most of it. The canals, as in the old town branch off from the little river in all directions, and are the receptacle of all the filth and sewerage of the town. The natives can be seen at all times boating up and down; the washerwomen and men dashing the clothes down on a wooden form as if made of sheepskin; your wardrobe soon requires replenishing, for few articles of wearing apparel are equal to such hard usage. The native girls were plunging in and out of the water in a costume remarkable for its simplicity—perfectly innocent of the presence of the European stranger, who gazes with such familiarity and curious interest upon the peculiar habits of the people, whose simple customs he notices for the first time.

The new town is situated on the heights of Weltevreden, the site selected by Governor Daendels when he was prevented from removing the seat of government to Sourabaya, on account of the fatal miasmas of the place. So generally was the rush to get out of the old port by everybody but the Celestials, the place would have been a ruin, had not a new administration come into power, with Baron Capellen at its head, who, with a sprinkling of Yankee enterprise metamorphosed the entire city; and the filling up and repairing of the canals—the widening of the streets—the tearing down of old buildings to make room for new, and removal of accumulated filth, will be the means of keeping his name gratefully alive in the memory of those who

saw how great a change a little management could accomplish even in the climate of a city.

Here we are at the Java Hotel again, a perfect palace in size. Some of the rooms are as long as the dining saloon of the Astor House. There are four first class hotels in Batavia, all of which are kept in capital order, set a good table, and do credit to the island. There is the one in which I am writing, the Java, the Rotterdam, the Marine, and the Netherlands, built pretty much alike, and conducted in the same way. Like the warehouses and private residences, two stories in front, with wings one story high extending a long ways back, in the rear of which are the stables for about one hundred horses, and out buildings for the servants—about seventy to one hundred to each hotel; large shade trees, a species of banyan and cocoa nut, under which are wooden seats, spread their shadow over the grounds in front, while the rear enclosure is filled with flowers and different kinds of fruit. The grounds extend from one street to another, and form squares of some acres. The horses owned at the hotel are inferior animals—costing about $15 to $20 each, and the carriage made here, about $150. The stable boys gets $4 per month, and the house boys $5. The head man, or manager, receives $12; girls get $3. The race course is just in the rear of our hotel, and is a large, level grass plot. A grand stand has been erected, and every six months the lovers of the sport try the metal of their imported Arab and Sydney horses, but the greatest amusements is derived from the scrub race with ponies, among the natives.

Our table is excellent, and everything well cooked—but it is impossible to give you any idea of the number of courses or the names of the dishes—everything is peculiarly Dutch or Malay. We seem to do nothing but eat and drink the live-long day;

somehow or other a cup of tea, a piece of toast, or coffee and tiffin, are always brought to you, at the very time your appetite is ready to welcome it. Your coffee is brought you in bed, and tiffin or tea will be sent to your room—to the verandah—the billiard room, or wherever you may desire it. Fruits load the tables, and a servant is always near to help you. The mangostine, the mango—about the size and shape of a goose egg, and tasting like our cantelope melon—the banana, the pineapple, the shaddock, and several other kinds, the names of which, when learned, I could not remember—but each was different from what I had ever seen or tasted before. As the Europeans all speak Malay, few natives talk Dutch or English, and hence I found it most difficult to make myself understood. When asking for an egg my boy's countenance would lighten up as much as to say, all right—I understand—and off he would go and bring a sweet potato! For a cup of coffee, I got a plate of pickles! and for a glass of water, a slice of ham! 'Tis most annoying—but what can you do, but grin and bear it? But the worst of it is, every one else is grinning too. At night and morning the Europeans dress with the most perfect abandon—a loose gown like a pair of trousers, and a robe that looks something like a lady's night dress, (as I have seen them hanging on the clothes line). The women also at these hours dress in the same careless manner. It looks very odd to me; and this, together with the bathing dress of the Malay girl, would shock some of my fastidious countrywomen, who cannot bear even to look at the bare legs of their piano or to have the naked truth told them. Custom, however, will soon bring over the new comer, and the third day I was able to sit at my door on the verandah with nothing on but pants and slippers. The bathing room is made of marble, and you turn a faucet, which pours a stream

over you as big as your leg. But the funniest thing I have yet seen is that confounded bottle. What a custom! Good gracious! is it possible that—but never mind—I will explain some other time. Ha! ha! ha! I don't wonder that poor Jack thought it was Seltzer water. How could he have thought it anything else?

The theatre was not open, and I did not go to the Harmonie, but amused myself by asking questions during the evening of all that passed near my door. I cannot better give you an idea of eating houses or prices than by getting down a copy of the tariff that hangs in my room :—

THE JAVA HOTEL.

Regulations.

From 4½ till 8 o'clock in the morning, tea and coffee.
At 8 o'clock in the morning, breakfast.
At 12 M., rice, kerry, &c.
At 3 P. M., tea.
At 6½ P. M., dinner.
At 8 P. M., tea.
At 9 P. M., grog.
On Sundays and holidays, at 11 o'clock, breakfast.
On theatre days, at 6 o'clock P. M., dinner.
Only in cases of illness, may dinner be afforded in the apartments.
The hotel is closed for the night at 11½ o'clock.

List of Prices.

One day's lodging for one person, -	*f*5.00	$1 25
One boy, under 5 years old, with his parents,	1.00	40
One do. from 5 to 12 years old, per day,	2.00	80
One day's lodging, with meals in room,	6.00	2 40
One bottle Champagne, - -	5.00	2 00
" Burgundy, - - -	5.00	2 00
" Port wine, - -	5.00	2 00

One bottle	Sauterne,	f4.00—	1 60
"	Hock,	4.00—	1 60
"	Maderia,	4.00—	1 60
"	Sherry,	4.00—	1 60
"	Claret,	2.00—	80
"	Dutch beer,	1.00—	40
"	English beer,	1.50—	60
"	Cognac,	4.00—	1 60
"	Seltzer water,	1.00—	40
One half	do. do. do.	50—	20
One glass	Absinthe,	50—	20
"	Matleira,	50—	20
"	Siroop,	25—	10
"	Cognac,	50—	20
"	Geneva, with bitters,		
One great lamp in room for stranger per month.		12.00—	4 80

You will now understand how often our appetite is waited upon, and how cheap you can live in a crack hotel in Batavia. When traveling this way the Java is your place.

CHAPTER IV.

BELLEVUE HOTEL, BUITENZORG, JAVA,
THIRTY MILES INLAND FROM BATAVIA, Dec. 10, 1855.

Interior of the Island—Javanese Conveyances—Malay Post Boys—The Plantations—A Javanese Marriage—Wonderful Sights—The Whole Book of Nature Opened in a Three Hours' Ride—The Government House—Official Receptions—Population and Administration of the Dutch Colonies—Their Revenues, Expenditures, &c.—The Europeans on the Islands—Effects of the Climate on their Constitutions—Political History of Java—The Native Population—Departure, &c., &c.

I HAVE already thrown you off two letters on impressions of Batavia for this mail, and now I propose to give you my experience in posting a short way into the interior of this remarkable island. At one o'clock P. M., yesterday, I left the Java Hotel to visit his Excellency at his palace and grounds at Buitenzorg, and for the purpose of inspecting the culture of some of the products of the island. Here again the whole distance I was entranced with the wonderful look of cultivated nature. But to commence. I paid eighty rupees (thirty-two dollars) for a post carriage up and back—a distance of thirty-eight miles each way. Our carriage was a square, hearse-looking box on little wheels, drawn by four Javanese ponies, and driven by a Malay coachman with an immense hat, resembling a gigantic inverted punchbowl; the reins and traces made of rope, and the harness very primitive looking; and two post boys, with

similar *sombreros*, perched up on the back of the carriage. This composed the establishment; and a more extraordinary turnout this deponent never witnessed. We started, and such an excitement as we made and noise as we created is beyond my power of description. The driver cracked his long whip, the horses sprung away at a wild gallop, the post boys jumped off their perch and took the leaders by the head as they passed the bridges, and yelled with fiend-like fury to make them increase their speed ; while both sides of the streets were lined with Malays, Arabs and Chinese, seemingly interested in our wild career. " Hi, hi ! he-eh ! " say the post boys ; crack goes the driver's whip, round fly the wheels, and up again the boys mount their perch. In a few minutes you see them off running alongside the horses, with only a handkerchief tied round their midships, cracking their whips louder than ever, and screeching like Pawnee Indians. " Har ! har !—(crack)—Hi !—(crack) He eh ! he eh ! (Crack—crack !) on both sides, and crack from the driver ; Hi ! hi ! from the boys ; Hoy-rem ! ho ! from the driver ; Har ! har !—(Crack ! crack !)—Hi !"—(Crack !) This novel posting was continued all the way, and six changes of horses and of post boys—but kept the same coachman—placed us at the Bellevue House at five o'clock, having been four hours on the way. No time was lost at the stopping places —the change of horses were all prepared by the new post boys, each boy getting ten doits (four cents) each. We passed through a very level country, over one of the best roads that can be made, and which extends directly through Java, due east to Sourabaya—the work of government. All about us we recognized many of the shade trees and all the fruits we saw at Batavia—and the rice plantations in their several stages from the ploughing of the land to the sowing of the rice in the little

space allotted, from which it is transplanted to the irrigated patches, of about an acre each, prepared to receive it. Many of the plantations were of immense size, and further along inland cover square miles in space. Vast numbers of natives were traveling on the road, staggering under their heavy loads; and carts drawn by ponies without a bridle, and buffaloes with a bamboo yoke, were bringing in the produce—while the distance was ornamented by native villages—towering mountains seen at a distance of a hundred miles, covered with the teak wood forest—long plains, the water passing from field to field with the utmost regularity—and rivers and cocoa nut groves, deep ravines and irregular fields. At the several stoppages I amused myself by throwing a little copper coin out of the carriage to see the children scramble for it. At one place there were about thirty, between the ages of two and ten years, of both sexes, most of whom were entirely naked. These natives marry at twelve. At Buitenzorg, I was so fortunate as to have the opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of a Javanese marriage. Attracted by a most singular concord of sounds, I pushed my way through the groves of trees to the house or shed, where were collected a large number of natives—the grown people on one side, and about one hundred children, in a state of nature, on the other. The musicians were seated round an old box, and kept time by striking different metals and skins—while a child of six years, dressed as an old woman, with long hair and a horrid mask, was walking with a tragical air, and gesticulating in a most grave manner, up and down the platform, to the great delight of the children, whose black eyes and bronze figures, as they lay grouped along the shed, was a picture for an artist.

At six o'clock this morning, the Aid-de-camp, F. Bering Leisberg, Esq., attendant on the Governor-General, was at the

Hotel by appointment, with a beautiful pony, and accompanied me about twenty miles over groves and through rice plantations —all of which were divided by a green horse path, into native villages, and by rivulets which feed the rice canals. No pen can express, no tongue can utter, no pencil can paint the sublimity of nature in the interior of Java. All I see or hear, about and around me, enchants my senses. It is the land of poetry and of song; and when you gaze upon the burial place of a native prince, or a Hindoo Chief; when you contemplate the massive ruins of past ages; when you walk over and around the immense native temples—built God knows when—admiring their architecture and revering their venerable age; when you pass through monster estates of rice, of sugar and of coffee—all cultivated with the simple implements of the natives—and see no modern tools of culture; when you smell the odour of the spices, and admire the beauty of the nutmeg and the pepper; the singing of Java birds, and chirping of insects and lizards, as you ride through forests, curiously absorbed in the wonderful beauties of the earth; the cocoa groves, the cotton and the bread fruit tree; the banyan, with its numberless branches, all taking root again to strengthen the old trunk—an affectionate emblem of parent and child supporting each other through earthquakes, storms and tempests; the mangostine groves; the rattan winding itself about the teak-wood forest; the bamboo shooting up through all the rest; the cultivation of European fruits and native vegetables; the simplicity of the native girls as they bathe so innocently before you as you stand upon the river's bank, noting them plunging, singing, laughing and swimming about—now below the water and now above; the frightful look of some of the older men and women, whose shocking custom of chewing the beetle nut, mixed with pepper plant and

tobacco, gives their lips an unnatural red, and blackens their teeth 'till they resemble charcoal; the monkey resembling appearance of the babes and children, and the monkeys themselves in the Governor's park; the immense herd of native deer; the wild hog; the tiger and the rhinoceros; the cassowary, a huge black bird, not unlike, except in color, the emu of Australia—when you have seen all these wonders of this wonderful country, in a three hour's ride, you will come to the conclusion that personal observation will teach a man more in one day than he can learn from books in an age.

The dreams of my youth are all revived again, and the pictures of my school books give me the form, but not the life of nature. When the foregoing changes have been rung before ten o'clock in the morning, and you have drank deeply of such grand and picturesque scenery as the view presents far and near about the Government House, you cannot but imagine and feel that you are in a fairy land, and all that is required to complete the illusion, and make a Garden of Eden of the grounds is to see but one Adam and Eve, instead of such a swarm of semi-clad beings.

Mr. Leisberg invited us to the Palace, and after refreshments we passed again through the Park to the botanical garden, where his Excellency has collected a large and beautiful quantity of European plants and flowers. The situation of the Government House is on high land, and commands a view of the entire range of mountain scenery for a hundred miles. The tops of one or two of the old volcanoes could be seen far above the clouds—a most imposing sight.

Five years is the time allotted to the Governor-General, and shortly he will return. He is a man, I should say, of fifty years. I am told that he is a very talented man, of a religious turn;

but he does not appear to be popular. His levees are given at Batavia generally, and my departure to-morrow prevents me from seeing the beauty and fashion of the Dutch, and some of their parti-colored offspring, at the soiree that her ladyship, his wife, gives at Batavia to-morrow night. These entertainments are very formal, and the respect which is due to the representative of the King is still humiliating, but not as cringing and abject as under some of the early Governors. The only English work on Java at the Palace was that published in 1817, by the then English Governor of the place, Sir T. S. Raffles, a well written work, dedicated to the Prince Regent. His private journal which came out at the same time, contains much in relation to Java. This good man was much beloved by the natives, and introduced many comforts and reforms among them. A large white monument in the park tells the stranger that his wife, Lady Raffles, was only another victim of the then fatal climate of Java. It is a little singular that so few able works are among the booksellers on the Indian Archipelago. With the exception of Raffles, and J. J. Stockdale, who put out a book in 1811, and in the preface speaks of "that enemy of the human race, Napoleon Bonaparte," and George Winsor Earle's cruise about these seas, about twenty years ago, you will find little regarding Java out of the Dutch language. Even McCullock is not posted up and gives no statistics later than 1834; and as I find it very difficult to get hold of these things from the merchants, I shall be unable to give my mercantile friends what I had intended.

Mr. Leisberg showed me every attention, and when taking my departure, presented me with a beautiful lance which some Rajah had given to him. He also is going to send me an assortment of that ugly looking weapon so peculiar to these

islands, the kris ; it is a horrid looking instrument, in the sword or sabre line, and must make a frightful wound when poisoned from the upas, or whatever the deadly tree is called. The prick or touch of the kris is deadly. I bought at the town a pair of antlers, from a native buck, and also was so fortunate as to get a complete model, beautifully made by a Malay, of a Japanese village ; also models of all their strange agricultural implements, their kitchen utensils, war weapons and musical pieces. These are beautifully executed, and give those who cannot get so far away to see the originals a most admirable idea of the primitive habits and customs of these poor natives, who have had to bow their heads to the iron rule of conquest and military power ; and yet, although there are eleven millions in Java alone, there are but eight thousand European and twelve thousand native troops to subject and keep down the swarming population of the Dutch East India Company—I believe about twenty-five millions in all, made up of Asiatics, Africans and Islanders. Some of the dependencies are regulated and managed by the native Princes or Rajahs, but all must cringe and bow to his most potent, grave and reverend excellency, Mr. Van Twist, the Governor General, who is paid $60,000 per year, and is furnished with a palace whose rooms and massive structure throw entirely into the shade the dimensions of the capitol at Washington. In his administration he is assisted by a Vice President and three Counsellors, a Finance Minister, a Director of the Interior, a Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and a Manager of Public Works ; while the naval authority is vested in Rear Admiral Bouricius, and the head of the army in Lieut. General Starus. The Dutch have a large fleet of men-of-war among their colonies, although their army is comparatively small. I will try and get its strength and add in a postcript.

The revenue of the islands may be stated at $34,000,000, while the expense of government and interest on loans will reduce it some $20,000,000—thus leaving the handsome sum of $14,000,000 for the mother country.

The Portuguese discoverers of 1510, who were exploring these waters, just after Columbus had found the Western world, little dreamed of such results, and sailed away in search of other lands. But the more persevering Dutchmen of 1595 got a foothold in Shakspere's time, and just before Queen Elizabeth's enterprising merchants sent their four ships to British India. About four months after the pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Batavia received its name, and then followed the subjugation and brutal conquest of an ancient and industrious people, whose only crime was the possession of rich and extensive lands. Prince after prince laid down his kris, and the rebellious Chinamen of 1740 lost all their spirit in that horrible massacre, so vividly described by the Dutch writer, Ary Ruyers—more frightful than the outrages of the American Indian on the frontier, the bombardment of Copenhagen, or the slaughter of St. Bartholomew. For a long time the settlers fought hard against the fatality of the climate, and the troops died like rats. Twelve months in the island, and half of the regiments would fertilize the city of the dead. Even in 1812 so apathetic were the merchants when the bell tolled a funeral knell, the one would say to the other (as was once the case in New Orleans when the fatal fever left me an orphan, and has lately been in Virginia) "Who is it to day?" But it must have been painful to hear them add, "Well, he owed me nothing" From the first the greatest enemy of the European settler here was the climate; and even now the cheeks of the men as well as the women are as white as the color of their houses, telling the observer too plainly the insinu-

ating inroads upon the constitution ; and the little children, so pale and thin—as frail as the frailest flower that ever bloomed —must wither in their youth, and, like hot house plants, will live in beauty a little while, and then their freshness has gone for ever.

Among the twelve thousand Europeans in the islands, ten thousand probably are natives of Holland, and the rest represent England and the nations of the Continent ; but I believe there are only two American merchants in Java, Mr. Reed and his brother of the highly respectable mercantile house of Paine, Stricker & Co., established more than a quarter of a century ago, who, in addition to a large foreign trade, are the fortunate possessors of the lion's share of the American trade.—Mr. Darling, so long connected with the firm, who bought out the Boston steamship Raja Wallah, and, after trying her in these waters, sold her to the Australians when in the height of their lunatic speculations, for $125,000, is now in the States ; and Mr. Eaton, of Boston, of the wealthy and long established English house of McLean, Watson & Co., Batavia, whose branches are McNiel & Co., Samarang, and Frazer, Eaton & Co., Sourabaya, is also now at Boston.

The import duty on foreign cotton and woollen goods is 25 per cent ad valorem. From Holland, by Dutch ships or those on the same footing, if accompanied by a cetificate of Netherlands origin, the half. Import duty on metals, 24 per cent. Iron and steel, 12 per cent, with 30 per cent augmented on invoice. From Holland, accompanied with a certificate of Netherlands origin, the half. On all import and export duties, an impost of 5 per cent pierage is added,

The monopoly of the government, in purchasing direct from the planter, and restrictive policy regarding other nations, par-

alyzes all private enterprise, and prevents all improvement, and Java at the present day, so far as modern culture, the steam engine, the railroad, the magnetic wire and the numberless inventions of this wonderful age are concerned, is almost as far behind the times as Japan, with whom alone they have been permitted to have a limited trade for one or two centuries, ever since the Jesuits were driven out of Niphon. Mr. Leisberg informed me that one step has been made to meet the times, and in a year or two a telegraphic wire will announce the arrival of ships passing Anjer, at Batavia, Samarang and Sourabaya but I doubt if the time comes during the next century when the European traveler will hear the whistle of the locomotive in the cocoa nut groves of the inland provinces, or the Javanese ploughman in his rice field, or the fierce beasts of the majestic forests, be disturbed by the whirling rattle of a railway train. Like China there are too many people to employ to introduce labor saving machines.

When the putative father of the present Emperor of the French was on the throne of Holland, at Napoleon's bidding, Java became a part of France, and in 1811, up went the French flag, which the battle of Waterloo surrendered to England in 1814, who, frightened by the climate, and ignorant of its richness, restored it to the Dutch, preferring to keep Ceylon and the Cape, which mistake Allison and every Englishman has been mourning over for almost half a century. But it was not till 1816, when its conqueror, like Parrhasus' captive, was chained to the rock of St. Helena, did the Dutch flag again float over the gardens of the East.

But there was one place during all those startling changes which convulsed Europe during Bonaparte's career, where Holland was still supreme, and that was in the little island opposite

Nangasaki, the residence of the Dutch Ambassador, where the colors have never ceased to fly.

The natives are a warlike people, and are ready to rise when their Mahomedan priests give the signal, as has been the case two or three times since the Restoration. Some thirty years ago a most bloody warfare again put them down; and only a few years ago the Bally Princes were trodden under foot. Bearing in mind the fact that nations, as a general thing, are not governed entirely by motives of benevolence or philanthropy, and that self, as with the individual, is the ruling passion, and remembering that a force of only eight thousand European soldiers are in the country, who, with the other European residents of Java, might at any time be massacred by millions of men who obey, with servile fear, the command of their prince or priest, no wonder that Holland is averse to liberalizing the minds of the people by throwing open her ports to the shipping and citizens of all the world—no wonder that foreign consuls have never been recognized, (until, I believe, very recently, for purely commercial purposes)—that a system of espionage and police traverses the land, and that the poor trembling natives are cowed down with craven fear by military rule; for, to my mind, the introduction of European liberalism would immediately be the signal at which these prolific Islands would be lost to the nation. When I see any moral improvement in the condition of the natives of the Sandwich Islands and the tribes of the Pacific—when I see anything done to relieve the sufferings of the aborigines of America, who, obeying the Pequot lesson, (says Holmes,) runs from the white man when he finds "he smells of Holland gin"—when I notice enlightened England throwing over darkened India the light of intellectual culture—then, and not till then, will I amuse myself by abusing so industrious and commer-

cial a people as the Dutch, whose intelligence in languages, in modern and ancient history, and in general information, have been the characteristics of those it has been my good fortune to meet.

The merchants here live like princes, and ten to fifteen thousand dollars per year is no unusual amount to spend. Mr. Reed has a beautiful residence, built by himself, on ground where art and nature have battled hard to gain superiority. Among the ten or fifteen ponies and horses of different breeds in his stables, I saw a beautiful Arab which he had just imported. I could but observe how elegantly the dinner tables are adorned in this place—the meals and dessert all go at once—and as you sit down the fruits are entirely hidden from sight by flowers of many kinds, which give a most graceful appearance to the *tout ensemble.*

The least said about the morals of many of the Europeans in these latitudes, perhaps, will give the best idea of them. The Lip-Laps, as the half cast are called of ten-times marry, and some native women are wedded to the white man, but not many; but when the native girl discovers the infidelity of her companion, her revenge is sometimes terrible, and is hard to satiate.

Although I have seen so much during my few days stay, I did not get into the prison to see an execution by that most awful manner, impalement, (where the kris enters the back of the neck, and runs down past the heart, while the poor wretch is left to torture in a Java sun till the instrument gangrenes and corrodes, and is then torn out again till life at last is gone,) and I hope I shall never witness such a spectacle. This was the mode years ago. Neither did I see the humming bird pick the teeth of the alligators, as described by Herodotus; nor succeed in seeing a genuine bantam fowl on the original soil—the

real bird which the natives train for fighting is more the shape of a goose, however, than the little wretched fowl that bears the name with us.

To-morrow I embark on board the Konigni des Nethalander —mail steamer under contract with government to take the mails from Sourabaya, Samarang and Batavia, on the eleventh of every month, at about twenty-five hundred dollars—to Singapore so as to catch the China and overland steamer. I am too late for a state-room, and have got to sleep on deck (pleasant to be sure). I don't remember ever paying, before, eighty dollars for five hundred miles steaming, and sleeping on deck at that! As in Van Dieman's Land, to get out of the country, I had to get a paper called a "consent," and also a passport for the guard ship. As the clipper ship Flying Arrow that sailed two days before us has not arrived, I fear that the gale we experienced off Cape Otnay must have crippled her.

CHAPTER V.

On Board Steamer Queen of the Netherlands, Straits of Banca, Dec. 13. 1855.

The Voyage to Singapore—Our Fellow Passengers—Olla Podrida of Nationalities—Pilgrims to Mecca—Arab Women—Arrival at Minto—Off Singapore—Dutch Diplomacy in Japan—Commerce with that Empire—The Hollanders Catching the Bird while other Nations are Beating the Bush—The American Treaty with Japan so much Waste Paper—The Japanese Mail System—A Political Discussion at a Dutch Dinner Table—The Dutch Navy in the Indian Archipelago, &c., &c.

Prompt to her time the steamer left Batavia at 8 A. M. yesterday, and works admirably, pushing us along at the rate of nine and ten knots. She is a Batavian built boat, seventeen years old, made of teak and very roughly finished. The cabin accommodations are very poor, but the table makes up for all deficiencies; and with our tea and coffee at 6, our breakfast at 12, dinner at 5, and refreshments in the evening, all of good quality, well cooked, we have no complaints to make. Schnapps and liquors are always on a side table—a most attractive part of the boat to the Dutch passengers, among whom are some of the most agreeable gentleman I ever met. There was a large sugar planter, I forget his name—and Mr. Loudon, who takes charge of the tin mines at Billitou, Island of Banca, leased for forty years to Prince Henry, brother of the King of Holland, and Captain Fabius, commander of the Dutch steamer Gedeh,

just arrived from Nangasaki, who is *en route* for Holland with the new Dutch treaty just executed by the Emperor of Japan and the Dutch Commissioner, from whom I have obtained much valuable information.

We have also on board the Lord Bishop of Victoria—a pleasant quiet man, who wishes to have slavery abolished in the United States; hopes that Cuba will never be a part of that extensive country, and beats me shockingly at chess. Captain Prince, our commander, has been some sixteen years in the waters, and I find him a most intelligent man. While doing the honors of the table, he conversed with the Belgian Consul in French, the Bishop in English, spoke Dutch to his countrymen, and ordered the servants in Malay. Our steamer is crowded with all kinds of men, manners and customs. A party of Arab merchants have attracted the most attention. They are very wealthy, and paid $600 for a small portion of the cabin. Although cabin passengers they keep aloof from Europeans, all huddling round their trunks and merchandise, on which they sleep, eat, and pray, under an awning on deck, disdaining to mix with the infidels at our end of the boat. These singular costumed men—of white robe, huge turban, sandal footed, mustached and whiskered sons of Mahomet—are bound on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and at certain hours they go off and wash themselves and then come back to pray. It is an unusual spectacle. All arranged in a row, with the chief one step advanced in front, they mutter their prayers kneeling, standing, sitting, now touching their foreheads to the deck, now kissing the hand of the chief, now gesticulating in the most unintelligible manner; again bowing their swarthy forms, again rising; now turning their faces upward and then changing their position, always bending—like the forest trees under the westerly winds in the

North of England—towards the East, or, as they supposed towards Mecca, and, finally, kissing each other's hands at the benediction. All this ceremony is being performed among all the different tribes who acknowledge Shem as their paternal ancestor, for it was—

> "Shem's proud children reared the Assyrian piles,
> While *Ham's* were scattered through the *Sandwich* Isles."

We have on board a lot of Malay convicts, several Chinese merchants, some shipwrecked English sailors, a company of native soldiers who proudly wear the uniform, and many of the islanders, all speaking and muttering their several languages. No wonder the Tower of Babel was rather suddenly impeded in its progress by the change in the workmen's style of conversation. Rattling beans in a tin tube, shaking shot on a pasteboard, or talking with about four men at one time that stammer, will give you an idea of the sound.

Our Malay crew of seventy are under the serang, who works them with his boatswain's whistle. I pity the captain who, not understanding the language without a serang, takes a Malay crew. When giving some important order to the men aloft, in the midst of a violent squall, the irritability of the captain reaches its height to see them all pouring down the shrouds to ask him what he said!

I could not get a sight of the Arab women. They came on board closely veiled, and were immediately locked up in their state rooms. The Arab children are beautifully formed, with their large black eyes and regular features, the rings made of brass about their feet, and the little covering for the chest, which stops just where the native covering usually commences!

We arrived at Minto (named I suppose after the British

Governor General) at night, and early in the morning steamed for Rhio, and then we have no more stopping places till we arrive at Singapore. Banca is noticeable only for its tin mines; about 4,000 tons are annually shipped from Minto, and if modern machinery was introduced large quantities could be procured. The ore is found near the surface, and is said to be the finest known. There are only twenty-five European residents. The mines are worked by Chinese coolies, who are brought down for sale, a damnable species of slave trade peculiar to these nations! The straits of Banca are about one hundred miles long, and in one place only seven wide, which gives us a fine view of the long coast of Sumatra. In some places the land is very low, and you cannot even find Horsburg's tree; and then you have a volcanic range of mountain scenery, with foliage from base to summit a beautiful green. Remember your excursion from Kingston to Montreal, and you will find a faint resemblance of the scenery, for even here we have our thousand islands.

OFF SINGAPORE, Dec. 14.

Our passage against wind and tide, part of the way, has been a quick one, for we shall anchor at six o'clock to-night; leaving Batavia at eight o'clock on the 11th, arrived at Minto at ten o'clock P. M. the next day; left there at six o'clock A. M., and touched Rhio, (a small settlement with a dozen Europeans) at eight o'clock A. M. on the 14th, and here we are at Singapore in a passage of eighty-two hours, having stopped ten on the way, which is very fair for a distance of five hundred miles. I have seen little of note since leaving Batavia, and do not think that I can fill up my page in a manner more interesting to your readers than by giving you the latest dates from Japan. Captain

Fabius left Nangasaki on the 15th ult., where he has been for about four months waiting to bring negotiations to a close. Of course the King of Holland must see the paper before the rest of the world, but from what I can gather, the Dutch have added another important link to their chain. Holland's policy has always been diplomacy instead of cannon, and from their first foothold in the trade in 1611, obtained through their assistance in driving out the Jesuitical Portuguese—which timely aid the Japanese have never forgotten—and no doubt, had not the Dutch resorted to all kinds of chicanery at that early period in trying to overreach the natives of Niphon, they would not have had to debase and lower themselves in such a disgraceful manner as is vividly described by their own writers, Baron Van Imhoff and Valantyn, in their endeavors to continue a commerce which early writers have told us amounted, during a period of sixty years to 1671, to between two and three hundred millions of dollars, the profits of which must have been enormous. This may well be called their golden age. Bribery and corruption on the part of the Dutch factory, erected at Nangasaki, in 1641, no doubt, caused the sudden change of policy of the Emperor, for first stopping the silver, he afterwards shut up the gold mines, and then the Dutch were gradually reduced every few years to a most restricted intercourse, and had to submit to insults which a Christian nation should have resented. From gold to silver, from silver to copper, their trade at this time, 1750 was their age of bronze. No doubt the loss of the Island of Formosa, in 1661 also lessened the respect which the Japanese so long held for the Dutch. The Chinese also were cut down from eighty junks to twenty. This nation used to get two-thirds of the trade, leaving one-third. for the Dutch. The English, who tried to open a commerce from 1616 to 1623, and again from 1673 to 1682, could accom-

plish nothing, and the East India Company's select committee reported, in 1792, that the result of one small venture showed a loss of $150,000. Having squeezed the Dutch down to a mere peddling trade, the commerce varied little during the latter half of the past century, and it is most interesting to look over the account sales of the inward and outward annual cargo at the company's records at Batavia. In 1804–5 an invoice, amounting to $212,000, from Java, consisting of sugar, rice, tin, sapan wood, nutmegs, spices, pig lead and prints and cloths, after adding all expenses, outfit, &c., cost, laid down at Nangasaki, $380,000, the loss on which was perfectly ruinous, the entire outward cargo only netting $92,000. But it was the return cargo of copper and camphor which changed the result of the voyage; this realized $886,000, giving the company a clear profit of over half a million of dollars. In 1806, however, the Dutch ship did not do so well; the cargo costing $394,000, produced only $569,000, thus netting but $176,000. But even this average the English did not keep up, when the Dutch possessions in the East fell into their hands from the French by treaty, for the accounts of their voyage in 1813, made up with the same assorted produce of Java, which cost them laid down, $298,000, and sold at a loss of 60 per cent, and on the proceeds of which the return cargo of

Japan copper, lbs. - - - -	902,452	$223,727
Camphor, lbs. - - - -	60,437	45,785
Pitch, lbs. - - - -	1,208	600
Total - - - - - - - - -		$670,112

They only had a balance in their favor of $44,000. And I think this latter venture up to the present time, under the Dutch, has not been more than double; at any rate, I don't believe they have lately realized $200,000 a year from the

trade, to get which they have submitted to indignities unworthy of so commercial and intelligent a people.

A reduction in their copper importation from 30,000 piculs, in the seventeenth century, to 6,000 now, will show the falling off in Dutch commerce in Japan. From eight or ten ships in 1650—they have now been reduced to two—up to the time of Nov. 15, 1855, when a new treaty was made, the bearer of which will leave for Holland by the overland mail which takes this letter. You shall have, however, all I have been able to gather regarding the stay of the Gedeh war steamship at Nangasaki from the conversation of Captain Fabius. Last year this gentleman carried out, as a present to the Emperor of Japan, a steamship of 170 horse power, and left in her a crew of twenty-two men, as sailors, engineers and mechanics, to learn the Japanese how to manage her. These men are to remain in Japan two years under the pay of the Government of Holland. This is the way the Dutch put in their wedge. From the first it has been their habit to send the Emperor and chief officials elegant presents ; and every year they carry a large assortment of scientific books on all practical subjects, printed in the Dutch language, and presented to the government. Dutch teachers are instructing, under Japanese pay, several schools in Japan, and Japanese teachers are also teaching Dutch scholars at Nangasaki. Thus the Dutch, in every possible manner, have been quietly working the oracle, and, in my mind, they have so managed their cards as to catch the bird while Commodore Perry, Admiral Stirling, and the Russian commander have all been beating the bush. The treaties of the United States in 1853, England in October, 1854, and Russia, about the same time, in my opinion, amount to just so much waste paper ; and I don't know which government will first acknowledge the sell

I have just read the correspondence of Reed & Co., in the San Francisco *Herald*, of Sept. 19, who fitted out from San Francisco a schooner for Simoda, and who had returned to California disgusted with the Japanese for not allowing a landing at Hakodadi. They ought to have known that the treaty did not allow them to trade. The three nations are all on the same footing, being simply permitted to put into Nangasaki and Simoda (Commodore Perry preferred Hakodadi,) for water, fuel and provisions. So far as provisions are concerned, that clause will prove abortive, for the Japanese refuse to sell you bullocks, because they are beasts of burden for ploughing the soil; sheep cannot be purchased, as their wool and skin is required for clothing; and hens and other domestic fowls are not to be had, as they furnish eggs for the food of man; nor cows, as their milk is much sought after. Thus these people, either because it interferes with their religion, or on account of some local requirement or superstition, furnish an excuse for most of the necessaries of life. In diplomacy I'd put the Japanese against the world. Commodore Perry got what he asked for, and left for the United States with all the *eclat* of a benefactor of commerce. Out of sight, out of mind. It seems the clauses of the treaty in the Saxon and in the Island tongue are somewhat differently interpreted. "Temporary" residence at Hakodadi and Simoda, means, in Japanese, ten minutes, or ten days, as may suit the Emperor; and "citizens," in his language, does not mean women! and it is utterly impossible for Commander Rogers, of our navy, no matter how ably he may write to the Governor of the port, to make him understand that supplies mean the necessities of man, or that Commodore Perry made any arrangements whatever for trading. I understand that a Mr. Townsend Harris is expected in the mail steamer due to-

morrow, and that he has been empowered and appointed Ambassador to Siam, and Consul General at Japan. Of the former place I will speak hereafter ; but of the latter appointment I think it will do about as much good and prove about as essential to the commerce of the United States as blowing up a feather in the air for the purpose of catching it on your nose. What can he do? Who is he to see, and where will he go ? and where, oh ! where, I ask, is he to stop, and at what hotel? Even the Dutch Commissioner, who resides at Decima is only allowed to visit Jeddo once in four years, and then, as Sir John Davis went to Pekin, he is obliged to go in a close chair, and see nothing of this hermit style of people. Will Mr. Harris go by a steamship to Jeddo ? If so, the chances are he will be requested to negotiate by the way of Hakodadi or Simoda, and Simoda, you are aware, after throwing the Russian frigate Dwina in the air two or three times—the water rising with a terrific swell thirty feet, says Captain Fabius—has been almost entirely destroyed as a seaport.

The journey inland by the Dutch Commissioners' road, in a sedan chair, will take about sixty days, although the regular mail goes through from Nangasaki in fifteen days. This mail is carried in a small mail bag, by a runner, who, with bell in hand to notify the next courier, measures off his one mile, throws the bag on the man who is waiting, and off the new postman shoots, with a long stride and fleet foot, to the next, and so on to the next, and in this way the Japanese mail is passed from one runner to another along the government road till the letters are delivered at the imperial office of his high and mighty majesty, the Emperor.

Important government express demands a wider step and quicker speed, and goes through in eleven days. Mr. Silas E.

Burroughs must have been disgusted with his adventure in the Lady Pierce. I have seen no account of it—having been shut up so long in Australia—but I have been told that after they had drank up all his champagne, and returned to him with many thanks for his generosity the gold dollars which he had presented to the several officials, they intimated to him, in a very pleasant quiet way, peculiar to this singular nation, that unless he had some important business to detain him in Japan, that they should not make the least objection to his evacuating the premises at his earliest possible convenience.

The ratification of the English treaty has just gone to England, and Admiral Stirling has immortalized himself in taking the Russian officers shipwrecked in the Dwina out of a neutral merchantman, and in putting the final seal to such a milk and water paper, like that signed by Commodore Perry, while the Russian fleet slipped by him in the fog from Petropolowski to the Amoor, and from the Amoor into the air—for nobody has yet been able to discover where they have gone to. He had better resign. I was much amused to day at the dinner table to hear Captain Fabius—who so quietly and ably managed the business for his King, and the Right Hon. Mr. Stuart, Post Captain in the extensive fleet of twelve men of war, (who, after laying a month at Nangasaki for the sealing of the all important document, are heading towards India and home)—discuss the question of Japan. England and Holland got quite warm in the discussion, and England warmly intimated that had he had charge of the affair he would have blown Nangasaki and the Dutch ports into the air before he would submit to such indignities as to which the Japanese wished to subject the war fleet. Our treaty, said he, is all gammon, and I would not give a banana for yours. Holland, however, replied why so—has not

the Admiral received all he asked for? If you want my segar box and I give it to you, are you to knock me down for not presenting you with my hat?—Very good, said England, you have me there, and my epaulettes prevent a reply—for the tongue must be silent when State questions are discussed in which you do not happen to be the principal—but it seemed to him that the time had passed for any nation to act the oyster, and live a miser's life in this enlightened age; and more especially as the people are desirous of trading and opening their ports, while the iron rule of the government forbids them to express an opinion lest some spy (for espionage in Japan is even superior to that of France or Russia) report the expression, and then follows that remarkable execution where the culprit with his own hand, at the command of the official, rips open his bowels and dies by his own action.

"You must remember," said Captain Fabius, "that the entire control of the nation is at the will of the Emperor, and that he monopolizes all the commerce of the country. He is the head manager and principal merchant in the Island for all mercantile affairs, and that every one of his subjects must give him so much wheat every crop for the State granary, which is put aside to meet the requirements of a short crop, when it is all distributed to the people, and that the religion and customs of centuries cannot be easily thrown aside. The Japanese interfere with no one. You make laws in England; and what is more, you enforce them. So do we in Holland, and so do the Japanese; and when they give you all that you have asked for, you say you will break their laws, and bombard their cities, and destroy their coastwise trade—for what? Because they are what you suppose to be weak; you are strong. They have boundless wealth in the hidden vaults of their treasury, and you

are powerful enough to make them disgorge. The old story of Alexander the Great and the gentleman who puts his hand in your pocket."

As I before remarked, from the conversations of the merchants here, and the naval gentleman above named, who sat opposite to me, the Japanese ports will not be opened to England and America for many years, unless by invasion, or some sudden turn in the policy of a country that has managed to find resources within itself to cater to its wants for over two centuries.

Humboldt somewhere has said that when the oceans embraced at the Darien Isthmus, the fact of its bringing the celestial productions some two thousand leagues nearer the civilized world, might bring about a change, for he considered this little neck of land which obliges ships to go round the Horn as the bulwark that prevents the independence of China and Japan.

The Panama Railroad has united the oceans, and the old man eloquent, as nature's nobleman, is on his way to his long home, but Japan is still a sealed book to the commerce world. Captain Fabius takes home samples of hemp and but they cost high. Even though a trade is commenced by introducing many things, as in China, from the Western nations, not before used, what are we to get in return? for in several instances it has been difficult even to find sufficient copper to complete the annual cargoes of the Dutch. They have camphor and Japan ware, and bijouterie; raw silk, ambergris, rice and timber, wheat and hemp; but all these articles are too high for profitable investment. What, then, are they to pay us with, unless we once more manage to unlock their precious metals?

In a former letter I intimated that if possible I would get a statement of the strength of the Dutch navy in the Indian Ar-

chipelago ; and, through the courtesy of Captain Fabius, whose pleasant manners and good common sense make him most attractive, I am able to jot down the following :—

Steamships Amsterdam, 8 guns, for Japan when Captain Fabius gets back ; Gedeh, 8 ; Etna, 6 ; Vesuvius, 6 ; Samarang, 10 ; Celebes, 4 ; Borneo, 4 ; Surinam, 6 ; Onrust, 2 ; Admiral King's bark, 2 ; Batavia, 4—and several schooners.

Under canvass, Prince Frederick, 44 guns, (frigate); Palem Bang, 44 do.; Boreas, 28 ; Van Speyk, 28 ; De Pliades, 12 ; De Hague, 18.

Also, daily expected, Prince Alexander, 44 guns ; Fregat de Ruiter, 60 ; Medusa, 22 ; Monteado, 12 ; Scudora, 4 ; Phenix, 6—all manned by 3,800 sailors.

CHAPTER VI.

LONDON HOTEL, SINGAPORE, Dec. 20, 1855.

A Singapore Hotel—Its Inconveniences and Horrors—Importance of Singapore as a Commercial Rendezvous—The Opium Privilege—Scenery of the Island—Environs of the City—The Population, Native and Foreign—The Chinese Millionaire, Wampoa—Trade of Singapore—The Malay Pirates—American Commerce in the Indian Archipelago—Siam and its Exclusiveness—Efforts to Open its Trade—Horrors of the Coolie Traffic, &c., &c.

THE mail steamer from Europe for China has just been telegraphed; and, as I am bound to the celestial regions by this boat, and, as she stops but a few hours to drop the mail, my glance at Singapore, I fear, will have to be postponed till time and observation will allow me to do it justice. However, I will write on till the bell rings, and crowd as much together as space will admit. After luxuriating in the fairy grotto scenery of Java, and grown fat on the good living and courteous treatment one may receive there, (notwithstanding Holland acts the miser and dog in the manger in her commerce,) the traveler (not an Englishman) who looks at Singapore as he lands in a fog, with a dozen Kling boatmen, as savage in appearance as fancy can picture, taking away your baggage, and talking and gesticulating like maniacs, an unintelligible jargon—while you jump into a gurry, with a stout runt of a horse, and see the syce (driver) rush off at a long, wolf like trot, holding his gal-

loping animal by a small rope, instead of mounting a coachman's seat, like a civilized being—when you get fairly settled down in that huge pile of ugly looking buildings, covering a good sized farm, and known as the London Hotel, and kept in a manner that would disgrace a landlord in the backwoods of Kansas, where your food looks uninviting, and is brought to you at the long, well ventilated and *puncah* cooling dining hall, by Asiatics and Islanders who always seem to me to have their hands upon their half-clad body, when you want a piece of bread, some Malay curry, or a pineapple ; and when, perhaps, your sensitiveness makes you dainty—where your boots and books get mildewed, and your brown leather trunk resembles the skin of a Maltese cat, it has become so mouldy—where your cocoa nut oil lamp, manufactured out of a tumbler of water, on the surface of which a little piece of pith kept floating on the oil, by means of bits of cork, answers for wicking, burns dimly, and you cannot get a candle—where the bowling alley and billiard room are surrounded by the sons of the sun, and the natives, who laugh at costume—where the labyrinth of passages, show cases and rooms, require a man to have a compass, if he does not wish to lose his reckoning, and get out of his proper track—I say, when you think of your comforts and enjoyments at the Java Hotel, in Batavia, and then experience the annoyance and confusion at the London, you will come to the conclusion that in some things Java and Singapore are widely different. The Adelphi is no better, and I believe is now turned into a boarding house; and I cannot see what it was young Marryat noticed that was worth recommending when he published, a few years since, that very stupid book, "Borneo and the Indian Archipelago," the plates in which are its only redeeming characters.

But enough of this—for why lose my temper on what I cannot

remedy, unless it is to recommend some enterprising American to come out and establish a hotel worthy of so fine a city as Singapore. There is money in the trial, depend upon it, for this is the grand central station of the entire commerce of the East—the half-way house between Calcutta and China, and the rendezvous of all the Dutch bound home—for I doubt much whether they get on a mail line direct from Holland to Java for many years.

Sir Stamford Raffles showed his good judgment and good sense when he so energetically, and on his own responsibility, established the colony in 1819, (which the British Government would not acknowledge for some three years, on account of the remonstrances of the Dutch, who saw a powerful rival in commerce springing up near their own door, as a sentinel of England to watch the movements of the Dutch East India Company,) in making Singapore a free port; for here you have free trade in reality; no taxes on shipping, no pilotage, no import and export tariff, nothing but a trifling charge as light dues. I was at a loss to see where the revenue came from; but when I remember that the celebrated opium farmer pays $15,000 a month, or $180,000 a year, for the privilege of retailing this intoxicating drug to the natives, we see whence a part of it is derived. This privilege is sold annually, at auction, to the highest bidder, but Joon Tick for many years has overbid his competitors; and notwithstanding the enormous government tax, he has made an immense fortune out of it, so extensively is opium used by all the natives who can get a few cents to purchase it. He also pays some $5,000 per year for selling spirits, which gives him the monopoly of both these articles.

The government also get some $10,000 per annum quit rent, as it is called, and derive something from the planters. The

island, about sixty miles in circumference, possesses a large territory capable of cultivation; and Singapore is well placed to command a splendid coasting and foreign trade. Our view from the verandah of the Hotel, or from the Government House, perched upon the mountain in the rear of the town, is most picturesque. From the latter, more especially, you have the horse shoe resembling harbor, where the ships of all nations and every flag, from the symmetrical model of McKay to that combination of the ark, the Mississippi flat, the old fashioned cotton tub, and the Venetian barge—a Chinese junk, which Captain Kelly showed the now traveling citizens of New York for the first time; and occasioned that shrewd remark of the Widow Partington, "That more money would be made by taking over all China at once than bringing it in 'Junks.'" You also have the city and the distant mountain range, and cultivated hills and plains—the one interspersed with irregular buildings—winding rivers made into canals that run alongside the go-downs to receive the produce into the flat boats, while the other is green with nutmeg and spice trees, and the richest beauties of the tropics.

The rides about the city are most delightful, and the bamboo and rattan fence fill the eye with beauty. My excursion to Captain Marshall's beautiful residence—near the magnificent buildings erected by the steam company, which he has so long been connected with—and the inspection of the grounds over which fly the flag of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, will not hastily be forgotten. Our *syces* drove us directly through and about the several streets of the town, across the several bridges, around the esplanade, where the native band entertain the *élite* every Saturday afternoon with martial music; by the several go-downs, over to the Chinese burial ground, so singular-

ly different from other nations, where the shape of the graves resembled the Saxon letter U, or the Omega Ω, of the Greek alphabet—passed the Malay washing ground, where these dark beggars tear your clothes to pieces, under the plea of getting them cleansed—we are arrived at the steam wharf, which five years ago was a marsh, but is now covered with the most capacious accommodations which this company possesses this side of England. The coal sheds have at present about 20,000 tons ready for use, and the store houses, the machine shop, the sail loft, the cooking rooms, the several piers and the large amount of ground do not appear to have cost so little as $80,000. These extensive buildings were needed before the Company gave up the Australian contract—but there is no necessity for such an expensive establishment for the monthly mail to China—and it is a question of doubt if they ever get another chance at Australia.

There are but few mercantile houses in the place, and those—some twenty-five or thirty in all—have been established for many years, and most of which are doing an extensive business. But, for a wonder, I find no American commission house managed by Americans! Messrs. Bousted & Co., have a large American trade, and manage their business well. An outsider, however, would find it, for a while, up-hill work in establishing a house where all the old firms would find it for their interest to work against him.

I believe that the European population will not exceed three hundred in all, but there are quite a number of half-and-half, whose color plainly shows the offspring of the native mother and the European father. At Malacca, the Portuguese and Dutch have married and intermarried so long that the European blood in that district is so degenerated as almost to be entirely lost.

I presume the native population will amount to about 80,000, more than half of which are Chinamen, while all Eastern nations have supplied the balance. Bhudists, Javanese, Arabs and Caffres, Parsees, Bengalese and Malays, Klings and natives of Madras, all mixed up together—all pursuing their own business —all dressed according to the customs of their country. I believe that seventeen ancient languages and ten modern tongues may be daily heard in the swarming streets of Singapore, to say nothing of innumerable dialects branching out of the whole.

Dr. Yvan, a French physician, who has just published a rambling, uninstructive work on his "Travels among the Malays," says the Chinese portion of the town is noticed by its "strong appearance." I think he should have said by its strong smell, for certainly the odor is most offensive to those not accustomed to it. Many of the Chinese merchants are immensely wealthy. Wampoa is the millionaire of the place, and has a most elegant residence out of town. With him 'tis the old story —came into the place a beggar, and has walked steadily up the ladder of wealth till his riches make him noted. The Malays bring in their produce and sell to the Chinamen, and the Chinamen sells to the merchants, who fills the orders which the mail has brought him—a continual sale and barter ; no brokers can be employed. The *prahus* of all the islands round about are pouring in at all seasons, but the Chinese traders come annually about Christmas time, and then such an excitement! The junks are surrounded by hundreds of boats, all anxious to trade and meet their friends ; but the new comers decline to sell or talk business, till, with a praiseworthy trait of character, observed for ages, they have visited and repaired the graves of their ancestors, and spent a few hours at the Joss house in prayer. Singapore, Penang and Malacca are the dependen-

cies over which Governor Blundel (who last year succeeded Governor Butterworth, who was eleven years in office,) presides. He,however, takes his orders from the Governor-General of India, and the East India Company, who, I am told, are tired of these possessions, as they are only an expense, and would gladly have the British Government take them off their hands.

Ten years after the settlement, the export and import trade amounted to $22,000,000 ; but seven years later, (in 1836) it fell off to $14,000,000. Now, it is some $50,000,000, but the State statistics are two years in the background, and I can't be positive.

For a long time in early years, the Americans had the cream of the native trade among the several islands. When pirates infested the coast, and shot out from every point upon the unsuspicious vessel, no nation was safe. It must be now some thirty years since the Friendship, of Salem, was taken by the robbers, and even as late as 1840 they got the Eclipse. The American men-of-war sent out at that time to blow the towns about the heads of the robbers may have done some good, because the British were so apathetic in those days. But, as a general thing, little can be done by destroying the poor fishermen, when the princes and rajahs, and their wealthy friends indirectly are the real pirates, who fly into the mountains the moment they are visited by a salute. How long is it since a Rajah on the Sumatra coast took a fancy to the wife of an English captain, who foolishly took her ashore, and carried her away to his Harem, and refused to give her up, but notified the war ship and her husband that the first shot fired upon the village, would be the signal to put the kris through the body of his wife. He kept his word. The village was destroyed, but

the first shot fired drew the life from the heart of his wife. Romantic and true.

Spanish dollars in the hands of the enterprising merchants of Salem—who entrusted their ventures to their still more long-headed Captains, whose natural habits of observation and tact for so long a time, has been the means of giving America so large a portion of this trade—these shipmasters are perfectly familiar with their business, know foreign markets, understand supply and demand, and the art of treating with the natives, and carry in their head the whole history of these islands, and the ports where you can exchange, or buy or sell.

Most of the American business in the Indian Islands is done with "documentary bills," under letters of credit from Brown, Shipley & Co. and Baring Brothers & Co. The captain or agent draws at six months' sight as soon as his cargo has been collected, packed up, stowed on board, and bills of lading signed, and then the drafts go forward, the acceptors secured by bill of lading, on the back of which the invoices are endorsed. As the mail going through to England is some two months, the owners of the cargo have the benefit of an eight months' credit, or four months leeway, after the arrival of the property, on an average passage of one hundred and twenty days—thus giving them ample time to dispose of it and realize to meet the bills. The shrewd financier, in this way—provided he possesses the credit to get a fair start—can do any amount of business, and make or lose a fortune by bold speculations, under good or bad judgment.

The cargo of one of these voyages comprise, when the articles can be had, all the products of the East. The productions most adapted to the American trade let me briefly enumerate, with such comments as strike me :—

COFFEE.—Bags of 70 to 80 pounds net, garbled and picked over. Bags should be clean and strong, and care must be taken about sweating. The coffee, when collecting, is placed in the-go-downs to dry. Teas that come down from China at Christmas, should be free from dust, and clean leaf, and does well often when neatly put up in papers. Wild cinnnamon, thin quill, well cleared from the extra bark, in bales of 100 lbs., covered neatly with gunny bags—such packages are better than boxes. Dragon's blood sometimes goes, but is not much used with us. Buffalo horns, and buffalo and cow hides are frequently shipped—the former, however, are going out of sale—as gutta percha and India rubber are now extensively used for combs. Heavy horns are the best, but in any case these things are too bulky, except for dunnage; sometimes the loss in weight is from fifteen to twenty per cent. The latter article must be bought low to pay. The light horn is most liked. Cassia, nutmegs and cloves are usually ordered. Nutmegs should be well assorted and carefully picked over, as is the case with coffee, these sometimes loose three per cent in weight. Zanzibar can beat these islands in the price and supply of cloves. Pepper, in strong bags of good quality. Pearl sago and flour sago, the latter used for sizing. Cubebs, gum benjamin, gum danmar, tumeric and stick lacks, are also among the drugs and dyestuffs—but will not pay from here at present prices. I saw yesterday the way they pack up gambier, another article largely in demand for printing and tanning purposes with us. Instead of the old fashioned way of mats, where there was much waste, it is now passed through a hydraulic press, which screws twenty hundred weight within the compass of forty cubic foot. It is packed in gunny bags of about a picul each.

Cutch also goes forward in limited quantities for coloring and

printing purposes, and India rubber has paid well, but it should be well selected and clean. South America, however, comes in competition. Tortoise shell would do if the West Indies don't feed the market; it is sometimes re-shipped. Tin is produced in quantity, and has sold well for years; but Holland is always ready to supply us when our prices are very high. Gambouge is in limited demand in the American trade, and cochineal must be very cheap to compete with Mexico or Honduras. Rattans and deer skins, sugar and rice are among other articles; but the latter can be beat in Carolina. I believe I have run through most of the staples or productions which are sold in the Singapore and Penang market for the American trade. The American business is all in the hands of a few—mostly Eastern men—but a few ships come out on New York account.

Singapore must eventually be the greatest commercial emporium of the East—for the products of all its neighbors are poured into its lap; and here ships, as at Anjer, after passing round both capes, continually meet. When we note the present commerce of the port, we can hardly realise that about the close of President Monroe's administration, Singapore was only the resort of a few Malay fisherman.

One word on Siam, ere the mail bag closes, but more of Singapore hereafter.

Like Japan, Siam has locked her outer door from the first, and in diplomacy I should think them brothers. They have many things we want, and we have something for them to buy in return; but thus far, with the exception of their connection with the East India Company, what has been done? Even the company treaties have been a burlesque. But now it is said Sir John Bowring, in the twelve article treaty which he negotiated during the early part of the present year, has done the handsome thing

for England. Perhaps he has ; but when I remember Mr Roberts' celebrated negotiation for the United States, (I think in 1833, which was the means of completely shutting the trade, for no American ship has ever loaded there since,) was a total failure. I am not inclined to believe that the British governor will come out any better.

Balestier, as American Envoy, tried to bring them over in 1850, but was defeated ; and Sir J. Brook did no better for England when he was sent out a few months later. The British treaty just made will go into effect in April forthcoming—which is the 1,218th year of the Siamese era—and we shall then see how it works. I should like to go up with the new ambassador, Mr. Harris, to see what he can do with the old rajahs for the United States, but as he has not arrived, as expected, by this boat, I must give it up.

J. R. Logan, in his elaborate journal on these countries compiled from authorities, I believe, says something about it, but Earl's work gives little information.

The Westward Ho, Boston clipper, has just passed Anjer with 800 Coolies from Swatow to Callao, and others have and are continually passing with their living freights. The days of the African slave trade are with the past, save what the Brazilian, and Cuban traders may be engaged in, but the traffic in human life is not wholly abolished when we see English coal ships, Peruvian convict hulks, and American clippers, all heading towards the west coast of South America, every square foot of space occupied by a poor devil of a Chinaman, who thinks, when he receives a dollar in hand, to be spent in clothing, and makes a contract to work five years at $8 per month—by paying $50 for a passage, with all the rice they want guarantied—that he is leaving purgatory for paradise. But when his owner puts him to work on the

guano deposits, under the burning sun of the Chinchas, he will find out how sadly he has been deceived. Read that horrible affair of the Waverly, Boston ship, at Manilla—which you got by the last mail. It makes me shudder to think of it, and chills my very blood when fancy pictures the blackened, swollen forms of two hundred and fifty human beings, the one piled on the other; worse even than the frozen soldiers of Napoleon on the Niemen and at Smolenski, or the startling horrors of the Blackhole of Calcutta.

Our minister to China, Dr. Parker, and his attaché, are fellow passengers with me to Hong Kong. I wonder if he will be more fortunate than his illustrious predecessors?

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON HOTEL, SINGAPORE, Dec. 21, 1855.

More About the Coolie Trade—Numbers of American Vessels Engaged in it—Statistical History of the Commerce of Singapore—Colonial Budget for 1853–'54—The Press of the Island—Commercial Notes, &c., &c.

I HAVE just mailed four packages of HERALD correspodence, but could not pay the postage in Singapore; since which an American captain has just arrived here, with passengers from Swatow. The Otranto of San Francisco, left that port on the 12th instant, having made a fine run down, with a favorable monsoon, in eight days. He was chartered to bring down sugar and two hundred and forty Chinamen (not Coolies,) and Capt. Hays has given me a glance at this most unchristian trade, and I can but be surprised, in these modern times, to notice the extent of a traffic worse than the slave trade, because those engaged in it give it another name. American clippers are daily leaving. The Westward Ho, Hussy, and Bald Eagle, Capt. Treadwell, of Boston, with about 700 each, have left; the former to Callao, the latter to Havana. The Australia and Bona Ventura, (Chatham), with 400 each, have gone to Havana; and the Amelia, of Boston, has sailed with 600 for Callao, while the War Hawk, a 2,000 ton clipper, with 900, was loading for the same port; and the Winged Racer, of Boston, Capt. Gorham, was about to sail

with 700 for Havana ; and several more ships were on the way under charter. This will show you the extent of this modern freighting business. Messrs. Tait & Co. of Swatow, and a young American by the name of Bradley, who is connected with that house, are very active in getting off the ships, under Canton and Hong Kong instructions—the Peruvian Consul managing a portion of the contract papers. The British Government forbid that traffic from a consular port—but Swatow is out of their jurisdiction. This port offers a good anchorage inside the island to shipping, and is situate on the river Han. Captain Hays says the examination of the passengers on board the junks that take them off to the ship is too revolting for description—all men over thirty-five years old, or after they have been stripped stark naked show the least sign of disease upon their persons are rejected, and these poor creatures, brought a long way from the interior by "crimps" of their own nation—who get $10 for bringing down all of what they term healthy cattle—are turned ashore to perish of starvation or die a lingering death by exposure. Great numbers, says Captain Hays, are seen along the beach in this horrible state. Perhaps, he added, they are far better off than those poor wretches who have been led to suppose they are bound to the golden regions of California or Australia, or some pleasant island in the China or Indian seas. The moment they are passed and get on board the ship, they have the sulks and want to go back ; but no, they had crossed the Rubicon, and must remain in the iron boudage of Cuba or South America. Captain Gorham, of the Winged Racer, was very much alarmed at the mutinous state of his cargo, and flogged some sixty passengers one morning. When mutiny is among them, the Captain credits only the interpreter, or the one who makes the fact known. This man, therefore, has the

power to so misrepresent the feeling on board as to occasion strict and harsh measures, against which they rise. The most danger arises before they pass the land; afterwards, the boundless look of ocean and their respect for navigation, under kind treatment, will usually keep them in their place. But since the affair of the Waverly, and one or two other mutinous ships, the American shipmaster can but enter upon his voyage with the liveliest sense of danger.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Woods, the enterprising editor of the *Straits Times*, I am able to add a statistical page to my Singapore correspondence, which your East Indian Mercantile readers will find interesting, as it contains the entire commercial transactions of the colony from its foundation; also, a statement bearing on the currency question. You are aware that the East India Company are desirous of introducing the rupee and fraction of a rupee, instead of the dollar and fraction of a dollar. This movement meets with the warmest opposition of the merchants of Singapore, and the statistics which I now add were compiled by order of the public meeting held at the Singapore news-room on the 11th of August last past;—

STATEMENT OF THE GROSS VALUE OF THE IMPORTS AND EXPORTS AT SINGAPORE AT STATED INTERVALS DURING THE LAST THIRTY-ONE OFFICIAL YEARS.

Years.	*Imports.*	*Exports.*	*Grand total.*
1825–26	£1,407,465	1,202,975	2,610,440
1830–31	2,000,373	1,948,406	3,948,784
1835–36	1,654,089	1,562,864	3,216,953
1840–41	3,178,543	2,673,381	5,851,924
1845–46	2,895,227	2,356,872	5,252,099
1850–51	3,085,587	2,551,700	5,637,287
1854–55	3,976,280	3,409,934	7,386,214

AMOUNT OF THE TRADE BETWEEN SINGAPORE AND COUNTRIES WHERE THE DOLLAR AND THE RUPEE ARE RESPECTIVELY CURRENT.

The dollar is current in the following, viz:—Borneo, Celebes, China,

Cochin-China, Java, Rhio, and islands to the southward, Kongpoot, Malay Peninsula, Manilla, Siam, Sumatra.

The rupee is current in the following, viz.:—Nicobars, Pegu, Rangoon, Arracan, Calcutta, and coasts of Coromandel and Malabar.

The trade between Singapore and dollar countries, during the last three years was as follows:—

	1851–52	1852–53	1853–54
Imports, ...	$6,838,540	7,458,875	9,649,060
Exports, ...	7,677,688	8,036,382	11,074,622
Total -	$14,516,228	15,495,257	20,723,682

With the rupee countries, during the same period, it has been thus:

	1851–52	1852–53	1853–54
Imports, ...	$3,395,525	3,540,992	4,927,382
Exports, ...	1,991,623	1,951,016	2,297,215
Total	$5,387,148	5,489 008	7,224,597

The treasure imports and exports, during the same period has been as follows:

From the dollar countries,

	1851–52	1852–53	1853–54
Imports, ...	$1,449,197	1,293,263	1,712,862
Exports, , ...	1,311,698	3,857,622	4,628,308
Total, ...	$2,760,895	5,150,885	6,341,170

From the rupee countries,

	1851–52	1852–53	1853–54
Imports, ...	$32,485	16,558	883,092
Exports, ...	982,871	1,047,819	789,407
Total, ...	$1,015,356	1,064,377	1,672,499

The foregoing table was drawn up to show the amount of trade carried on between countries where the dollar and rupee were respectively current and the port of Singapore, in order that those interested in the question might see at a glance the preponderance of the dollar, as a coin, over the rupee, in the dealings with the natives frequenting that emporium, and to prove the injudicious policy of interfering with the currency at present established.

The excess of trade represented by the dollar countries as compared with the rupee provinces are as follows:—

1851-52,	$9,129,080
1852–53,	10,003,249
1853–54,	13,499,085

The transactions in treasure are also in favor of the dollar, and show a surplus, as follows:—

1851–52,	$1,745,539
1852–53,	4,086,508
1853–54,	4,668,671

I also enclosed tables prepared by the same authority, giving fractional parts of a rupee, and of the new copper currency at the legal rate fixed by the Company, which contains too many figures for copying.

The budget of the fiscal year 1853–'4 shows £47,697 income, and an expenditure of £55,242, which gives a large per centage deficit. I certainly cannot see why the Bengal government, for such a trifling amount, should wish to exchange the currency of a colony that for thirty-six years has worked admirably, and has become so familiarized to the 225,000 persons, comprising the native population of the provinces, the head of which, under the East India Company, is Mr. Blundel, the Governor.

You may wish a note of the newspaper press; let me write off the notes which I have made :—*

* The Singapore *Free Press*.—Editor, Abraham Logan. Established 1833. Weekly. Subscription, $16 per annum.

Singapore *Straits Times*.—Weekly. Subscription, $16 per annum. Editor, Robert Carr Woods, who established it in 1845, and still owns and conducts it. Has one of Adams' (of Boston) power presses, also one of Orcutt's. One of Hoe's power presses on its way.

The *Straits Times Express* for Australia is got up at the *Times* press. Price, one shilling per copy.

From the returns made to the Department of State in January and August of the present year, I have taken a few memoranda, by permission of Charles William Bradley, the American Consul at Singapore, whose habits of study and literary pursuits are known to those who visit this part of the world. I may mention that the young gentleman mentioned in the former portion of my letter as being engaged with others in despatching Coolie ships from Swatow, is a son of the Consul; but so opposed is our representative to this abominable traffic he has refused to correspond with him for over a year.

The *Straits Guardian*.—Editor, A. Simonides. Weekly. Subscription, $12 per annum.

The *Free Press* and *Guardian* are printed with common hand presses.

The *Straits Times* press establishment comprise letter press, copperplate, and lithographic work; bookbinding in all its branches; and has a very extensive job printing business.

The workmen consist of Hindoos, Portuguese, Chinese, Malays, Javanese and Klings (natives of the Coromandel coast) and it is most remarkable to see how well they do their work, in a language they do not understand.

The Singapore News Room, as it is called, is the newspaper file room of the editor of the *Straits Times*. The room is a large one, 60 feet by 40, and contains 120 files of papers from all parts of the globe, most of them exchanges, where I luxuriated on a complete file of the New York *Herald*. The room is well supplied with prices current, maps, &c., and is in the centre of the commercial part of the town. Officers of ships of war, commanders of merchant vessels and strangers (passengers) free of charge, who arrive by the many steamers and sailing vessels constantly passing through the harbor. Here will be found files of the Indian, China and Australian journals; also, the New York *Shipping List* and *Price Current*, *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, which, by the way, may be found in the commercial library of all nations, and several San Francisco papers.

Memoranda of notes from the State papers, some of which points I have before touched on:—*

* 1. Singapore is a free port; there are no other charges than the Straits Light Dues, which are one anna, or 2⅛ cents per registered ton on merchant vessels. All national ships are free of this charge also.

2. Merchants' accounts are kept only in dollars and cents; but the government offices keep their books only in rupees, annas and pice.

3. *Table of Moneys.*—4 pice make 1 cent; 2⅛ cents 1 anna; 16 annas 1 rupee, (R); 100,000 rupees 1 lac; 100 lacs 1 crore.

4. *Table of Weights.*—Measures of capacity are rarely used, and then only with certain articles, such as tobacco, &c., 16 taels make 1 catty, equal to 1 lb., 5 oz., 5½ grs., or 1⅓ lb. avoirdupois; 100 catties make 1 (Chinese) picul; equal to 133⅓ lbs. avoirdupois; 40 (Chinese) piculs, 1 royan; 2 (Malay) piculs 1 char. The Malay catty weighs $24 Spanish, and the Chinese catty weighs $22½ Spanish. The native merchants buys all imported produce from the islands by the Malay picul, but sell it by the Chinese picul.

Rice is sold by the royan of 40 piculs.

Salt by the same, but weighs about 52 piculs.

Gold and silver thread by a particular catty of $36 weight.

Gold dust by the bunkal, which weighs $2, equal to 832 grs. troy.

Java tobacco is sold by the corge of 40 baskets.

Indian piece goods by the corge of 20 pieces.

Wheat and grain by the bag, containing 2 Bengal maunds—the maund is 61½ catties, equal to 82 lbs. avoirdupois.

5. *Freights.*—Ships of moderate size, say from 300 to 500 tons are most in demand for charters. The rates at which foreign bottoms are freighted or chartered, depend on the demand for and supply of tonnage, the sailing qualities of the vessel, and the kind of cargo to be transported. These vary so greatly that it is impossible to give them even approximately.

6. *Commissions.*—The ships of all nations, except those of the United States, pay a uniform commission of 10 per cent, which covers all expenses for purchasing or selling. For "the American trade," (U. S.) the usages are different, and are as follows:—

	Per cent.
Commissions on sales of goods or purchase of produce, free of risk, either in sales or on advances on produce, ...	2½

My passage ticket from Singapore to Shanghai, in the Madras, is $234, including wines and spirits, which, by the way, in this case are expensive, as I have to pay for what I never take.

My board bill at the London is $3 per day, and such accommodations !

I hope the statistics which I have given you—which have cost me some trouble to obtain—will make this postscript to my Singapore correspondence interesting.

(Both these are guarantied for an extra 2½ per cent, or 5 per cent. in all.)

Negotiating bills of exchange, ...	1
Interest on moneys advanced, at, per annum, ...	12
Ships disbursements, ...	2½

Added to these expenses are boat and Coolie hire, and warehousing—the charges for which, being governed by circumstances, differ widely.

7. *Sales and purchases.*—Sales of imports are effected in the usual manner, by private arrangement with the buyer. Few articles of import are cleared by public auction.

Purchase of cargo outward.—This is done by private contract, (never at public sales,) by the house to which the master of the vessel is consigned; the said house buying the goods from the natives, or, more generally, from the Chinese dealers, who are the "first hands."

Terms of purchase.—These are, first, cash; or second, confirmed credits from well known houses, either in London or Liverpool.

8. *Exchanges.*—The true par of exchange between the United States and this port cannot be determined. The most just approximation is to add to the Singapore rate of exchange on London the current premium of New York drafts on London, plus 2 a 4 per cent.

9. *Wages.*—With regard to the rate of wages in the various branches and occupations of labor, and of personal service in the business of commerce and trade, only a few instances can be specified:—

Bookkeepers, mercantile assistants or clerks, from $500 to $3,000 per annum.

CHAPTER VIII.

HONG KONG, Dec., 31, 1855.

Departure from Singapore—Steaming in the Chinse Seas—Pleasures of Traveling with an Opium Cargo—Distinguished Passengers—a Man Overboard—Appearance of Hong Kong—Volcanic Aspect of the Island—Its Political History—Impolicy of the Measures Adopted in San Francisco towards Chinese Emigrants—The Lions of Hong Kong, &c.

MY last batch of letters was mailed at Singapore, giving notes on that island of the English, Siam, Java and Japan, and now I propose to take you with me to and about Hong Kong.

The Madras steamed out on the afternoon of the 21st of December, giving us a fine view of the picturesque harbor of Singapore, completely locked in by beautiful highlands, covered with Indian foliage ; and in ten days time we brought our boat to her anchorage in the land locked harbor of Hong Kong. If our passage up is a fair specimen, these head monsoons are not half as formidable as I have always supposed—any one who has encountered the fierce northwesters in the North Atlantic, in a packet ship laden with iron below and passengers between decks, in mid-winter, will not be apt to complain of the head winds of the China seas—barring, of course, that much dreaded monster, a typhoon, whose acquaintance I hope I shall not form while cruising in these waters. I believe the passage has been made at this season of the year in seven days. I was disquieted to

find that the agent at Bombay had filled several of the cabin state-rooms with opium, which accounted for the passengers all being huddled together three or four in a state-room. My room I shared with two others, and the rest were no better off. But what is the use of complaining? This company will do as they please, so long as they hold the monopoly. Fifteen dollars a chest for opium counts up when you can get a full manifest.

By the by, the Hong Kong paper in anouncing the arrival of our Steamer, satirically observes—among the Passengers were the Lord Bishop of Victoria and the Rev. Dr. Parker—also Twenty-five hundred chests, of opium.

I would not have said a word about the room had it not been for the sickening smell of the drug. Go where you would you could not escape its stupefying influence, down below or on deck, in your state-room or at the dinner table, the continual nauseating smell of opium gave you the headache and the blues, to say nothing of keeping your eyes half closed when you did not care to sleep. Every boat, from the first, has brought more or less, and having the trade mostly in their own hands they care little whether passengers are pleased or not. We must however, admit we are much indebted to this enterprising company for connecting the European with the Indian and China seas with such a splendid list of steamers. They have succeeded admirably, and deserve all they have gained, well managed in every respect but filling up the cabin with cargo, an objection which passengers are apt to growl at. Our table was most creditable, and the officers and crew did their work in man-of-war style. Lascars and Manilla men, but few Europeans are found in the steamers on this side the line. These boats do not carry bands, as is the case with the Australian clippers under mail contract, but an Indian drum and fife gave the hour for meals, instead of the booming of a gong.

On Sunday the Bishop of Victoria, our fellow passenger had services on board, attended by most of us. In 1847 he published a work on China, which was well prepared for the mission department, and from what I have read it is a work of merit.

Save the falling overboard of one of our Indian crew, our passage was void of incident; but such an occurence you will readily suppose occasioned much excitement. I heard a splash in the water—a most unearthly yell—and the black head of the sailor was floating some rods astern, for our boat was moving ten knots through the water; to throw overboard a life buoy, a settee and the log line reel, was the work of an instant, and then came, stop her, and the lowering of the ship's boat; all was in the most perfect order, yet the screeching of the Lascars was wild in the extreme. Before the boat got under way the man's head could be only seen with the spyglass, and men were stationed in the rigging so as not to lose sight of him. After an hour's delay and all on the alert to save the live of a fellow creature, although his nation and his skin were not our own every one of us on the tiptoe of excitement, the boat returned to the ship with the welcome news that life was still left, and the poor fellow jumped upon the deck with an alacrity that spoke of gratitude and thankfulness. Such events create no little stir and noise on shipboard, and are always journalized as one of the changes of the traveler. Approaching the islands near Hong Kong, the fishing boats began to heave in sight, and before we got in we saw great number, always two in company, with a drag-net between them. I am surprised that these boats are not oftener run down at sea, for like mosquitoes, they cannot be numbered.

After leaving the garden land of Java, where all nature keeps an everlasting holiday, of never ceasing foliage and flowers, the high mountainous scenery of the islands chills one with its contin-

ual sameness. The season of the year may give it its present sombre look, but certainly the barren hills and uncultivated, uninteresting appearance of the approaches to Hong Kong do not by any means prepare the stranger for the agreeable surprise that awaits him as he passes Green Island and finds himself directly before the town, made most interesting by its strikingly original and novel appearence. Resembling a half-circle the buildings stretch out some four or five miles on either side of the bay, going back from the water's edge as far as the mountains will admit, one building above the other ; but those at the base of the mountains have a most commanding view of the entire bay, covering quite a fleet of shipping, including at the present time several men-ofwar, and entirely overlook the several European buildings, and the thousand and more Chinese tenements of the town, while the long range of hills, extending far away on both sides, though rock and sand abound, add interest to the picture. The place is easily sketched, and the Chinamen have made several good pictures of it.

Some of the hills do not look unlike the auriferous lands on the Balarat, and evidently have more or less gold beneath their surface. Looking out from the palace residence of mine host who although young in years ranks among the leaders of the China trade which stands on the highest building land in the place, the bay seems entirely land-locked, and in going out and coming in the town springs up before you directly behind the island which you pass, while the mountains back of the house show up with fearful height, although the highest peak is but 1,825 feet. The whole appearance of the country thus far has a volcanic appearance, and if more foliage was scattered along its surface, some of the Australian coast scenery strongly would resemble it. Hong Kong unmistakably bears the mark of progress,

and the traveler in overhauling its history is surprised to find that sixteen years only ago it was nothing but a miserable fishing village, where a few poor natives, with their nets, and tillage of the soil, found scanty sustenance. These seas, on every side, are full of such islands, most of which are studded with little smoky uninviting dwellings, many of which are the resort of pirates, who are ready to pounce down on any unfortunate craft that may get disabled near their rendezvous. The island was ceded to the English in 1841, Kichan acting for the Emperor, and Elliot for the Queen; but through the wirepulling of Kichan's rival at the imperial court Commissioner Lin, the negotiations were thrown up, and Kichan was disgraced. This high officer was a man of great talent, and although he never recovered the good will of his master and his cabinet, his abilities were found of utility, and he was sent to the capital of Thibet Lhassa where Moorcroft, the celebrated English traveler, lived for so many years, and to whose talent and industry we are indebted for the very able charts of the country thereabout.

Kitchan, Huc says was a fine looking man, about 60 years of age, and in the interviews with him at the court, before he was banished from Tartary, he seemed to feel much soured about his treatment regarding the treaty, and showed much interest in talking of the Western nations. Fear of the white man, and recollection of his past disgrace, no doubt, was the cause of his treatment to the Catholic missionary who has given us such a romantic and highly interesting account of his return directly through the empire. The war it will be remembered, which had been smoldering since the violent proceedings of 1834, which hastened Lord Napier's death, broke out with energy in 1829, when the seizure of opium belonged to British merchants, some 23,283 chests, which Lin destroyed with quick lime, and the insulting

way with which he treated the merchants, caused the great destruction of human life, the knocking down of all their coast forts and the final treaty of Nankin, which opened up the Cinque Ports, and again gave the English Hong Kong; and once getting a foot-hold, in spite of all obstacles of position and climate, with that indomitable perseverance which characterizes the Anglo Saxon race. The English have changed the Lilliputian fishing town to another Singapore; for there are about the same number of Chinamen and orientals at each port. The fifteen hundred poverty stricken men of 1840 have grown to sixty or seventy thousand; and now many of the better class of Chinamen are beginning to invest their capital, and have a branch establishment at this port, although Canton is still the favorite place, owing to long established custom, for the Chinese merchant. In 1845 there were but 25,000, and ten years hence I should not be surprised to find a population of 250,000 Chinamen.

The island is twenty-six miles in circumference, nine miles long and eight broad; and Victoria, the colony township, branches off to the right and left about three miles each way; and as the buildings increase it must still continue to add to its present Boomerang shape, for there is no back ground to build upon, for the mountains overhang the city in such frightful proximity that one is inclined to mistrust Newton's theory of gravitation. The shock of an earthquake, excessive heat or cold, a heavy freshet, or some natural convulsion or other, would be apt to occasion a land slide that would somewhat astonish the residents below, whose only chance would be in the summit of the mountain, on the falling rocks leaping over their heads on to the shipping of the bay. Notwithstanding my friends laughed at me for the suggestion, in such an event as I have mentioned I had just as live be anywhere else just at that particular time. Robert Elmes, who pub-

lished a work of foreign travel, in 1853, says very truly, that Hong Kong is no more China than Gibraltar is Spain, but, like the European rock, is a sort of oasis of English houses and customs in the midst of semi-barbarism. I would sooner see a resemblance in Singapore, and call it the Liverpool of China, where ships and steamers are contiually anchoring, placing a large floating population in the place, and the grand centre of all the ports of this part of the world, visited by many whalemen and men-of-war, of all nations, and the resort of most ships seeking freights, and in still stranger likeness on account of its being the centre of emigration, and must so continue—all the passenger ships to Australia and California headed from this port, and as soon as those countries remove the hasty and injudicious tax which the astute legislators of the gold regions placed upon the Celestials, —an error which they will soon be taught to see before many months pass round, Hong Kong, (the island of fragrant streams, as the natives term it in their beautiful descriptive language,) will once again shoot ahead with a velocity that may naturally surprise some of her Northern neighbors.

I can imagine nothing more unwise, just at this particular time, when both England and America are desirous of getting a firmer foot-hold with this wonderful people, whose industry puts to shame many of the Western countries, than the thoughtless hurrying through of the restrictive, or rather say the prohibitory bills relating to the Chinese, which went into operation both in Melbourne and San Erancisco last year. From what I can observe, the only way to make a favorable impression is by simply doing what we force them to do—namely, open our doors to their industry and give them a chance to note our mode of life upon our own soil, as we do theirs. I cannot understand with what degree of reason we urge them to more liberal com-

mercial regulations, when our example shows a dog in the manger surliness worthy of a more barbarous age. Under the belief that the law is unconstitutional, several ships are heading towards San Francisco to test the law—and some ten or twelve vessels are now up for Adelaide, the passengers of which are all bound overland, and across the border to the gold fields of Victoria; one colony receiving an extensive trade in ships' disbursements and passenger outfits; what the other in a moment of short-sighted legislation has lost. The only way now for both Eldorados is to repeal the restrictive act—open wide the door to the hard working Chinaman, and pass some healthy regulations for their guidance when they arrive in great numbers, which would not only keep them from interfering with the white man's labor, but would be also protection for them. There are thousands upon thousands ready to embark, but hesitate on hearing of the way in which their countrymen have been treated in California. Ship after ship has lately come in from Australia, with those who have become suddenly rich—for even a few ounces is a gold mine with a people who use a coin containing some sixteen hundred pieces to a dollar. Such an arrival creates great excitement in a Chinese town, and as it was with us in the inland cities, when a successful Californian returned—a half thousand were sure to take his place. I cannot see any harm in allowing them full range, for it is well known that a few white men will keep down any number of Chinese. Look at Java and Singapore, and even at Hong Kong. Why, the merchants here would scout the very idea of danger if there were a thousand times the population. I wish you would take up the question with a few of your bold editorial remarks, and deal with it upon its merits. It is a most important subject, and deserves more attention than it has received—and if the *Herald*

will take it by the hand and look over the facts in the case, a change will be brought round that will do more for the Chinese and the shipping world, than all the treaties and commissioners which could be stowed away in a man-of-war.

The government of Hong Kong is not very complicated, consisting only of the Governor, Sir John Bowring, the Lieutenant Governor, Chief Justice, and Council of five. The Governor, I believe, is also head of the entire official staff in China, being Superintendent of the British trade at the Cinque Ports—thus having full control over British subjects and British ships in the China seas. The present Governor and Dr. Parker seem to be inclined to pull together in opening up, if possible, a more enlarged commerce with this conservative people.

The city has a most uneven look—one house above the other, and some of the streets running up the mountain are very steep, and make the Coolies tug and pull till they are glad to put down their chair when at their journey's end. Some of the buildings are well made and elegantly furnished, the merchants living at their ease, all apparently enjoying this world's goods. Many of the Canton houses have lately established a branch here, on account of the rebellion throwing a damper over that province, and also to take their chance at the Chinese exodus, some of the charters having paid splendidly. The most prominent buildings which I noted were the Government House, the Bishop's College, where his lordship has a Chinese school, a Chinese chapel and a Chinese printing office, and as I passed through he showed me a noble little Chinese boy—his namesake and godson. Many of the children were most intelligent in their features, and when the Bishop came into the room all rose with marked respect from their lessons.

The buildings of the several school and mission societies, the

hospital, the church and the club, together with many of the merchants' princely establishments, are the most prominent objects as you look from the bay. All China among foreigners, are looking forward to the races on the 19th, and the Arab and Australian horses are being trained to win the cup. Happy Valley, I believe, the Chinese have named the ground. East Point is a most beautiful place, and I was much pleased with the urbanity of the princely merchants there, who seem to be entirely by themselves, all the other buildings being a long way this side. Even Spring Gardens is quite a walk, but well repays you for going down on that side of the bay ; small patent slips and projecting piers—some of stone, others of bamboo ; a good government road for some way round the island ; well cleaned streets, two of which run horizontally through the town. On the Western Point you will find the military establishments, the barracks and storehouses, all showing comfort and convenience and military superintendence. Quite a large population live in their boats in the bay—men, women and children—an entire family crowded together in a pile at the end of the boat. These boats are always ready to take you off from the ship for a litle cash, but a quarter of a dollar is a good day's work for a family that can live on a bowl of rice.

The club house is most creditable to the place, and the stranger not caring for the hotel is most comforably off if introduced by any of his friends who may be members. A good library and all the English periodicals are on the tables and in the book case; and good chow chow, good beds and good attendance can be purchased for about $3 per day ; but in China most gentlemen are immediately taken possession of by those who may be known to them, and then, of course, you make their house your home. Not to have a spare bed or two for the new comer would be

considered contrary to the established usage of the land. You cannot but feel the greatest possible interest to witness the untiring industry of this race so little known among Western nations. Women and men, and sometimes even little children, are hard at work making combs, trunks or shoes, some chopping up meat, others arranging their vegetables; now a party of masons erecting a bamboo stage, and then a chain gang grading the hill under the point of the Hindostanee soldier's bayonet; coolies carrying water, an enormous load; sedan chairs borne by two or four; boys hawking about candies and sweetmeats; boatmen and house servants coming and going, all dressed in that peculiar national blue, wide trowsers and Blucher jacket, and their long tail either wound about their head or trailing down behind. The streets of Hong Kong offer a thousand reflections to those who have never been thrown in contact with the Celestial race.

CHAPTER IX

CANTON, Jan. 4, 1856.

First Impressions of Canton—The Boatwomen of the Port—Chinese Bloomers—New Year's Calls—The Lions—The Clubs—Chinese Lingo—Political Restraints—Commerce of Canton—The Parsees of the Factories, &c.

ANOTHER port has been struck off my visiting list, for I have sent you my impressions of Hong Kong, and for the last few days have been roaming about this highly interesting place, the *ne plus ultra* of my early ideas of the East. Leaving Hong Kong in one of the several steamers that daily ply up and down the river, ten hours good work carried us by the Bogue forts, whose formidable front looked grim death to the intruder, but which, notwithstanding, were knocked about the guards' heads and ears when the English turned their shot towards them; by the several pagodas, reaching high in air; by the legion of boats, and barren mountains and hills, but cultivated valleys, on the river's banks; by the rice fields, the lichee groves and the banyan forest; by the Wampoa reach, the shipping, the well arranged docks, and the few foreign houses there; by the countless junks and lorchas, and vessels of every possible shape and rig—odd and strangely picturesque—till the factories burst upon us from behind the garden forest trees, where the English, the French and

the American flags were floating side by side in the most friendly and neighborly manner, as they should always do.

At last I am in sight of Canton, the grand capital of China trade, where heads of houses most do congregate—where money is obtained from wealthy Chinamen, middle-men, brokers, &c., who get it from bankers in the interior—where orders are given to the houses and agents up and down the coast where wires are pulled—secret expeditions fitted out—teas and silks and imports are talked on an extensive scale—where so many merchants have made in a few years of active labor fortunes in the trade, and where hospitality abounds and kind attentions are showered upon the stranger. Yes, this far-famed Canton, known to every school-boy, and every young merchant who ever learned to talk ship—Canton, the centre of all Eastern exchange, the grand bourse of Chinese Asia.

The cabmen of Albany—the hack drivers of Montreal—the kling boatmen of Singapore, must retire in favor of the boatwomen that came near smothering our boat in order to get a fare to the pier; such an infernal yelling and jabbering, pulling and hauling, rowing and sculling, screeching and gesticulating, can be found no where else. Why, it is enough to drive one into a lunatic asylum. It ought not to be tolerated, for sometimes it is positively dangerous when the tide is running a perfect sluice. Some of the women are very comely, and in their peculiar Bloomer costume and strikingly original style of head dress, you can but be attracted. As in Hong Kong, twenty-five cents is all they expect for rowing ashore a boat load. After paying in some cases from $10 to $15 in Melbourne, I really felt ashamed to give the girls here so little; but I was cautioned against introducing bad habits by giving them more. These poor creatures live entirely upon the river, and how I cannot tell, for in the vicinity

of Canton there must be at least from 50,000 to 60,000. A typhoon or a fire, I should think, would completely sweep them away, for they lie huddled together like so much firewood.

Arriving on New Year's morning I was most fortunate ; for, in accordance with our time-honored custom, calls were being exchanged, and I was just in time to pay my respects and wish the pleasent returns of the year to the eighteen European, English and American ladies then in Canton, whose cordial welcome is most pleasant to remember. Beautiful houses, large and commodious, all joined together, or only separated by a small alley-way splendidly furnished, and none without engravings or pictures ; fancy Chinese ornaments, and specimens of every kind of Chinese ingenuity met your gaze, and every thing seemed fresh and new to me—all different from the Western world. The new comer delivers his letters, and calls upon those whose acquaintance he wishes to make ; and then, if properly introduced, come attentions on every side. My home is delightful and my kind entertainer makes me feel that during my stay in Canton his house is mine. He has done a large business in his day and I think him one of the most industrious men I ever saw. Breakfasting, tiffing, dining, excursion parties to the White hills, to the Honan temple, the Parsee gardens, the curiosity shops, music in the evening, or bowls, or billiards, or books, or papers—you may take your choice ; but your time will soon fly away among a people who only try to anticipate your wants and pleasure. The billiard room and bowling alley are private clubs, well managed and well attended ; good tools to work with and Chinese markers. At the reading room you may find books and papers, and all the printed gossip of the day, as at the Hong Kong Club. You can soon do up the lions of the place, after you have gone round the walls of Canton and run the risk of

getting your nose punched by a bamboo for your boldness in looking in the gate. After you have looked into the shops in old and new China streets, walked round the factory garden, where foreigners are allowed the entire space of about 800 feet in length by 120 deep, for trees and plants, a church, a lodge and benches, and paths, for public promenade and nothing more, and you have been once all round to see whom you may know, and in one weeks' time most likely you know them all, for knowing one it secures the *entree* to the rest. After you have been through the hongs, and go-downs seen the tea prepared for shipment, and the way it is got up, and talked with some of the Chinese merchants who insist upon your taking with them a cup of tea without milk or sugar, the grounds in the cups, each made expressly for each person; after you have chin-chinned several of these Hong merchants and heard them expound commercial affairs; after you have been over the Dutch Folly, the pavilion of the fire genii, the Lyre pagoda at Whampoa; the wonderful gardens—wonderful because so singular and novel; after you have seen the duck-hatching up the river, where the young ducks are traced in all their stages; after you have been to the White hills on your Chinese pony, or carried up by your Chinese coolie, in your Chinese chair, and looked down upon the city of Canton, with its 124 temples and halls, pavilions and pagodas; after you have perfectly satisfied your curiosity by looking at the flower boats and gazing at the beautiful specimen of Chinese frailty so fantastically dressed; after you have seen all these, you will have a right to say that you have killed all the lions of Canton. It takes but a short time to run through the list, and when once seen it is time to go over the ground a second time.

The city of Canton is about one thousand years old, but no

foreigners have ever had the *entree* to its enterior. Notwithstanding the treaty provides for going into Canton, by diplomacy and intrigue, the Chinese officials have managed to break faith, and keep out all outsiders. How much longer this will last remains to be seen. The foreign population of the Hongs occupy about fifteen acres of land, none of which can be owned by the residents. Some of the Hongs rent for $4,000, and so on down to $1,200 per annum. In 1822 most of these buildings were destroyed by fire. The residents are called factors ; hence the name factories. On every side of you, Pigeon English—that horrible jargon of multilated baby talk which custom has made law—meets you. From boatwomen to shopmen—house boy to compradore—you hear nothing else. I endeavored to get a copy of Hamlet's soliloquy, which was translated into Pigeon English, but I have failed to do it. I can only remember its commencement.

"To be or not to be" reads: "Can—no can." Send for your hat,and this would be the style: "Go top side—sabe—that hat —pay my." A noise is heard in an adjoining street ; the cause, says the servant, is "Chiney woman have catchy one piece bull chilo." In other words, it would read : "Mrs. Pigtail of a boy." I called upon some ladies; boy returns : "No man can see," intimating probably that they were not at home. For "yes," read "can do." "How many to dinner this evening?" My boy promptly replies : "Four piece man—two piece missie." Of course I have laid in a good stock of Chinese presents ; I should be considered the veriest barbarian did I not. I have been through all the shops buying sandal-wood fans and card cases, ivory chess men and whist counters, purses and boxes, studs and Jade stone, bronze ornaments, bamboo work, carved necklaces and walnuts, and bracelets and rings, silver and copper ornaments, and a thou-

sand other little notions which will soon reduce your loose cash, especially where your sovereign or pound sterling is worth but $4. It makes a wide difference in ones finances.

Since the rebellion, Canton has been very inactive, and its sister ports—younger in experience, younger in commerce, younger in years—are gradually taking away her prestige. Foo Chow is getting the black teas, while Shanghae takes the silks in large quantities, and the green teas, but Canton, nevertheless, has the wealth, the capital, the headwork, the experience and the exchanges; she is still hard to beat, and may yet be able to hold her head as high as her northern branches. We must wait. I was much surprised to find such battalions of Parsees promenading in the factory gardens, all speaking understandable English. These high turbaned merchants are taking off the best share of the opium trade; and now a clipper steamer, the Lightning, plies between Calcutta and Cumsing-moon—opium and advices her only "pigeon." Some of the names of these men seemed to have been given them purely for the amusement of the Western merchant, for they have a strange sound, mixing up common and uncommon names, scriptural and sectional. My few days' visit has gone, I can hardly tell where, but to-morrow I am bound to the north, and my next chit-chat you may expect from Shanghae or Foo-Chow-Foo.

CHAPTER X.

On Board Pacific and Oriental Steamer Erin,
Off the Yang tze Kang, Shanghae, China,
January 11, 1856.

Trip along the Coast—Sea Shore Scenery—Villages, Fortifications, Mountains and Temples—The Hong Kong and Shanghae Steamers —Their Profits, Specie Lists and Cargo—A Mandarin and his Suite—Coolie Trade of Swatow —The British Attack on the Pirates—Desperation of the gang.

My trip along the coast is comparatively bare of incident. For hundreds of miles the sterility and barrenness of the huge mountains of yellow sand and surf beaten rock chilled the eye by its very bleakness, and its monotony increased the cheerless and inhospitable look of Chinese nature, as seen along the shore. Occasionally a fishing village, black as the hills about it, a fortification more like a sand ridge than a defense; a pagoda towering high in the air, representing the ancient faith of Bhudah romantic because so old, and interesting as it is romantic, and strange as it is interesting; a convoy of trading junks at anchor in a rock-bound bay—perhaps a mountain more fertile than its neighbors, as we neared Shanghae, cultivated to its very summit —perhaps some of these changes would timidly show themselves to relieve an excursion otherwise tame for lack of incident and cold with continual sameness; a noble steamer, a quick passage against the N. E. monsoon, a jovial, good natured captain, agree-

able officers, a well spread table, and a most companionable list of passengers—representing the young of modern nations, and a crew whose dress, so very odd, each unlike the other, and whose language differing from the rest, told plainly of ancient manners and ancient tongues—all these things and many others are in my mind, and will serve to keep the good ship, Erin, her noble commander, Captain Jameson, and the pleasant acquaintances formed on board, a long time in the memory, for such recollections, when far away from home, are hard to be forgotten. I was in hopes that our steamer would make a morning call at the several commercial ports along the coast, but it seems that it is not now the custom, for the Erin and Lady Mary Wood make no stoppages, as they run their time from Hong Kong to Shanghae with the monthly overland mail, in from five to nine days, according to the monsoon. These are paddle wheel boats, of about 280 horse power each, the former 532 tons register, the latter but 296 exclusive of engine room. Judging from our freight list of $17,000, for six days duty, the company must be coining money on this track, now that coal can be bought laid down in Hong Kong, for 30s. per ton. We are full of passengers fore and aft, and the smell of opium tells at once the nature of our cargo Boats.

The large Bombay and Ganges, formerly here, are now on the India route, and they, too, I am told, are clearing handsome dividends. Verily, this Eastern company have it all their own way, and laugh at competition. For who can oppose enterprise backed by capital? Nothing surprised me more than to find that the European passengers were obliged to sleep three in a room, or wait for the next boat, on account of most of the best state-rooms being occupied by a Chinese Mandarin of some note, judging from his extensive suite. One of his attachés spoke French

with a Parisian accent, but his English—disgraceful to those who taught him—was of the broken China school. These men are bound to Shanghae on some government duty, and speak good breeding in their quiet, unassuming and respectful manners. They are far different from the Coolies who have dropped down among us in Australia—as different as the Irish porter and his lordly master. This trade, Captain Jameson tells me, is fast upon the increase, and such intercourse combined with a more liberal policy on the part of the Australian and Californian legislatures, in permitting emigration, will do more to open China to the world's commerce than the poisonous Indian drug, the hoarse booming of British cannon, or the persevering, never tiring, but unsatisfactory labors of the foreign missionary.

Yes, I much regret that the other Nankin treaty ports are not in our way; but as it is, I must give them up, and content myself by looking at the entrance of the bays and rivers and over the hills that overlook the towns of Amoy, Foo-Chow and Ningpo, unless I can call on my return. Swatow is not a consular port, but nevertheless a place become notorious for the extent of its most extraordinary, because so strangely peculiar passenger trade to Havana and Callao, about 180 miles from Hong Kong, was just in our track, and the towering masts of some dozen sail told us of the safe anchorage for which the place is known. The Chinese are still carrying on their extensive junk trade of taking sugar to Shanghae and Ningpo; but since the rebellion, causeing such extensive piracy along the coast, freight ships are now more or less profitably employed in the trade, notwithstanding the severe lesson which Captain Vansitthard in her Majesty's brig Bittern, on the 18th of Sept, last, so gallantly taught the pirate fleet by boldly beating his war ship through a dangerous and never before surveyed channel among the islands, directly into

the pirates' stronghold, who, with no ordinary skill, had brought the range of their entire fleet upon the narrow pass, but not with sufficient knowledge to withstand the impetuous broadside which sent their war junks to the bottom or flying in the air—a brave deed, which was so appreciated by the Chinese merchants of Shanghae, that a subscription of some $40,000 was raised as a token of esteem for the man and crew who were so bold as to conquer so desperate a band, and which should bring promotion from the British government. Notwithstanding this victory, and others not so noted, and a large war fleet continually in these waters, piracy is feared by the steamboat and the sailing ship, and every precaution is taken by the one at anchor or the other when becalmed.

Night before last, not considering it prudent to run out into the stiff head sea and current, our captain brought the steamer to anchor, close in to some islands near the shore, but muskets and cutlasses were paraded on deck, and revolvers loaded, to prevent the night attack of desperate pirates, who, believing that dead men tell no tales, leave none to tell the story. These men never allow themselves to be taken if possible, and at the time that the steamer Canton was cruising with the Columbia among the islands in search of the American bark Coquette, some six years since, after boldly defending their ground inch by inch, the pirate chief, with joss light, rushed into the magazine, and, with his own hand, launched himself and robber gang upon the dark waters of eternity, for the fragments of the wreck were all the captors could secure. With such damnable citizens of pandemonium continually hovering around the tempest tossed mariner, I can only congratulate myself that my fortune has not been cast among the cold, uncomfortable navigation of the Chinese coast.

CHAPTER XI.

SHANGHAE, Jan. 18, 1856.

Arrival at Woosung—Anticipating the Mails—The Opium Trade—Adventure in the Chinese Seas—The Missionary Establishments—The Foreign settlements at Shanghae—Ingenuity of the Chinese Mechanics—Interior Life of the Honge—The Streets of a Chinese City—Model Baths and Washhouses—Opium Dens—A Joss House—A Chinese Tribunal—Charitable Institutions—Club Houses, &c., &c.

HAD I listened for a moment to the observations made by many of my friends at Hong Kong and Canton, I should have lost the opportunity of visiting this important port of Chinese trade, for invariably, more especially by those who had never been to the northward, I heard the remark among Southern merchants, "You will see nothing worth noting at Shanghae;" but my reply was, it was on my tourist list, and I was bound to go there and judge for myself. Need I say that I have been amply repaid for the trip, by what I have seen, gives me a better idea of the traits and customs of this highly interesting people in a single day than I could have learned in months at Canton. Arriving here a week ago, my time has gone instructively in ranging through every hole and corner in and about Shanghae—over rice fields in the neighborhood, and through many of the boats and junks—lorchas and native craft in the river. Although the Chinese here speak another dialect, and

the men are much more athletic, they are, to all intents and purposes, the same, only another phase of this prolific people—less piratical, less enterprising, less inclined to sneer at foreigners, but nevertheless ready to benefit themselves by improving their condition in working for them. But before I run ahead of my time, let me keep up the connecting link of my correspondence, for I dropped it at the mouth of the Kang-tze-Kang, when making a note of my trip up the coast.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the Erin came to anchor at Woosung, a small village about eleven miles from the port where the shipping generally anchor and wait for orders; but in this case our steamer only stopped to land her cargo of opium into one of the several receiving ships in the river, where the captains dispose of it by selling to the Chinamen who come off to purchase, or deliver it on orders from the merchant in town, who has generally received his pay in advance. The moment our boat stopped her paddle wheels, the captains of the opium ships came on board to get the letters for their respective firms, all of which had been assorted by the purser and were spread out upon the table. These, of course, are the loose letters dropped in the late mail bag, and those brought up in the hands of passengers. The regular mail goes up in the captain's gig, while these letters are taken ashore and sent post haste to town by pony speed, thus getting two or three hours in advance of the others; and when news of great importance is at hand, a carrier pigeon whistles over the distance, and a few minutes, instead of a few hours, announces the change of markets.

I find at Woosung that there are six opium ships, all full rigged, well manned, and heavily armed—all British, and all well stocked with the intoxicating Indian poison—whose suffo

cating, sickening smell, as I went on board one of them, gave me a head sea nausea, and an aching of temples which did not leave me during the day. Long usage may accustom those on board to endure the disagreeable sensation, but the novice is glad enough to get away.

Captain de Bushee, of the Ann Welch, takes charge of the letters for the American firms, and the masters of the Emily Jane, the Folkstone, Nimrod, Swallow and Sea Horse, came for their respective houses and friends. These men all seem to enjoy this semi-piratical mode of life—defrauding the Chinese revenue—and some of them have been here for many years, and are much respected by the community. Depriving themselves of none of this world's goods, and always keeping open house, the captains of the opium ships are too generous not to be jolly —too independent not to be good-natured. If not at Woosung, at some of the other ports, these men can entertain you for hours in relating some of the most thrilling adventures that owe their origin to the haphazard life of the China seas. For more than a century, the coast has been active with a pirate horde, and whenever an opium ship or a treasure boat can be surprised, these horrible ruffians of Asia pounce down upon you, and if successful, leave no marks to tell of their bloody work. If you want the reality of hair breadth escape and fearful danger, hold the master of an opium ship by the button for an evening, and you will be more entertained than by reading Ainsworth or Lafitte, a longer time. Do you not remember when Dent's and Jardine's opium ships Caroline and Omega were captured, and the crews murdered ?

With the tide in our favor and a light breeze, assisted by a crew of Chinese boatmen—nine of whom were at the rudder, sculling—our puny looking, bamboo masted, latteen sailed, square

at both ends and high in the middle constructed craft (or house boat) carried us past the wild geese and ducks in the distance—past the damp, swampy, miasmatic, unhealthy appearing low-lands—past the mountains far beyond the river's bank, till the missionary village first breaks the monotony, with its trim church, surrounded by the bishop's mansion, and a dozen more well built, neatly arranged stone and mortar houses, the result of persevering deacons in taking round the mission box for the extra quarters of the good natured congregations of our New England churches, whose pastor still resides in the little flower surrounded, one and a half storied, modestly made cottage under the hill—well satisfied with his three hundred dollars income, because, perhaps, so little aware of the comfortable and roomy dwellings which his own scanty earnings have helped to build for his more enterprising brother who roams away to distant seas and heathen shores, on an errand worthy of better success and happier results. But more of this later on; but even here you must not censure me for saying that already I have made up my mind not to give any more quarters for the purpose of evangelizing the Chinese. In the little Methodist church in Waltham, years and years ago, I oftentimes expressed a wish to trace the history of the contents of the missionary box; and now, as our boat is whirling past these staunch and handsome buildings, I see where a portion of my money was invested. We have got by these pleasant little group of houses, where the stars and stripes are flying from the flag pole of our missionary consul, and the foreign shipping looms up before you, and the large square mansions of the merchant residents line the Bund for a long walk and extend back, one beyond the other, through street after street, covering a space of ground that may well surprise the fifteen acre lot of the Canton factory community.

A fair map of the township of Shanghae, published in London last year, in May, tells me that the land occupied by the foreign residents is 1,621 mow which, I believe, is equal to 270 acres, or about twenty times the ground allotted to the Cantonese. The foreign settlement extends from the Yang-King-Pang canal to Loo-Chow channel, and is situated, not as I had always supposed before I came here, on the Yang-tze-Kang—not, as I was informed by some after being a day or two in the place, on the Woosung—but simply on, neither the one or the other, but on a branch river, called by the native name of Hwang-pu. The buildings (or hongs) are all of immense size, compared with our American or Australian dwellings, well built, pleasantly located, two stories high, with upper and lower verandahs, and all surrounded with a respectable plot of ground for trees, flowers and gardening. In the rear of which are the tea and silk warehouses, or, as they are called, go-downs, some of which are about one hundred and thirty feet in length by forty in width, several connecting with each other. All this I discovered during my morning's ramble after landing and lunching with mine host—whose princely palace faces the river—and alongside of which he is erecting a magnificent hong, constructed of Ningpo granite, the coasting junks bringing it nearly opposite the door. This building, I believe is the first stone structure of the size in Shanghae. The dimensions being 120 deep by 74 feet frontage, with stables, go-downs and compradores, residence, &c., in the rear. Some twenty months have already been consumed in its structure, and some years more must elapse before it will be entirely completed and finished for occupation —notwithstanding, I find the workmen do not stop to rest in China on the Sabbath. I found much amusement in going over and through this mass of connected labor, the entire in-

genuity and industry of a race of people so little understood in the West. Commencing with its foundation of piles and large blocks of stone passing from floor to roof, granite pillars and brick chimneys, door mouldings and window frames, fire places, mantel pieces, bamboo stages, matt mortar hods, and strange primitive implements of labor. All were of untiring interest. And this palace of a residence, which cannot cost less than Mr. Cushing's at Waterton, (some $60,000,) is the entire handiwork of Chinamen—the hard working, never ceasing, industrial Celestials, who have been so shamefully and ungraciously treated in the great Anglo-Saxon gold fields. Chop Dollar, the architect and master mason and carpenter, a most intelligent Chinaman, who derives his somewhat singular cognomen from the fact of his being badly pock-marked, took me through the workshops of the carpenters, and most instructive was his Pigeon English comments. He seemed the ruling spirit among the workmen, and well he may, for his rule of governing is that of all superiors to those beneath them, a word and a blow, but sometimes the blow comes first. I have dwelt more at length on my going over this splendid exhibition of an American's enterprise in order to show what mechanics and builders there are in the land, for the style of building before the foreigners came here they had never seen, their small tenements being of a most inferior class. Even that of the Viceroy is not worthy of what you would expect from the high-sounding name.

As you walk over and around the place you will see many newly erected houses that entirely eclipse the humble residences of our commission merchants of the West. Comfort is the first thought of the China merchant, and comfort is the second, and, I may safely add, comfort is the third. Money is only an auxiliary in catering to his wish. If he wants a palace for a resi-

dence, he orders it, and it is there—and elegant furniture, choice engravings, splendid fancy ornaments of bronze or stone, if from Asia, or sevres or Bohemian, if from Europe ; and all the little *bijouterie* of the parlor table and the drawing room mantel—from wheresoever they may come, come at his bidding. Does he take a fancy for an Arab or an Australian horse, his correspondent gets a letter, and his stable, already filled with Manilla, Java and China ponies, is opened to receive the foreign stranger, who is groomed morning, noon and night, and fed on carrots and cut feed by some half a dozen lazy looking pigtail grooms, who delight in having nothing more to do. I, perhaps, had better note that the horses of the country mostly used are the Chinamen themselves, the sedan chair, covered or open, made of lancewood or bamboo, according to taste or purse of the owner, fitted up with looking glasses and pockets or without, seems to be the popular mode of travel from door to door. Two coolies (all porters bear the name) usually do the needful for a moderate sized man, like correspondent, but Daniel Lambert would have required twenty, while Tom Thumb could have managed with half a one. I have never yet been dumped by the sure-footed beggars, but it is not unusual to see chairs on all possible angles, one coolie flat on his back, the other on tiptoe, and the unfortunate occupant of the chair in the most uncomfortable position. If there is any dirty work to do employ a Chinaman ; they will do anything for money. Be careful as you walk along the Bund, or you will get the most fragrant deposites on your clothes, for every few yards you scent these offal and filth trading carriers, who are bearing the nosegay continually past you to the gardens of the suburbs or the rice fields beyond ; and yet some of the gentlemen here pretend to tell me that the Chinese are a most independent race.

Yesterday, in company with Dr. Lockart, I made my first tour through the Chinese city, and what little I didn't see during the journey is hardly worth recording. How wonderful the appearance of all I saw! How deeply interesting—how singularly different from any of my past experience! As I went from street to street I could only articulate, what a place is China! If one city of medium size can show you things so novel, what will you see inland, where millions are congregated within a single wall; Read Huc's romantic tour through the interior part of this vast empire, and then reflect and spend a few more hours in contemplating a country and a people so able to support themselves without a thing from the Western nations. I say, as I wander through this populous city, my senses are severely taxed at being brought into contact with so many novelties in so limited a time; and I can only express astonishment at every change to find things so different on the spot than pictured in books. We must have walked some two or three miles through a most thickly peopled district, before we reached the gate, passing countless men, women and children, all hurrying on with loads of vegetables, baskets of fowls, bundles of joss paper, and every possible kind of saleable article. The wall is very thick, very high, and bears the semblance of strength; but what was my disgust, to see hung up over the entrance of the heavily hung gate, two bamboo cages, each containing a human head. The sight was most sickening, and I hastened on, as the Doctor told me that two years ago you would have seen two hundred instead of two, which was the imperial way of intimidating the insubordinate, by exposing on the wall of the city and other conspicuous places, the heads and bodies of the executed rebels.

How narrow the streets are. I can hardly get along; and yet it is the same with most of the Eastern cities. What can

have been the object, for it is almost impossible to crowd along; and if you stop to examine anything that attracts your attention, the chances are decidedly favorable to your getting the end of a coolie carrier's bamboo in your face, for they are continually hallooing for you to clear the path, which is sometimes difficult to do when several of them are gradually closing on you from different points, and you have only a few feet to turn in.

In one street we went into coffin maker's and joss paper manufactories; in another rice and corn mills; and then you would fall in with a whole row of blacksmiths, carpenters, umbrella makers, comb manufactories, boots, shoes, tailors, bookbinders—now and then a barber, shaving with his two inch chisel of a razor over a pastry cook's—cakes frizzling in the pan. Farther on we came to a beautiful street, wider than the rest—say ten to twelve feet—gaily caparisoned with gaudy swinging signs, of boards or pasteboard, colored cotton or metallic signs, the several characters noting the name and style of the firm standing out conspicuously, like turkey tracks on a snow bank, completely lined on both sides with wholesale and retail salesmen, cloth goods, or ready made clothing, beans, peas and rice in one shop, and caps and silks and cloths in the next; pictures and paints, cook shops and eating houses, curiosity mongers, pawnbrokers, banks, books and barbers; some polishing stone ornaments, some grinding corn and rice, some kneading dough with the pot sizzling ready to receive it, while others were engaged in counting cash at some exchange house, smoking opium in a hotel, or drinking samshu in a pot house, and an occasional beggar got up in the best possible style with rags and vermin, sores and filth, person exposed and mud balls stuck on his forehead, yelling at the top of his voice round some aristocratic tradesman's place for money, and the poor shopman dare not drive him

away, for the professional beggar is the particular protegé of government, and you can only get rid of them by giving the poor devils cash, they then go on to the next and before night collect enough to buy their rice, drink a cup of samshu and then get drunk over their opium pipe.

Passing along this thickly shopped street, the Doctor suddenly dived down a small lane, and in another minute I was in a bathing house, where the poor come at all hours of the day, and take a bath or steaming for half a cent. Had I liked the smell I would have stopped longer, but the stench of the steam room was rather too much for me ; but I remained long enough to see how systematic everything was laid out. Each bather has a little box for his clothes, and an obsequious servant to help him dress ; and if they choose, a cup of tea was near at hand. Some, only half dressed, were being operated upon by a corn doctor, and they are at home in such science ; others were arguing, I presume, some knotty point in Confucius, and some were singing with wild and passionate emphasis. Dickens would have died with laughter, and Thackeray would have exploded out of sheer merriment, to see some of them come out of the steam closet—one especially, weighing some 250 pounds, came rushing out, his long tail dragging the ground, like a huge rat—His eyes blind with steam, his legs and neck like three pieces of bamboo, all of the same size, only the latter not quite so long. These three and his head might have made up the 50 pounds, but the 200 pounds was the rest of his body. Take him all in all, he resembled some of their Bhudah gods—say Bacchus, just after he had swallowed a couple of goats. The moment this strange sight appeared I burst into uproarious laughter ; the doctor laughed, and his own countrymen, the Chinese servants, jumped off their feet in pure delight. It was a sight to be re-

membered. The gentlemanly manager of the establishment asked me if I would like to be steamed. I told him nothing would give me more pleasure, but that just now my time wouldn't admit, and with my fingers acting as a temporary vice upon my nose, I gave him a chin-chin and bolted out of the place. The next place we visited was one of the many opium dens you find in every street. There were about a dozen poor besotted devils in different stages of intoxication, and some lifelessly drunk upon the floor. Go into one of these hells, if you want to see what effect opium has upon those who indulge in it to excess. About the room were coarse benches and one or two beds, where, laying down, resting upon their elbows, with a little rush light before them, they would with a long needle insert one of the little balls into the end of their pipes and smoke away, letting the smoke disappear, usually, through the nostrils. The opium is handed to them in little cups about the size of a thimble, and they are allowed to make themselves drunk for one cent. Like the bathing room, the stench was too powerful for me, and I left; but I have a word more to say on this question before I bid good bye to China. A little further on we found an English missionary's church, built of stone, and also saw an American lecture room in the midst of the most populous part of the city. A loud voice attracted me towards the former, and I entered the house of God to hear a fellow Anglo-Saxon hold forth to a hundred ugly looking vagabonds in their own language. They were coming in and going out continually—curiosity being the most prominent feature on their countenance; few seemed to remain for any length of time. Praise worthy and persevering must be the man who can spend his breath and time expounding some dry doctrinal scriptural question to these poor creatures, who live on from day to day all objectless.

From the missionaries' temple, we went to the Chinamen's house of Joss. Here we found a large hall, entered by a spacious court, in the midst of which was a huge bronze cup, with the names of those who had subscribed to place it there engraved upon its side; a penny subscription monument, a curious relic of two hundred years ago. The outside of the temple was singularly ornamented with quaint designs of birds and animals, vegetables and trees; and in the interior were immense statues, all gilt, of Bhudah—the past, the present, and the future. Beside these were other forms, larger than life—youth and age, happiness and misery, peace and war, the pregnant mother and the new born babe, laughter and scorn, and several other emblems which I do not remember. These figures all represented their several characters to the letter, and must have cost much money. Opposite the No. 1 god were little sticks to burn homage and Joss paper to set on fire; and that is their idea of worship.

Again we are off for the court of justice, and this was a memorable half hour in my tour. A clean, dignified room, with a mandarin, whose whole mein bore unmistakable marks of authority, sitting on the seat of the judge, with policemen and assistants, officials and clerks, on every side; but the prisoners, with chains about their legs, and arms hid behind them, were waiting their trial and the decision of the judge. One man was up in the criminal box, but the system of examination was too cruel for me to continue long in the room. First the guard struck him fiercely over the mouth with a bamboo official staff, the poor wretch shrieking with pain; the other prisoners all the while stolid and indifferent spectators, not knowing who came next. Afterwards another kind of torture was resorted to, the guard making the criminal kneel down with his hands above his head

in a position which extorted yells of agony—the judge and the officials all wearing the utmost indifference. A little further on there were two criminals with huge bolts about their ancles, and the kang, (a large square piece of plank) hung round their neck. The whole trial seemed a farce, a mixture of brutal cruelty with refined barbarism. From the court we went to the bastinado or jail, and saw scores of prisoners above and below; all the cells were crowded, and the clanking of chains, and hoarse growls of the prisoners spoke another feature of Chinese life.

The benevolent institutions was our next resort, and here you see the charity of the government in providing for the lame, the halt and the blind, attendants, nurses, doctors, all arrayed in the style of our own hospitals, everything furnished by the imperial magnate. The patients were very numerous, and seemed well cared for. This was a public hospital. We also went into the city charity house, and one private house for the distressed poor, all of which institutions gave me impressions of the kind-heartedness of a people who, when in the time of their prosperity, put by a little for those who have not been so fortunate. But nothing struck me with more respect and surprise than upon being taken through a foundling hospital. For a moment I could not credit it; I had never read of such a place among the Chinese, and of course was much surprised to find an institution of such a charitable nature conducted upon the same principles as those of France, England or America. There was a little drawer in the side of the house, directly facing one of the public streets, where the forsaken babe was deposited, the opening of which caused a ringing of bells, when a nurse was appointed, and the little stranger was wrapt up in a blanket and duly nourished and cared for. As we entered, the nurses, each

with a child in her arms, started off in all directions, apparently frightened at the appearance of the *fau-quais*, (foreign devils). It was some time before they would come out of their rooms, and then they stared at us with unfeigned surprise. I should have taken up one of the lilliputian Celestials, but I was cautioned against it—for, if no contagious disease is caught, you are sure to get vermin on your dress. We wandered about the large apartments from room to room, all of which had one or two occupants, and some were filled with older children, in baby-jumpers of strikingly original make, the nurses all appearing, after a moment of fright, to gaze upon the strange sight of features, manner and dress. Is it possible, said I, that all the charitable institutions of the European and Anglo-Saxon race are all observed in such detail in Asiatic China? I have seen enough for one day. I must have time for reflection. I was unprepared for many of the customs—many of the wonders that were in our path; I was tired, for the Dr.'s walk was fatiguing to a novice, in a strange city, where streets, lanes, and paths are over flag-stones and bricks made slippery with a never-ceasing tread of human life. I saw several more temples—went into more bath houses—more opium dens, and several other shops; but, describing one, you see all. The ruins of the burnt district covered many acres, and it is only a subject of surprise that the imperial troops did not entirely destroy the city, for the fire, as at Moscow, was started at several points. Like Californians, however, they are fast at work—the same owners re-building their tenements—and hard at it trying to recover what they have lost. I saw the walls where the French wasted their cannon balls, and tried to knock down the city; but it was like firing through a piece of mortar. One temple was pierced through and through—completely riddled with shot, but like

Banquo's ghost, the walls would not down. I also saw where the company of marines were mowed down by shot they could not trace. It seems the Chinese rebels had stationed themselves in buildings facing the place where the wall was weakened by the French cannon, behind holes cut in the side and pasted over with paper, and bullets were continually flying about them, but no one could tell from whence they came. Near this place was a new kind of grave yard, where the poor were buried above ground, in coarse wooden coffins of great size, merely deposited on the ground; and as the bodies decompose the air becomes fearful and suffocating.

I am surprised that it was not more sickly than it is. The seventy-two stenches which Coleridge encountered at Cologne, were a cologne bottle, compared with the seven hundred and twenty in a Chinese city. In several places pieces of red paper were pasted on the house, telling the passer by that the small-pox was raging in the tenement within. In going home I went through the Chinamen's market—an immense speculation of an American, a member of the extensive Smith family. If he succeeds in finishing the mammoth building and its approaches, it will make his fortune. Tired as I was, I got back in time to meet my appointment at the game of tenpins, at a private club, well arranged, well conducted; but the alleys are spoilt by being about twenty inches wider than they should be. You may see a proof of that in finding 176 chalked up as being the highest roll.

The billiard tables are mostly in the Hongs, all private. The trip to the pagoda I gave up to go down to Woosung, where I was amply paid for the excursion. I also wanted to go to Foochow and Nankin, but I was cautioned against the trip, for the pirate rebels were continually on the water. I had not given

up all hopes of going to Japan, and did my best to get up a party of gentlemen to charter the Erin or Confucius steamer, but all to no use; some excuse or other was sure to throw me off the track. I then made up my mind to go alone, and engaged my passage in the Greta, bound to Simoda via Shanghae from Hong Kong, to take the Dutch cargo which was laying there in charge of the supercargo, in a Japanese temple.

CHAPTER XII.

SHANGHAE, Jan. 20, 1856.

The Merchants of Shanghae—Trade with Japan—The Voyage of a New London Trader to Simoda—His Disappointment and Subsequent Adventures—Value of the Perry Treaty—Shanghae as a Whaling Station—Future Progress of that City—Its Government, Trade, Population and Climate—Banks and Rate of Exchange—Mercantile Routine and Salary of Clerks—A Ball and the Ladies.

As the Greta's arrival was most uncertain, I was obliged to throw up my Japan visit till some more favorable time. I find, however, that I knew more about the island before I left Australia than I have been enabled to gather from the merchants of China. They do not seem to have given the matter the least thought. I was glad to fall in with Capt. Brown, of New London, whose unfortunate expedition under the Commodore Perry treaty, has already gone home to the American press.

He left that port on the 23d of January, 1855, in the schooner Wilmington (136 tons, fitted out by one of the most enterprising of the New London merchants) with an assorted cargo, consisting, however, mostly of liquors; arrived at Hong Kong, after a long passage, on the 7th of August, and ran up to Simoda in nine days. He came to anchor without a pilot, and found the moment he landed that no goods could be sold, none bought, and that the voyage was already a failure. He found Luhdorf,

the Greta's supercargo, living an easy life in a temple, but his goods were without a market. He was only waiting for a vessel to come and take his ventures away. The captain wrote to the Governor of Simoda regarding his ship and cargo, and in due time his letter was returned unanswered. I have the envelope, with English and Japanese address. Wood they agreed to supply at $5 per cord and water at 50c. per ton. The captain was allowed to walk seven miles inland but no further; he was also shown some of the sights of the town. He spoke of the bathing houses, where both sexes, in a state of nature, were indulging in their morning ablutions. Some of the women were very beautiful—small hands and feet, and a complexion as fair as the ladies of the States.

Finding nothing could be accomplished at Simoda he set sail for Hakodadi, and ran up in ten days. Here some of the officials crowded about him, one or two of them speaking a little English. No meat nor provisions could be bought. All they seemed to have were beets, scullions and turnips, and they were given away.

At the time Captain Brown left, (1st September) there were no whalers nor merchantmen in port. He, an old whaler himself and a man of good observation, considers neither of the treaty ports as at all adapted for whaling ports; Chusan, and even Shanghae, were far preferable. Japan, he says, is not easy of access, and at times most unsafe to make; and even if provisions could be purchased, the high prices, which are multiplied with Commodore Perry's stupid arrangement about exchange,* whereby the dollar is only worth thirty-four cents, would not make the port desirable for whalers. Captain Brown has entered his

* It appears that this arrangement was not to be permanent but intended only to answer immediate purposes.

protest for the recovery of $36,000, which he estimates to be his claim against the United States government for the non-fulfillment of the treaty. The protest has gone to Washington; there, I think, it will be thrown under the table.

I don't entirely agree with Captain Brown that Shanghae is the most desirable port for whalers, although the newly moored lightship in the Yang-tze-Kang, good pilots, geographical position and cheap supplies, well placed buoys and proper sailing directions, are strong inducements; but the chances are that the homeward bound clippers would be apt to take away their sailors, a law that Japan ports would not inflict. The merchants, seeing no benefit to any but the ship chandlers, and fearing the continual meeting of drunken crews on the Bund, discourage attempts to make it a whaling port.

My time at Shanghae is winding up, for to-morrow I am bound to the coast, in the John Wade, to take a look at the new commercial giant that just now is attracting so much attention, Foochow-foo. I have been here long enough to satisfy myself that Shanghae, in spite of the serious check given to its progress by the rebellion, is bound to go ahead. Its geographical position towards the great northern seaports, the Yellow river a near neighbor, and Shangtung sending down thousands of trading junks every year—its proximity to the green tea country and its immense silk exports, some sixty thousand bales per year—the fact of its situation at the mouth of that enormous river, almost another Mississippi, continually pouring down its immense trade, junks upon junks—its proximity to Japan, Formosa and the Southern treaty ports—the large amount of foreign capital invested in land and building property—the increasing import trade and natural position of the place—all tend to show its future, and can but mark its character. The China bankers seem

to have plenty of money, and the China *compradore*—that mysterious *attaché* to all mercantile establishments—understands how to make use of it in feathering his own nest, while he appears to devote his entire time and brains to the merchant that employs him.

The government of Shanghae is vested in a Council of Three, elected by the landholders—156 title deeds having been registered at the Consul's.

Receipts last year, warfages, taxes, &c., were $24,903.
And the expenditure. . . . . 20,520.
—which shows a balance on the right side.

Young G. Griswold Gray, who lost his leg in the attack on the Imperialist camp, is at present Mayor of the settlement, in connexion with two English gentlemen. Foreigners cannot own land in China, but pay a nominal rent of a few hundred cash, in perpetuity—property transferable.

I found the weather very cold—a regular Boston northeaster, and I am told that the rapid changes in the autumn and spring occasion pulmonary and rheumatic complaints; whether true or not, I can testify to there being four or five medical gentlemen in a community numbering about 280 souls.

Dr. Lockhart says the temperature varies during the year from 100 to 24 degrees.

In running my eye over the Shanghae almanac of 1856 I find the population consists, as the editor classifies it, of 75 Typans or heads of houses, 94 mercantile assistants, while the balance are put down as officials, missionaries, professional men, &c. There are three banking establishments in the place—Commercial Bank of India, Mercantile Bank of India, and the Oriental Bank; all, judging from the imports and exports, must be a doing a paying business, with exchanges ruling between 6s. and 7s. 9d., in

one instance, to the dollar. At the present time the New York merchant purchasing silk or tea in this market pays $1 70 for $1. Novices in exchange will be upset in their calculations. Even between Canton and this port exchange differs some thirty per cent. The par of exchange in the North Atlantic is $4 80, but sad experience has taught me that there is a wide difference between this and your part of the world, for here I take notice that my sovereign or pound sterling was past to my credit as $2 92, which makes a vast difference in a man's financial arrangements. In Hong Kong and Canton they gave me $4 ; but the Chinaman's fancy for the Carolus dollar occasions all the mischief. Now as these dollars are gradually being melted down, and the whole world has been raked and scraped to furnish them, the question naturally arises, how much longer is this thing going to last ? As the difference in the exchange usually comes off the price of the goods, it makes precious little difference to the Chinamen. They have a right to their fancies—let them pay for it.

The late duty question is still in embryo. Murphy, the Consul, has gone, and the lac of dollars pending between the Chinese government and the merchants, I believe, is locked up in the bank safes.

During my stay I have had a good chance to see the style of doing business here. The merchants seem to have little to do besides getting off their mail, and talking with the Chinamen ; every thing else is done by assistants. Every house employs a tea taster, who makes the purchases on his individual judgment, and a silk inspector, who attends to that pigeon ; each of which is a regular profession of itself, and requires years of study. Some of these gentlemen have made their fortunes in this way. The salaries of the clerks vary from $800 to $2,500, the latter

price for bookkeepers of long experience. These sums are entirely exclusive of their household expenses, which are paid by the firm. I believe that $60 a month is allowed, which gives them good lodgings, a good table, a coolie chair and boy. I think, however, many of the young gentlemen exceed that sum, for they are not apt to practice economy in these countries. Most of them are perfectly contented, and talk of the number of years they have been and intend to remain here, with praiseworthy nonchalance.

Aside from sight seeing. Ranging over the gardens and watching the Chinamen for hours together prepare the silk for inspection, and rattan, mat, mark and arrange the tea for shipment—a most interesting sight, done so rapidly and ingeniously, at a trifling expense, never making a mistake in delivering, for the delivery is a succession of checks—first at the door, then at the gate, again at the cargo boat, and once more at the ship—a small stick left at each place for every package—I say, aside from catching a passing knowledge of these several things, my time has mysteriously disappeared in the pleasures of social life.

The evening I arrived I attended a large ball, given by one of the leading merchants, when I had an opportunity of seeing most of the gentlemen and the seventeen foreign ladies of Shanghae; among which were two of my fair countrywomen, whose merry laughter and pleasant conversation are still ringing in mine ear. Should these lines ever happen to reach so far, they will see that they are not forgotten. The Hongs are well arranged for parties, for there is no poverty of room. Some of our party table caterers would have gone wild with pleasure to witness the graceful elegance and tasteful profusion at the supper of our host. At the door of the ballroom were several China merchants and natives who seemed particularly delighted at the

habits and customs of ye foreign devils in their hours of pleasure. Four o'clock was a late hour for a stranger to go home, but your correspondent could not make any better arrangement. This was the first day, and until now, every morning, every noon and in the evening, dining and tiffining, breakfasting and excursion going, I have seen one round of hospitality. Such are the customs here, and not to accept would offend, and in accepting time flies—information obtained—amusement afforded—pleasant acquaintances formed—favorable impressions made, and memories strengthened with never ending kindness and attention.

CHAPTER XIII.

On Board Clipper Ship John Wade, for Hong Kong, via Foo-chow, January 23, 1856.

Departure from Shanghae, en route to Hong Kong—Threatening Weather—Navigation of the Yang-tze-Kang—New Scenes—Uglier Natives and Another Language—Boating in the River Min—Gunning and Tall Game—Foo-chow City—Its Trade—Foreign Population—Young America About Town—Narrow Streets, Crowds, Bustle and Noise—Meeting a High Official—A Curious Old Priest in a Cage—Beauties of the Country.

We are off. I am glad of it, and yet I am not, for I could have spent more days most pleasantly with the jovial natured, generous dispositioned, princely, hospitable merchants of that soon to be Melbourne of the China waters; but I have talked Shanghae in my last, and this is to tell of departure and sail down the coast. I am off but I leave with regret, for I may never again see the same familiar faces, and my late traveling companion stops behind. Young Collie of Aberdeen a genuine specimen of young Scotland, combining business with pleasure, he, like myself, is taking his first draught of China life. He has just formed a party to visit some of the cities up the Yang-tze-Kang, but I prefer to see close on the river Min—his classical mind drinks in the scenes of this novel life—while the practical knowledge gained and business connexion formed, are of great advantage to his flourishing house in Manchester. How fortu-

nate was I to get a chance to visit Foo-chow, more especially when the non-arrival of the Greta took the life out of my Japan expedition, where I had fully made up my mind to see the Emperor, or make myself a martyr to the cause of opening Sesame. So seldom are there opportunities of visiting Foo-chow, I consider myself in luck to get on board so fine a ship as the John Wade in company with such pleasant companions as the young and enterprising owner, Augustine Head Jr., (at whose invitation I am here) and Young Gray of New York—who are bound to Canton, only stopping to look at a port that so suddendenly has been shown to the tea drinking world. On the 21st, a fair wind made the beautiful little Boston yacht fly over the water to join our ship below Woosung, which, as is the custom, went down the day before. What is there more gladdening to the native born, when thousands of miles away from his pilgrim home, in a far distant port, than a sail in a clipper yacht like the Halcyon, which says so much for the taste and enterprise of its owner, more especially when another model of nautical beauty, on a larger scale, is passing up as you are going down? I know the boat; it is the clipper launched for the World's Fair—the Nightingale—just in from Canton, bound up to her anchorage. Next to a beautiful woman, give me an American clipper. I like them both; but as I have not yet seen the former in the Indian and Asiatic seas, I am the more delighted to find a fellow-countryman in the latter—for the one sits as proudly on the water as a Western nightingale at her piano.

I am glad to get away, for I do not like the appearance of the weather, and the Yang-tze-Kang is not the most agreeable navigation in a dark night, on a turning tide—for it is forty miles wide at its mouth, and choked up with mud banks and ugly shoals. Our ship works well. I wish I could say as much

for the infernal Manilla crew, who manage to understand their broken China, broken Portuguese, quarter Spanish and a little English orders. But in a regular gale I should feel myself about as safe with a lot of Bedouin Arabs in the Dead Sea. We got out safely, thank God; but when the main topsail went to threads under the fierce nor'wester, the tide running a perfect sluice, and the strong current sweeping us on to the North Saddle, it certainly looked far from pleasant, for the chances most decidedly were against us; for when you split your best topsail, the wind all the while increasing, and a black crew hardly able to obey orders, even did they understand them, a ship jammed, in a shoally channel cannot be handled much more handily than a runaway horse in a crowded city. I hope our Boston pilot reached Woosung without accident. But piloting on board of such a hearse-resembling craft as that in which Mr. Ayres got on board, is no envious life to lead. I cannot see how five dollars a foot will satisfy a "down Easter" in pursuing such a cold and cheerless occupation as piloting in the Yang-tze-Kang in midwinter.

When once fairly clear of the lightship we made good time, got up a new topsail, loaded our six cannon and all our muskets to receive the pirates, but did not have occasion to make use of them. In fact, we did not even have the excitement of running down one of the fishing junks, that were never out of our track; and in three days we passed Sharp Peak and anchored inside of the Kin-pai pass, ahead of the Henry Harbeck, that sailed a day or two before us.

Here I discovered still another feature of Chinese scenery and Chinese natives, all different from what I noted in other places in this vast empire, which I have seen. The natives even speak a different language; for our black-turbaned, big-breeched ugly-

looking devil of a pilot, although he wore the tail, and apparently spoke the same jargon, could only make himself understood by motions ; and when Chop Dollar who came down with us—a most intelligent Canton man, well up in the Shanghae dialect —was called down to interpret, it was most amusing to see him, after failing in his Chinese dialect, trying to make himself understood in Pigeon English. How absurd to hear two Chinamen of different districts using the broken China jargon as a court language !

This morning for the first time I discovered that I was sailing under the diamond signal, (a white diamond in a red field,) the flag under which I have been taught what little I know of shipping life, and which I had always supposed was as much a part and parcel of Boston as the line of packets which has flown it for so long a time. For more than thirty years the diamond signal has been the private flag of one of the most enterprising and successful of the Boston merchants, and for thirty years it has floated from the mast head of some of the most beautiful ships (the later models especially, such as the Flying Cloud and Staffordshire,) that the world ever saw. But it seems that it has got into the China oceans, for it has been waving for many years under the patronage of Mr. Head.

We were glad to find the boat waiting for us, for it is still some twenty-five miles to Foo-chow. At half-past four we got into our craft, and then another turn in the traveler's life was at hand—Chinese boating on the Min. It is indescribable. It was so peculiar, odd and strange. Imagine a gondola style of craft, thirty feet long by six broad, with two sails, if the wind blows fair, and ten oarsmen, if that fails, carrying out the opposites as usual ; they push instead of pull the oar, to the accompaniment of a most singularly inharmonious chant, which

Tom Moore would have found far more difficult to place to rythm and music than the far famed night song of the Canadian boatmen. The tide was against us, the night darkened, it began to rain, the changing scenery was hid from the gaze, and negro songs were hushed until the revolvers, rifles and muskets were loaded, and cutlasses placed ready for use ; for the beggarly pirates who haunt these rivers want nothing better than to meet a single boat, with two or three white men to plunder and then destroy ; but first the murder, I believe, and then the robbery.

I liked the change—there was excitement in it—and with plenty of arms and ammunition we were bold in our shooting home, but save the shooting of a long necked, wide winged, long legged heron resembling bird, which your humble servant brought down at a single shot, and for which I did not receive that credit as a marksman from my fellow passengers that I really deserved, for, judging from the size of the game, it was equal to about seven ducks, three teal and a wild goose—save this chance exploit, we had no opportunity of distinguishing ourselves. Although each to the other had confidently pledged himself, when we saw several dim lights and what seemed muffled oars, manned by smothered voices, apparently approaching nearer and nearer on their bloody mission, for eleven pirates each. But all went on as usual. The dim, mysterious lights must have been from a distant village, and the muffled oars and smothered voices came from other boatmen, bound on as peaceful an errand as ourselves, or else the noise that startled us was the rippling of the tide, which rises and falls some eighteen feet.

That was a long and tedious pull, yet we all sung merrily, and covering ourselves in shawls and furs, talked ourselves to

sleep, only to wake up again at the chant of the boatmen, and see the dark tops of the mountains, an occasional village light, and hear the hoarse gurgling of the murky waters as the tide rushed past our frail habitation. At last we reached the Pagoda anchorage, where the opium ships were riding at anchor, and several sail loading teas for the white man's world. One or two small clippers were here with the intoxicating India plant, which they had brought to exchange for the stimulating herb, which the Mohawks in early years once rejected and threw into the bay, near the shade of Faneuil Hall. Onward we rowed past the low land paddy plantations, near the wheat field shore, through the floating city of junks, under the wonderful bridge that has braved the storms of China for a thousand years, until we touch our landing place, at two o'clock in the morning, when a sepulchral stillness reigned around in the suburbs of the Viceroy's palace.

Again I am away inland, near another monster city, at hours too late for Chinamen out of the walls, and know not where to go ; at least, after the boatmen had taken us through lanes dismal in the lantern's shade, up dirty, ragged, stone fenced streets, down in deeper arches than before, only to go up again stone steps, one above the other, an immense height, when, to our hearts content, at last we find familiar faces—familiar because New England men ; for, show me a decent fellow anywhere abroad that hails from home, and he will find it very difficult to make me a stranger. Foo-chow at last. To-morrow, and the next day, and the next, I must work hard to write up my personal observation ; but no more to-day.

I am astonished to find Foo-chow such a wonderful place, for it was only in 1853 that it was introduced to us. The troubles at Canton, the rebellion at Shanghae, opened up the question

of the third treaty port ; and we are indebted to the enterprise of the American merchants for being first upon the spot. Scarcely three years have gone, and yet look at its increasing commerce. Already this year 26,000,000 lbs. of tea have been shipped, and the merchants here anticipate that the end of the season will show a total export of 35,000,000 lbs. Statistics should not be thrown aside on account of being dry, for mercantile men are fond of what tourists reject, so you must pardon me for adding a page of Foo-chow commerce, which will give you a better idea of the importance of the port than anything else that I may write.

A few statistics on the exports of Foo-chow-foo :—

EXPORTS FROM FOO-CHOW.

To Great Britain.

Season 1853–4, 10 vessels, lbs.....5,959,000
Season 1854–5, 35 vessels, lbs.....20,493,000
Season 1855–6, 20 vessels, (July to Jan.,) lbs.....15,601,500

To United States.

Season 1853–4, 2 vessels, lbs.....1,355,000
Season 1854–5, 13 vessels, lbs.....5,500,000
Season 1855–6, 14 vessels, (July to Jan.,) lbs.....8,848,500

Note—Season 1853–4, about 300,000 pounds of tea were exported coastwise.

Season 1854–5, two vessels were despatched to Australia, taking 509,000 pounds of tea, and three vessels out of the thirty-five to England went to the Continent, taking 1,140,000 pounds of tea.

Season 1855–6, three vessels have been despatched to Australia. Estimated cargoes, 700,000 pounds. To the Continent two vessels have been despatched, taking about 400,000, and coastwise, nearly 1,000,000 has been sent during the season.

The Hamburg ship Alma Olga was the first ship that left

Foo-chow with teas for a foreign part. She left 19th of August, 1853. The American ship Tsar followed her on the 27th of August, both bound for London. The last named arrived first.

The ship Houqua was the first ship to the United States. She left January 16, 1854, and was followed by the ship Oriental, on the 22nd of February, and was lost in Kin-pai pass, 25th of same month. Black teas are the principal exports from here.

There are some fifty foreign residents here, merchants, officials and missionaries. Only three or four ladies, however, ornament this small community, I am sorry to say, and hence the utter isolation of a traveler when he has done up the sigh's; commerce and commissions may keep a man here for some time, and officials may be kept alive by the cares of government, while the messengers of the sacred mission in duty bound find contentment in remaining; but as for me, who have no such cares on the China border, give me any place on the world's face to reside in but Foo-chow. Pleasant and most agreeable, hospitable and ever kind were those whose acquaintance I am glad to make, yet I would rather live elsewhere. I cannot be a hermit—more active life—I must see something of the world—books and pictures will do for a while—love in a cottage may amuse for a season, but give me the intellectual society of hundreds of fellow countrymen, instead of units. I like Foo-chow for its energetic youth, but could not live there. I have always had a holy horror of being buried alive, and certainly I know of no other place that seems so far away, for there is no steam mail, and you get your letters only by chance. But I am again too fast; I have not told what I have seen, and should reserve my comments for the latest sheet.

My first expedition was through the city, and it was one that will not soon leave the note books of the memory. Chairs were ordered, guides furnished, lunch prepared, and at ten four representatives of Young America started on the tour. And what strange scenes we saw. The changes more rapid than the minutes, but each new feature instructive and giving room for contemplation; narrow streets obliged the Indian style of single file, and even then it was difficult to get along. The shouts of your coolies to clear the road commence at the point of departure and cease only when you return, and you are fortunate if the sound does not haunt you for a week. It is continuous, monotonous, tiresome. We must have been carried several miles in this way before we reached the outer gate of the city; the most intricate part of our journey was over that wonderful piece of Chinese masonry, the mammoth bridge of Waw-show.

The first part of the bridge, from the south side to the island of Chang-chow, consists of nine stone arches, and is only some 330 feet long, by 12 wide. Here we came to the populous island mentioned, which is perfectly macadamized with low, black roofed Chinese buildings, and is about 800 feet wide, I should judge, as we were passed through the principal streets. Here, again, we continued our way across another portion of this heavy piece of granite work, to the suburbs of the city, called Nau-tae, a distance of some 1,300 feet more. But I believe the upper bridge on the western side is 11,000 feet.

It was almost impossible to crowd through the masses of people pushing their way along, for the natives have so encroached on the pathway, little by little—first a pancake stand, and then a bamboo cover—till they finally get a decent sized shop, where they trade, sleep and have their being; and thus

reducing a bridge, narrow and inconvenient in the first place, to about eight feet in width. In this small space we had to find a path through a mass of travelers more dense than Boston Common on the evening of the Fourth. Twice my chair came near going over the bridge, and once I was held bodily over the tumbling waters below, for over a minute, so as to let an immense cortege, with a Chinese mandarin, go by. The bridge is old with age, but strong as petrified rock ; and how the architect raised the immense stones to their resting place, with the simple machinery of China, I am at a loss to understand. Like the Drudical altars at Anglesea, and the masterwork of England's great engineer over the Menae, the Foochow bridges will astonish all who witness them. Nothing strikes the stranger's mind more forcibly than the energetic, never tiring industry of the Chinese. All seem to be hard at work—even the beggars perspire with their continued calls for cash. Each profession by itself, and every man in his place, so busy at work, many of the operatives do not raise their heads to see the chair of the "Western devil." Go through a thickly settled street, among the mechanics at Paris, London or New York, and everything you see done there you will find being executed in China, only with simpler utensils, and in a slower manner, but with great perfection. The pawnbrokers are most systematic in their dealings, and squeeze their customers with the avaricious perseverance of a Jew, while the private banking establishments are conducted on the European principle. Although coolies are passing to and from the banks with cash, the currency most in use for small amounts is paper, signed and countersigned with remarkable perfection and ingenuity. I don't think much is lost by forgery. You see about as much

out of the city as in—the same shops, tradesmen, and active stir of every day life.

The walls of the city are some thirty feet in height, and expensively ornamented over the several gateways, all of which are composed of granite foundations, finished off with brick. These walls are some eight miles in circumference and there are seven gates for entrance.

The most prominent public buildings are the Treasury Department, and the houses (or *samuns*) of the various officials; the Confucian temple—destroyed some time since by fire; the temples of the "God of War," the "Goddess of Mercy," the residence of the Viceroy, and the college, jail, &c. The Viceroy's palace hardly deserves the name; but like all their public residences, they seem built more for tinsel and show than substantiality and comfort.

While passing along one of the widest streets we suddenly saw a great commotion among the citizens, and a most abrupt dumping of my chair immediately after; then came bands of Chinese music, officers of State, on little, long haired, dirty white ponies, with pikes and shields, followed by a company of infantry, one upon another, in splendid confusion; and just at this moment my coolie got another crack over the head with a bamboo for being too anxious to view the pompous mandarin; others came pouring on—musicians and guards—and soon some well dressed chair bearers; and then it was that I discovered the cause of this immense assemblage, and why I had been so grossly insulted by having my chair thrown into the mud—for I was just then in the presence of his most royal and noble Excellency the Tartar General of the Province and country round about.

More of his attachés followed, and everything was again quiet.

On mentioning this circumstance on my return to the British Consul, he said it was most unusual to meet the great officer away from his palace, but that his want of courtesy only tends to show the still hostile feeling which the Mandarins, not immediately interested, have against foreigners. I also have been told that the prefect has sent two or three most insulting notes to her Majesty's representative. Save that unceremonious reception, we met with no hard treatment from the dense crowd that followed us through the palace yard, where we were obliged to leave our chairs, through Curiosity street, one of the widest in the city. The Tartar general was completely wrapt in furs, and as he was paraded past looked down upon us with the greatest possible contempt.

We examined in Curiosity street the whole assortment of bronze and stone ornaments, and saw many beautiful specimens of ivory carving, wood work and tortoise shell ; all of which show patience, plodding and ingenuity remarkable, for each specimen is made with the simplest machinery. My companion made some purchases of bronze, but I was more amused with some lacquered ware that was on exhibltion in one of the shops, and purchased eighty dollars worth of little boxes (exquisitely ornamented, entirely made of lacquer,) and a beautiful lady's dressing case, with more compartments than cells in a honeycomb. These presents for home are most valuable because so rare ; only one individual in the empire possesses the secret, and Foo-chow is the only place where it can be bought, hence the enormous prices which are charged ; for all that he manufactures that is not sold to foreigners, is taken at the imperial palace at Pekin, which accounts for the independence of the artist—no rival in his Japanese skill, and an Emperor and Empress for patrons ! Save in that wonderful ware, I think that

the much celebrated Curiosity street of Foo-chow is overrated.

One day soon disappeared in searching about that old city, which number some 600,000 souls, and if the suburbs are also included, possibly a million. But in giving a description of what I saw in Shanghae, you may judge of my experience to-day. My time did not admit of my going over the grounds of the old British consulate, formerly an old monastery of much antiquity and consequent interest. From this site the view of the city is most beautiful. Neither did I omit the far famed monastery of Coæ-shan, situated about 1,400 feet above the city, commanding a most imposing view for miles around. The quaint bell and immense gong which are struck by the priests—the ancient relic of Bhudah—a whale's tooth—an old priest, said to be five hundred years of age, who lives in a cage, with finger nails four inches long, and who looks in splendid condition for a man who eats nothing, and has been starving himself for centuries. The pond of tame fish which the good fathers feed from the hand, and the singular semi-Catholic semi-barbarous style of costume and manners would have amply repaid me for my time ; but my time would not admit of it, and the day was raining, else I might have accepted Mr. Hale's mountain chair, so generously proffered by the British Consul.

The peak overhanging the monastery is 2,700 feet above the sea, and, with a good glass, mountains, rivers and villages can be seen at great distances. On the extreme point, Europeans who have ascended the mountain have left their mark in a stone pile, called a casin, each adding one piece to the remembrance. An excursion to the Pih-ling Hills is attractive to the tourist.

The Ningpo Temple was well worth the hour spent in going over its wonderful rooms and galleries, and in studying the

strange designs on the two wonderful columns of granite, built by subscription, and costing them two almas—$10,000—which, when you bear in mind the cheapness of Chinese labor, will give you the best idea of this remarkable instance of Chinese sculpture.

CHAPTER XIV.

MACAO, Feb. 5, 1856.

Navigation in the Chinese Seas—The Horns of a Dilemma—Macao—Its Former Magnificence and Present Desolate Aspect—Camoens—Coolie Store Houses—Chinese Sense of Commercial Honor—The Bogue Forts—Canton—The Foreign Cemetery—Trade at Hong Kong, &c., &c.

WE duly arrived at Hong Kong in two and a half days from Foo-chow-foo, in time to see the Siamese tribute ship, call upon several of the merchants, write a chapter on Hong Kong, which I mailed by the Madras—and take our passage in the Spark for this port. We started, but it was only a start—the miserable little screw boat reminded me of the time that I made myself a martyr to humanity and the underwriters, when taking off the shipwrecked crew of the Boston clipper Whistler, on King's Island, last June—for she was bad enough in smooth weather, and being out of order was bound over to repair her rotten machinery. We had not been out an hour and a half before it began to blow a small typhoon, and the motion of our boat was neither horizontal nor perpendicular, but when the two were given to find the base and hypothenuse—if I may use a geometrical comparison—it soon became evident that we must anchor, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, we made fast under the shade of the piratical island of Lantoa. Here was a predicament—a lee shore, a pirate village, an approaching

typhoon and a boat leaking—I don't know how many hundred strokes the hour. At this unsatisfactory point the steward at one door informed us that our grub locker was empty, just as the engineer entered at the other to say that the coal was nearly out; while the captain discovered that we had lost our tiller. Pleasant, wasn't it?

Our position was by no means safe—for the wind was blowing wild cats and the anchorage none too good—shortly after two o'clock it was calmer, which justified the captain in making another start, but only to return again in two hours time, the pumps all the time going at full speed, and the steamer in the the greatest possible danger. One of our party, not one of the reformed, asked for a glass of water, there was none; are there any blankets? for the cabin was very cold. No—we must make the most of the night as we best could. At last I got to sleep and there came such a succession of strange unaccountable noises, I positively think the infernal boat was haunted, for no one could find from whence they came. Could any one have told me whether the boat would go up or down, it would have been more satisfactory, but the glorious uncertainty was particularly unpleasant. In the morning two suspicious looking junks anchored just off the island—shortly another, and before noon two more, all apparently waiting for the boat to go ashore, for the news of a disabled craft goes like a prairie fire over the robber haunts. In the afternoon the weather moderated, and by the blessing of Providence we managed to get the crippled boat back to Hong Kong. This is the well known boat that has made, during the past year or two, a *lac* of dollars for the owner, whose *bon homme*, hail-fellow style of doing things has made him many friends. But now, as the steamer has done so well, I think the "spark" should be extinguished.

The next morning, with a calm sea, we were more successful, and at three o'clock P. M., reached our landing place on the Praya Grande, the celebrated promenade to the quaint old settlement of the early Portuguese kings—Macao.

Once the most important maritime port in Eastern Asia, one hundred and fifty-two years ago, the richest settlement in this part of the world, even during the English war—Macao was the chief port of trade for the merchants of all nations. Its present population will not exceed 30,000, about a sixth of which only are Portuguese; the others are half castes and natives of China. At present there are a few English and other officials in the town—Dr. Parker among the rest—but, save these few, the place to me was more cheerless than an Egyptian desert.

In company with our party I wandered about this ancient relic of gaiety and splendor now a disjointed collection of deserted palaces—haggard boat-women, whose beauty disappeared with their youth—ugly dames, of Portuguese descent, their faces hid in that most unbecoming garment (not a mantilla, but I forget its proper name,) a calico handkerchief pinned under the chin, giving them a monkish sulkiness. None had any pretensions to beauty. Long, narrow alleys, dark and gloomy; decaying cathedrals and public buildings dropping away; but one old church, the front of which only was standing, was very beautiful—a noble relic of the architecture of earlier days. Forts, with bristling cannon on every side, that one war steamer could blow in the air; walks, parades, gardens, all defaced under the corroding hand of time. I saw all these and more, that told of what had been, but not what is. The exiled poet's last home was my next resort—the banished scholar, who made himself immortal in his banishment—for who can read that beau-

tiful composition, the "Luciad," without being reminded of the romantic history of Cameons.

To me the old palace garden, covering so many acres of still blooming flowers and foliage, with paths winding through quaint arbors and huge stone caves—more solid than the artificial ruins of Bolton Abbey, at Chatsworth—was the most interesting part of my tour. Why dont the merchants of Canton buy it for a club-house? I was never tired of roaming over the grounds, but did not remain soliloquizing long over the iron-walled monument of the poet, who lived and died before Shakspere's time. I did not expect to find such old magnificence; but ruins of ages past do not, at such distance from Christian lands, increase my love of decay. From the top of one of the mammoth stone arbors we have a fine view of the old town, the inner and the outer harbor —the former stocked with junks and lorchas belonging to the place; the early income of the latter, in freights alone, is said to be $150,000. We saw the islands round about—our steamer coaling from the quay—and were glad to witness scenery as romantic as it was novel. Looking down upon the Chinese part of the town, I saw a large castellated building, the court-yard of which was crowded with human beings, dressed in white. My curiosity was excited. Was it a hospital? No. A lunatic asylum? No. What could it be—a jail, a charity school, or what? No one could tell. We searched and searched, but could not make the people understand our wants; first on one side, then the other, and finally we got a boat, and rowed round to the portcullis, but even there was no admittance. Inquiry only made us more curious, but not more succesful, till at last a friend in need relieved us of suspense, and told us that of course no one was permitted to enter—it was a private institution—being nothing more than the place where a princely merchant

here stows away his coolies, when they are caught in the country, and kept there till they are ready for shipment. When I saw them from the garden highlands it was probably feeding time. At Whampoa they use a hulk for the purpose, I understand. Poor devils—how little they know what is to be their fate!

We came back through the Chinese town, where with restless activity mechanics were working at their respective trades, shopmen were doing a thriving business, while barbers never were busier—music and dancing, with the sing song artists, never more enthusiastic—and the pawnbrokers were crowded to suffocation—for to-morrow is the Chinaman's new year, and hence the unusual bustle and excitement in the town—for before midnight all accounts must be squared, all books balanced, all bills paid, and debter and creditor must meet as friends for it is the custom of China to close up the papers and make a clean breast of finance matters at the commencement of every new year. On every turn I see anxious faces, and men rushing with some little trinket to the Shylock's den, in order to raise a little more cash. There are many who know not what to do, for their pockets are empty, and their debts unpaid, and something must be done before the clock strikes twelve, or else they are disgraced in the eyes of their countrymen. Some bear the features of desperation on their faces—and hence robbery or murder, perhaps suicide, ere the bell tolls the fatal hour. For 'tis no unusual thing to resort to violent measures if all else fails and bills unpaid. What a strange custom; and yet it is universally followed from the sea coast to the limits of Tartary. If Western nations balanced accounts as often, there would be less rottenness in finance and more honesty in commerce. Here,

at least, the idol worshipper teaches a lesson it were well if we would learn.

I have seen Macao, but do not like it. It may be pleasant as a summer retreat, for there is a fine bathing beach near the Parsee burial ground, which looks towards the East. Save the native trade commerce has forsaken Macao, and Hong Kong once so sickly, is now the favorite settlement; and restless progress marks the one, when old age in its slippery pantaloon, *sans* wealth and life, almost, tells you of the other. In the warm months all foreign China flock to Macao. As a summer retreat, many of the merchants have houses here, one of which, if in Wall or State street, would make a millionaire of the fortunate possessor; but here they are hollow, sepulchral, cheerless, they are so large and cold; rooms wider than a dancing hall, with a solitary chair in the centre, and walls so thin that the least whisper at one end rings throughout the house. I went to the foreigner's grave-yard, but my stay was brief, for it made me sad, it looked so dreary and so cold. Fellow countrymen, old and young, were lying side by side, the moss-grown marble telling of age, and death, and merit. Governors and subjects, the rich and the poor, all were there, crowding each other for more room, for the burial ground is full. I saw the grave of young Joseph H. Adams, the descendant of a line of President's—a Lieutenant of the Powhattan, who died in 1853, and many more from the same expedition buried by their comrades. Gray would never have written an elegy here—his eloquence would have chilled in the ink—the atmosphere is so damp.

I was glad to get away, and the next morning we again passed the Bogue fort, where the old Admiral of the Chinese fleet boldly met his death, as the British shot rang through the war junks in 1841. Lin first, and Kishen afterwards gave the

orders of the Emperor; but it did no good, for China was not a match for Victoria's navy. Once more steaming up the Bocca tigris, where more forts pointed cannon at us, and leaving Whampoa behind, we are again on the naval battle field, opposite the factory gardens. A few days in Canton, looking over that huge pile of fanatical worship and Bouze priests, the Honan temple, with its half a hundred statues, emblematic of virtue and of vice—its sacred josses and its sacred pigs—I don't know which appeared the fattest—a few days more in Canton hospitality, and excursions to the celebrated private gardens of the Hong merchants, Houqua, Puntinqua, Sequa and several others. But it was the Chinaman's new year, and all was still; every shop closed, and all dressed in holiday garb to call upon his neighbor, and be called upon in return. Fire crackers, cannon, gongs, bells and tom-toms, driving one crazy at all hours of the day and night—a never ceasing Bedlam, it was so noisy. Purchasing quite a collection of amoy bracelets, beautiful sandal-wood fans and card cases, writing desks and ornaments of ivory, and Chinese presents innumerable for friends at home, again I bid good bye to Canton, the seat of foreign commerce for over a century.

But I have written of Canton before, and you don't want to hear the story again. I got out at Whampoa to take the steamer Thistle into Hong Kong as she came down in the evening, but unfortunately for us there was no "down" on the thistle, and we had to go back to Canton in a sampan, to take the early morning boat. However, I saw the harbors of Canton and Whampoa, and was satisfied. Here all the clippers load, and if repairs are wanted, Messrs. Cooper's dock will accommodate the largest clipper afloat. Other docks are also being finished, and two or three steamboats are on the stocks, but the

machinery comes from home or England. I am pleased to see so much go-ahead-ativeness, for the docks are really deserving of every credit. Another grave-yard—good God, what a place—worse than Macao! Why, Macao is a Mount Auburn in comparison. A little square patch of stingy soil on a bleak and dismal hill that owns but a single tree—flat tombs, no enclosures, not even a fence round the burial place. One solitary monument points to the final home of our Minister, Alexander Everett, who, in 1847, was buried by those who loved him while living, and honor his memory. Young Walker, of New York, a graduate of the University and classmate of my companion Gray, captains of American ships, and missionaries from both England and the States, masters and mates, cooks and sailors, and in one deep grave a solitary row of six graves, whose marble tops gives the names of six young Englishmen, who were killed in 1847, at Wong-chu-kee, by the Chinamen; their bodies were found mutilated, but none knew the why and wherefore of their death; all side by side in an unenclosed, uninviting, inhospitable pasture, surrounded by the paddy fields, that crowd fairly on to the white man's grave. The descendants of Alfred and the sons of Confucius are sleeping their long sleep on the barren side of the French Island, that does not even boast of a landing place to the cemetery. The marble stones are black with rust already, and no old mortality to re-letter the names. A few more years the buffalo and the primitive plough will make a small addition to the rice field paddock. Shame on the foreigners of Canton for such neglect! Can no better place be provided?—for it is a dismal abode for the last resting place of man. Should I die on this foreign shore, throw me overboard—do anything but bury me at Whampoa.

Late at night we reached Hong Kong, where your correspondent found a pamphlet, published by the Melbourne pilots, which has just come up from Australia, and which calls Young America anything but a gentlemen, for endeavoring through the Chamber of Commerce, to reduce the exorbitant port charges of Port Philip. All right—nothing like opposition to help a man along the rough paths of life. Ye poor benighted men I accept your apology.

Small pox at Manilla, and no ship going over, so I must wait a more opportune time to see the splendid capital of the East. I am disappointed, for I wanted to go there and see something of Spanish manners and Spanish life, and look at the sugar and rice plantations, and the Spanish girls as they make the *cheroots*, and the rope walk—the enterprise of a fellow countrymen, a friend of mine, from Salem; but I must give it up, and lose the companionship even of my late traveling companion, a partner in the leading American house there—a jolly good fellow. My regrets go with him. But Manilla, I expect, will keep for a few years longer, and then we'll become acquainted.

Hong Kong is as busy as ever, ships arriving and ships departing, and I have been so fortunate as to get a passage to Calcutta in the clipper steamer Fiery Cross—Jardine's opium despatch boat—which goes through to Calcutta, stopping at Singapore, in less than a fortnight, and all for $264. On the 30th of December I landed in China, and now, on the 14th of February, I leave it again behind me, having spent six weeks of restless activity at Shanghae, Fouchow, Canton, Macao and Hong Kong, from all of which ports I have sent you the impressions of a fresh man in China. On my passage down you must pardon me for taxing you with a concluding chapter on China and its people, which I shall mail at Calcutta.

CHAPTER XV.

On Board Steam Ship Fiery Cross.
Bound from Singapore to Calcutta.
February 22, 1856.

Books in China—Discordancy of Views in Relation to its Religious Future—History of the Opium Trade—Noble Declaration of the Emperor—Interesting Statistics of the Trade—A Practical Subject for English Philanthropy—Precept and Practice, &c.

I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Thomas Taylor Meadows, but his 250 paged book on China, published in 1847, was one of the first works that fell in my way while reading upon the Celestials, and a more unsatisfactory volume, after such a flourish of trumpets in the preface, I have not found among the numerous writers on the country. One of the positions which he takes is, that no man has a right to print his views of a country unless he thoroughly understands its language. And hence he gives us a dry dissertation on the pronunciation of words as uninteresting to the body of readers as it is egotistical. Now, I must admit that I have never given that attention to the study of the Chinese language that I have to my commission account, and having been only six weeks among the people will of course be pardoned for losing myself in the confusion of dialects; yet I have, nevertheless, exercised the privilege of a tourist who prefers a railway carriage to a

stage coach, and who, while he does not hesitate to give his opinions regarding other's writings, asks no favor for his own.

Were I to stop in China as many years as I have days, I doubt whether I should distract my mind by placing these uncouth characters in my memory ; and yet, for the purposes of commerce and literature, it is a praiseworthy study for those who have the taste and time to devote to it. I only speak of my own fancy ; and being desirious to sum up, in a concluding note, the substance of what I have said to you from every port I have visited—a retrospective look, as well as to touch on passing events, and what may happen before three-quarters of the century has gone, Mr. Meadow's admonition would have stopped me, did I not feel in relation to my views as the old lady did of her children, that they were very homely, to be sure, but they are mine.

Roaming about from port to port and place to place, as I have been, since my departure from the golden lands of Australia, trying to add another chapter to my little stock of knowledge, I make a practice of reading the several publications regarding the country I may be in, so that I may fix more forcibly in my memory many things that one's eye sight fails to discover. Hence, everything written on China that was in my reach I have hastily run over, and form my opinion on what I read as well as what I see ; but it so happens that the more I read the more I get confused, and the more I converse on the subject in question, the less I seem to know ; for the clashing of opinions and statements in the books are almost as confusing as the contradictory assertions of a dinner table inquiry. On minor things, most of the able writers agree, but on many important points they widely differ. Take the missionary cause—one man argues of the good that has been ac-

complished ; another opposes the argument, and asks for facts instead of assertion. One writer will enter into a lengthy essay to prove that Tai-ping-wang, the rebel chief, is a Christian, while his friend labors equally hard to show why he calls him the pirate leader of the age. The Bishop of Victoria, in an able article in the Calcutta *Review*, discoursed most enthusiastically, in 1853, regarding the nature of the present rebellions—traces their origin, tracks their progress, and jumps at the result—while he points out as inevitable the overthrow of the Mantchou Tartar dynasty, and the consequent universal introduction of the Christian religion throughout the empire of the Celestials. Dr. Parker, our Commissioner, and most of the missionary talent of the several ports endorsed these views ; while the merchants, the editors of the China journals, the officials (save Sir John Bowring and a few more) crossed swords in the argument, pointing out the difference between robbers and the Divine influence.

The same contrast may be seen in discussing the opium trade. The missionary writers see the certain destruction of the Asiatic races in the increasing consumption of this Indian poison—and that their Christain labors are fruitless—their exertions fall to the ground, so long as the drug is smuggled into the country. Oftentimes say they, and certainly with some degree of logic, we are asked by the more intelligent of the Chinese, "why do you not use your influence with your own countrymen to observe our laws, instead of daily breaking them, and first stop your people from bringing that which ruins us to our shores, before you come among us to change our hereditary institutions for your strange doctrines ?" Certainly a most unanswerable fact. The merchants, on the other hand, most of whom directly or indirectly are engaged in the profits of the drug, shield

themselves by the gin palace argument, if we do not carry on the trade, the Chinamen and Americans will. Even now, say they, the best part of it has gone into the hands of the Parsees, who living economically, and doing business for nothing, are taking our bread from our mouths. And, again, if we did not bring it from India, the Chinamen having once got a taste of it, will produce it, as they are now doing, in their own country. Once more, the evil, they are afraid, is greatly exaggerated—even the missionaries themselves are at loggerheads. Look at the seven letters on the opium trade, published in the British *Banner*, last May, under the signature of a "Friend of China," where they assert that there are now some fifteen millions of opium smokers, and at least a million souls annually added to the fearful list, while Medhurst, an able writer, in an elaborate treatise on the subject, in the Shanghae almanac of last year, says, that two to three millions, at the most, indulge in opium and he supports his position by figures. The latter writer has the support of the merchants, and they consider his views a fair exposition of the question. Dr. Medhurst is one of the oldest of the London Mission Society, and being a man of unmistakable talent, I can but think that his statement is the correct one, more especially as it is worked out with such collateral proof.

While on this question, there can be no harm in briefly tracing the history of the opium trade, from the notes which I have made from the several authors. The first opium which the Chinese got a taste of was introduced by Col. Watson and Vice President Wheeler, from Bengal, about the year 1700. These gentlemen, then, may be considered the fathers of the immense trade which forms nearly one-half of the entire foreign commerce of China. During the next half century the import did not

exceed 200 chests of a picul each, but in the year 1767—in Lord Chatham's day—it reached 1,000 chests, the Portuguese having the trade entirely to themselves, at the then flourishing port of Macao. Six years later, that indefatigable body of merchants, the East India Company started their first venture, and owned the first receiving ship near Cumsingmoon. The treasury of the company was at Canton, and the proceeds of the armed ship sent out from Bengal in 1781, entirely laden with opium, was passed to the credit of that government. The first receiving ship at Whampoa was about the period of Lord McCartney's embassy to Pekin, 1794, and then the Chinamen began to enact prohibitory laws, for previous to the commencement of the present century it was admitted at the China Custom House as a medical drug, under a duty equal to six cents per pound. The import increased gradually, and at that time (1800) amounted to 2,000 chests; which so alarmed the Imperial government, a stopper was at once put on in the shape of its entire prohibition as an article of sale or import, and no man under penalty of death was allowed to cultivate the poppy in his Majesty's dominion. These laws have not been repealed, but the government has never been able to execute them.

In 1809 the Hong merchants gave security that no opium should be brought; but notwithstanding these precautions some 5,000 chests found their way through Macao and Whampoa, in 1820; and the next year the Governor of Canton was discharged in disgrace for remissness of duty; more stringent acts obliged the merchants to resort to all the dodges of the smuggler, bribery, arms and secresy. Money was paid the merchant at his counting house, and the Chinese purchaser, with boats armed to the teeth, got the needful from out of the storeships in the night time. Then came the age of opium clippers and

romantic adventures—the time of great risks for great profits. About the time of Louis Phillip's debut on the French throne, other edicts were proclaimed year after year, stronger and stronger, 1831, 1832, and again in 1834 the Imperial Cabinet then drew forth their proclamations against foreigners for bringing it, and Chinese for using that which was undermining all their happiness ; and yet in the face of all this the import had so multiplied, that in 1836, 35,000 chests were sold in China. We have now reached the period of one of the most remarkable events of its history. The exciting discussion among the chief governors and ministers of the Empire, comprising the most talented statesmen of the land, for and against its being a legalized trade ; but its opponents were too strong for those who recommended it, and the former came off victorious, while many of the latter were disgraced by the Emperor for expressing such opinions.

At once measures were taken more decided than anything before, even to the execution of those who were engaged in smuggling. Foreign merchants engaged in the traffic were notified from government to leave the country. In 1848 a Chinaman was beheaded at Macao, and another towards the end of the year near the foreign residences at Canton, and shortly after another Chinaman was executed in the factory gardens—all for dealing in the drug. Some others inland had their lips cut off, and other cruelties were resorted to in order to stop the use of it in the kingdom, and yet all the while the opium merchants were still rolling in the drug. We are all of us more familiar with its history since then. Extraordinary powers were given to the celebrated Commissioner, Lin, who arrived in Canton in March, 1839. It is a short story ; Lin's energy—letters to foreign residents—bond from them in return,

swearing they would never again engage in it, which was never kept, the seizure of 23,283 chests and their destruction in twenty days, by lime and salt, nearly $10,000,000 in value. The protests of the merchants, the activity of the East India Company, the arrival of the British fleet—the prowess of the British army in the far famed opium war, where millions of Chinese were sent to meet their ancestors, and China opened up to foreign commerce by the treaty of Nankin, in 1842. This war to a certain extent settled the question, and the trade has gone on from 200 chests, in 1756, to 70,000 or 80,000 in 1856—from one million dollars then to forty million dollars now. But now there is little said about it in the Pekin *Gazette*, and the traffic still moves on. The late Emperor, when again asked to legalise the trade in 1844, made use of strong language in his remarkable reply—"Yes, I cannot prevent the introduction of the growing poison; gain seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.

Among the several writers who have taken up the subject, none seem to defend it; all unite in decrying it; for, morally, what can be said in its favor? When speaking of its evil effects, some of the literary Chinamen became most eloquent against it. None are more able to argue and strike the reason than the Chinese scholar. Read that wonderful letter of that Jacobin Robespierre—the statesman Lin—when writing to the Queen, in which he says: "To seek one's own advantages by others injury is abhorrent to man's nature, and opposed to the ways of Heaven," and using many arguments, the language of which Webster or Burke would not have blushed at. It would be amusing, were it not so sad, to read the opinions of some of

the Goughs and Hawkins who lecture on the effects of the drug. Let me copy a pithy paragraph from a letter of February 1854, from statements made by King-Shan, a distinguished scholar of Nankin, in 1836 :—

At first, the smokers of opium merely wish to follow the fashion of the day, but in the sequel the poison takes effect, the habit becomes fixed, the sleeping smokers are all like corpses—lean and haggard as demons. Such are the injuries it does to life. It throws whole families into ruin, dissipates every kind of property and destroys man himself. There cannot be a greater evil than this. In comparison with arsenic I pronounce it tenfold the greater poison, for those who smoke the drug are injured in many ways. It exhausts the animal spirits, hence the youth who smoke shorten their days ; and those in middle age will hasten the termination of their years. It impedes the regular performance of business—it wastes the flesh and blood—flesh is gradually worn away and consumed from the robust who smoke, and their skin hangs down like bags. The faces of the weak who smoke are black and cadaverous, and their bones are naked as billets of wood. It renders the person ill favored, mucus flows from their nostrils and tears from their eyes—their very bodies are putrid and rotten. It promotes obscenity, it discovers secrets, it violates laws, it attacks the vitals, it destroys life—when he has pawned all else for opium he will pawn his wife and sell his daughter.

Powerful language. He even beats Pollok when describing pleasure. This position, I imagine, only describes the delirium tremens of the day. Where man sells his bones to the doctor and his soul to the devil ; another of their learned men says, that the first effect is not felt, but after a little—

The constitution gives way, the interior gradually decays,

thousands of worms and maggots gnaw the intestines; their faces become discolored, their teeth black, their appearance like charcoal, their shoulders rise to their ears, their necks slink in, their throats protrude, and their whole frame is hateful as that of a ghost or devil; and, in fine, they continue to buy their bane until death overtakes them in the act of taking one more puff.

I have introduced these two paragraphs to show the style of composition, and what arguments were laid before the Emperor, when the discussion was at its height. No wonder the old man stood unnerved at the appeal, for he had lost a son—a favorite boy—who smoked himself to death. If he could not keep it out of the Imperial palace, it certainly would be difficult to shut it out of the gates of the empire.

The drain of silver from the nation during the last thirty years, had there been no teas, or silk in return, would have been some six hundred millions of dollars!

In a memorial to the Emperor, the Chinese show the annual drain from the Imperial treasury, to have been from

1829 to 1831	$24,000,000
1831 to 1834	28,000,000
1834 to 1838	40,000,000

and even if the former was exaggerated, statistics show that the latter average is about the annual outlay at the present time. The question of whether China could have taken more cottons and imports from England or ourselves had they not expended so much for opium, is problematical.

From what I can see you might as well keep back the waves of the sea (which Sydney Smith, when he first introduced that amiable lady, Dame Partington, to the world, failed to do,) as to stop the use of opium. When segars are abolished

and tobacco in any form is not used as a stimulant—when intoxicating beverages are swept from the races of the earth—when slavery is no more and the world as pure as when created, the opium trade, foreign and domestic, may prove abortive; but until then I doubt if all the books which are published, arguments which are advanced, and laws which are enacted, will be the means of keeping opium out of China. The natives have got a taste for it; and if they cannot get it from India, they can cultivate it in any quantity in their own empire. Some confidently assert that even now they produce some 40,000 chests per year; and as the love of it increases, in spite of the government, they will continue to raise it or import it from those who do. The East India Company have the credit of all the iniquity, but so long as they continue to derive $18,000,000 revenue per annum, what do they care for newspaper squibs and Buncom editorials? But China does not take it fast enough, for even now they have and are establishing retail shops over the Singapore part of the Indian Empire, and the beautiful rice fields and fertile lands of Hindostan must give way for the growth of the poppy, after sufficient have been left for the food of the nation. As a question of broad and liberal philanthropy England once expended some $100,000,000 in abolishing West Indian slavery. I wonder if her benevolence will ever reach the East Indian Continent? Parliament may consider it. We will wait a little longer.

In a letter from Singapore I think I alluded to the rather startling fact that almost the whole revenue of that island of the company's was derived from the sale of the license to the opium farmers—some $200,000. Take the traffic away from the commerce of China, and some of those beautiful palaces where the merchant so hospitably entertains the stranger, would

have to close their doors. Even now the trade is not what it was; fortunes are not made in one successful operation, as years ago. Then, most every roll was a strike; but of late years it is difficult to get a spare. There's no use of abusing those who deal in it; you may as well black-ball the rumseller. There's not so much difference as one may imagine. Holland gin, on the North American Indian, or Patna or Malwa on the Asiatic—each carries destruction with excess. If you blame one, blame all—and don't save your correspondent, for his first foreign venture was a shipment of four tins of the precious stuff in the old ship Eliza Warwick to China, in 1846, an invoice of sixty dollars squeezed out of a clerkship salary in a Boston firm, and if those who now trade in it are not more successful than I was, they will never make their fortunes, for it almost made me bankrupt, besides getting a severe rebuke from my commander-in-chief for indulging at my early time of life in the opium trade! I think it only justice to state that the shipment would have been more successful had not the drug entirely evaporated before it reached Canton.

CHAPTER XVI.

On Board Steamship Fiery Cross,
From Singapore to Calcutta, Feb. 24, 1856.

The Philosophy of Chinese History—The Lessons which it Teaches—Secret Political Societies in the Celestial Empire—Their Objects and Influence—The War of Great Britain with China—Its Benefits to the Commerce of the World—Origin of the Present Rebellion—Its True Causes Explained—Christianity Not its Mainspring, as is Erroneously Supposed—Comparison between the Romish and Protestant Missionaries—Resemblance between the Romish and Bhudhist Forms of Worship—Extraordinary Spread of Education amongst the Chinese Population—National Characteristics, &c., &c.

Four hundred millions of human beings, whose ancestral history shows civilization before the Western world—whose wonderful country reaches some three thousand miles from north to south, and two thousand miles from east to west, covering the broad expanse of some five or six millions of square miles, of mountain ranges, and fertile valleys, lakes and rivers—the immensity of which is a source of astonishment to all who make the inquiry; whose religion is older than the Pope or the Protestant's Bible, coming down from ages before Bhudah, (the traditionary prince who knew every language, whose virgin wife possessed thirty-two virtues, and lived a thousand years before our Saviour's time) though Confucius, that wonderful scholar, moralist and divine, whose light commenced to shine some six

centuries before the Christian's era, and whose doctrines have found their way into more temples, households and hearts than any other sage or imposter that ever wrote a composition, not forgetting Mahomet, through Mencius a young man when Confucius was getting gray, whose strange habits and manners are taught the rising generation of the West, in their earliest lesson at school—whose enormous productions of teas and silks, of porcelain and of ivory, of cotton, of rice, and of articles of ornament and luxury, more than sufficient for their own wants, have done so much of late years—the former two particularly—for Anglo-Saxon and European commerce—I say that such a wonderful race, equal to nearly one-half the population of the world, governed by one head, and governed far better than some modern nations, scattered over a country whose magnificent public works startle the beholder into admiration for their very magnitude, may well prove the subject of the deepest contemplation.

Any one who has been even at the outer gate of such an immense Empire—termed, in the flowery language of the people, that of the "Ten Thousand Kingdoms, and of the Four Seas under the Heavens" and lived and moved, even for a short time, with them and among them, and visited some of their chief sea coast cities, will have food for much reflection. The geographical picture book of the primary school makes one familiar with the mammoth border wall, now twenty centuries old—which, however, was no more credit to the Chinese conqueror of the border races than the grand canal—that celebrated work made by millions of men, and costing millions of dollars—the great national highway of the Middle Kingdom, was creditable to its originator and the Mongol monarch who completed it. Each astonish, both captivate the mind, for their

very greatness. A thousand years ago our own ancestors, before Alfred, could not boast such civilization as the natives of Asiatic China. Even in the thirteenth century feudal England and enlightened Europe laughed at the glaring statements of the great merchant navigator, Marco Polo, when he returned from his long residence in the imperial dominions; and even later the same wise men would not give credence to the wild stories of the sailor son of the great Venetian discoverer.

This was an important time in the history of the nation, for it was about the commencement of the Ming dynasty, which for three centuries—from 1368 to 1644—enriched the Empire with those great sea walls, so massive and so strong; and canals, whose utility is still acknowledged; and bridges of solid masonry, and other extensive public works, which have been so instrumental in developing the prolific resources of the kingdom. Pagodas on the hill side, towering over forest trees, and more often on the mountain's summit; temples of rich and elaborate workmanship, and Bhudhist monasteries, that tell of long years of patient toil—all were constructed during this reign.

But it is a mistake to imagine that, politically, during the prosperous Era, all was quiet; for China, from the first, has signally been convulsed with internal revolution. Between the years 420 (says Huc, in his interesting account of his tour through the heart of the Empire), when Gaul was entered by the Franks, and 1644, the year of the Tartar conquest, the age of the Fourteenth Louis, a period of some twelve hundred years, civil wars and ambitious statesmen changed the reigning dynasty fifteen separate times; but France all the while had only changed but twice, says the French writer. Before the war western nations knew but little and cared less what took place from day to day, and hence few thought of the fearful

political storm, during the period above mentioned, that occasionally swept through the country ; but in 1644 the boldness and skill of the nomadic tribes—although the odds were so much against them—gave the Tartars China, for they crossed the walls, conquered the celestial army, with the help, most likely, of some of its own officers, took the country, and made Pekin one of the chief cities of the place—after Nankin, the capital of the Empire. This was an age of commerce and of change. England was hard at work in India ; Holland was overrunning the native princes of the Indian Archipelago ; the Portuguese were getting a foothold in Macao ; the Spanish were introducing their iron rule to the islanders on the Philippine ; and the Pilgrims, were slowly driving the aboriginal American further inland ; while Tartary was conquering China. They succeeded, and the long tail and shaven head, which the modern Chinamen is so fond of, is only a badge of servitude—the emblem of the Mantchow monarch to show a conquered race.

In 1644, the Tartars overthrew the existing monarch, and in spite of all opposition Emperors have died, and their successors have filled their places ; cabinets have faded away and been replaced again ; revolutions have been made, and rebel leaders executed, and yet the Mantchows still hold the reins of government. Even the late king, Taou-Kwang, in 1850, was laid in his grave, and the present boy emperor was placed in the Imperial palace without the least political movement. But, nevertheless, secret societies increase in magnitude, and the most sacred oaths are taken to overthrow, when the opportunity occurs, the reigning dynasty ; and the cry of the political Chinaman, which is uppermost in his mind, but which he dare not express, is death to the Tartar. The Dragon, the Triad, and

other party societies are ever active for their respective leaders. Even at Singapore, they had to fight it out some eighteen months ago—a political squabble that ended in great loss of life—and had not the Europeans interfered, like the bloody fight between the Scottish clans in the "Fair Maid of Perth," they would have conquered each other or died.

Tracing, as I have done, a running history of the nation's politics, I should not have omitted the period of the English war, or, as the Chinese term it, that of the Southern Barbarians, or the Red Headed Devils of the West. I have, however, introduced it into the opium chapter of yesterday's letter, and only allude to it now to bring the connecting link down to the day of the rebel chief, who, with his half million of men and women, now occupies the very city where Sir Henry Pettinger so ably and satisfactorily concluded the treaty of 1842, which opened up the five ports to British commerce, and paved the way for Guizot, on the part of the French King, and Cushing for the American nation, in 1844, to negotiate similar treaties on behalf of their respective governments.

The opium question—the treatment of the British merchants by Lin, and the exclusive measures of the Chinese government, occasioned remonstrances first, and then action ; and the boldness of the assault was only outdone by its success. The rapidity of the battles might well astonish so slow a people as the Chinese ; and when one foothold after another surrendered, the imperial monarch began to grow pale, and think of his personal safety—one following the other in rapid succession—Amoy and Chusan towards the close of 1841, and Ningpo and Ching-hae in March, Chapoo, Woosung, Shanghae and Chin Kiangfoo, shortly after in 1842—all fell before the British forces, startling the whole Chinese nation from its opiatic slumbers, and weakening

at every victory the Tartar's power—no wonder the Mantchow King gave hasty instructions to his trusty statesmen, Keying and Peipo, to stop the ravages of the unconquerable barbarians, and make a treaty, no matter what the terms ; language widely different from the haughty despatches which the same monarch gave to Kishan and Lin a few years only before. No wonder that he mistrusted his power and trembled for his throne—no wonder that he had made arrangements to flee into his tributary deserts in Manchowia, for to all appearances the war strife of the British would shortly knock down all the cities in the kingdom. I believe at this time so frightened was the government that the English nation could have made any regulations they chose—Ministers at Pekin, all ports opened, foreigners naturalized, and free trade and free access throughout the territory. But as it was, England was satisfied. She copied from Napoleon, and made the conquered nation pay the expenses for getting whipped—$21,000,000 from the imperial cash box—the full opening of the cinque ports, and England was satisfied ; and America may thank her stars that she has had the chance of enjoying the same advantages without doing any of the hard and dirty work. The signing of the treaty of Nankin relieved the Tartar monarch of his fears, but greatly reduced the respect with which the Chinese had always held him. In every possible way the extent of the conquest was kept from the body of the people, as can be seen by a reference to the file of the Pekin *Gazette*—a daily publication—to see how grossly facts were misrepresented. Huc says he frequently met with those who would ask for the Southern barbarians that the Emperor had so soundly beaten. Such a thing as reform is hardly known in Chinese history—unless I may mention the movement of that highly accomplished lady who some fifteen or twenty

years ago rose, on account of her personal attractions and talented mind, to the head of the kingdom as the consort of the Emperor. But her life was as brief as it was good; envy at her rising fame brought snares around her path, and slander and neglect broke her heart, and a whole nation mourned her great loss. Many supposed that the death of the late Emperor would occasion revolution and bloodshed regarding the succession—but it seems that the Mantchou child of the Tartar concubine wears the regal honors in the presence of the Cabinet who govern the nation, while the young Emperor is undermining his constitution in the fatal dissipation of the opium pipe and the harem—a short but a merry life—and then another change. It is next to impossible to say what effect the late rebellions have had upon the government, for the articles in the *Gazette* only lead the reader astray.

Tai-ping-wang still holds the Southern capital, and no Imperial army has yet been able to dislodge him. He rules with military discipline—no opium allowed—no tobacco can be smoked, and, what is most remarkable, and I should suppose would be most unpopular and somewhat doubtful, no intercourse is allowed between the sexes. A Chinese Hong merchant who has just come down from Nankin says the imperial troops, in most disorderly masses are encamped about the city, but like the allies before Sebastopol, the siege already has lasted some two years, and no surrender from the rebel chief. The Chinaman above referred to says that the rebels can grow all the rice they may require for support, and as for starving them out, it is out of the question. At one time the rapid movements of the several leaders led thinking men to suppose a change of dynasty. Amoy first turned to the revolutionists, May 18, 1853, but the government troops retook it again in November, since

which all has been quiet. Again, September 7, 1853, Shanghae was captured, and held for eighteen months, but then it had to give way to the Imperial army in February, 1855. At Canton, June 1854, the insurrectionists did not succeed; but Nankin fell the previous year, in March, and is still held by the rebel army. Those few cities enumerate the most prominent points of action, but several small inland towns and cities have been taken, ransomed, and given up again, only to be retaken once more. Every mail from China during the past two years was expected to carry the downfall of the Tartars, but they are still in power; and although they have not been able to take Nankin, their forces are continually increasing, and one or the other must soon give way.

It is most amusing to note the clashing opinions of the merchants and missionaries of China and the journalists and reviewers of the West, since the commencement of the revolution. The missionaries saw the handiwork of God, and their arduous labors fairly crowned with the approaching success. Religion was the motive power, and many of the clever writers traced the origin of the rebellion from Tai-ping-wang, who was a student of the missionary Roberts, in 1833. Some of the merchants agreed, but more of them had no faith in the Christianity of the troubles. It was no general insurrection, and they —each chief at each place—acted on his own responsibility, and was actuated only by the hope of plunder, or rising fame on the waves of revolution. One of the leading chieftains was known to have been a horse boy of bad character, of one of the merchants of Shanghae, and the other's history could not be traced to any good. The movement at Shanghae was entirely distinct from that one hundred and fifty miles up the Yang-tze Kang, at Nankin, while that at Amoy was not the

same as that at Canton. Robbery and piracy were fast creating new men, and the government could not concentrate forces fast enough to put down the disturbers of the peace. The attack of the foreigners at Shanghae, where Gray was wounded and Captain Pearson killed, was, it will be remembered, on the imperial, not the rebel camp, showing the belief that the latter was the stronger. Then none knew how the battles would turn, and the foreigners, influenced only by trade and personal safety, were desirous of taking the popular side. Now they see their error, although many still hold that all was for the best; for had they not stopped the advances of the Tartar troops, no one would have been safe in the settlement. I have said that most of the missionaries believed that it was only the ripening of the missionary fruit; and even now there are few of them that will endorse the position which I have taken, that naught but the love of piracy and the excitement of the mob influenced the insurrectionists. It is true that one or two of their leaders gave out religion as the cause; but is there anything in that but Chinese diplomacy? They thought that such a banner would help them, and with the cunning of the race they hoisted it. But Tai-ping-wang, it is known, is hostile to all foreigners, and the actions of the rebels, now show that Christianity was only called in as an ally. God forbid that I should in any way detract one jot or tittle from the hard labors of the mission; many of its followers are good and honest men, depriving themselves of home comforts, and living in a foreign country, for conscience sake—some with fortunes before they went there; Miss Aldersy, at Ningpo, for instance, whose Christian labors Martin has so gracefully alluded to, and others not so wealthy, but who are influenced by the same motives of doing good to their fellow man. But, thus far, what has been done? The

seed may have been planted, but is it not time to see some of the fruit? Our habits, our manners, our belief, our actions confuse them. One sells opium, another says it must not be used—one talks dollars, while the other holds the Bible—although so far so little encouragement has been given them in making converts, it does not follow that many of the missionaries are not influenced by the most noble motives—but I cannot feel that the wedge has even been inserted. Christianize the higher classes—the mandarins and the government first—and then you may have hopes for the people; as it is, none but the poorest classes have been willing to listen, and there are few of them that will not be a Christian for fifty cents, baptized in any creed, and a member of any sect. Money has more effect with them than tracts; and if such is the case, the evangelization of the Chinese will depend upon the contribution boxes at home. The moment you think you have made a convert, the man may be robbing your cash box.

I believe there are some eighty or ninety foreign ministers scattered along the eight hundred miles of coast—but none inland—belonging to the Protestant faith. The Church of Rome displays the most industry, and in early years made rapid progress; and at one time they counted a million converts. The Catholic missionary completely shuts himself from the outer world, and in his dress, mode of living, manners and language becomes a Chinaman. I saw one with the tail and costume. Huc and Gebeth both dressed in the same style—the former spoke Chinese and Mongol court language, and some of the Tarter dialect. Most of the Catholics are men of classical education, and of distinguished families, live on small salaries, and are noted for their quiet, unassuming lives. It is said that their comparative success was in the strong resemblance of the

Bhudhist and Romish forms of worship. I noticed this resemblance in some of the temples. Christianity, I believe, was introduced to the Celestials somewhere about the sixth, seventh and eight centuries, by the Catholics and the Nestorians ; but it was a few hundred years later—some five hundred years since —the age of the Crusades—that Scott has impressed upon the memory in the Talisman—which brought Asia and Europe nearer together, and Pope Innocent the Fourth, in the thirteenth, and Pope Clement the Fifth, in the fourteenth century, sent their ministers to China. This was the time that Clement established in the Ming dynasty an archbishoprick at Pekin, and the Chinese were rolling in luxury and in ease. Each century saw other changes—more priests left under succeeding Popes—and in the sixteenth century how surprised the Catholic ministers must have been to leave Bedlam for Paradise ! for certainly the civilization of China, when at its acme of fame, was a vast change from feudal Europe, broken to pieces by convulsion and revolution. Father Ricci at this period was preaching the faith in the north of China, while Xavier was expounding his doctrines to the astonished natives in the interior of Japan, and towards the end of this century the Jesuits from France were at the height of their fame at Pekin. Huc, in his first work—Travels in Thibet, Tartary and China, in '44, '45 and '46—has spoken at length of the Mongol and Tartar religion, and says that the Jesuits lost their power in 1799, the year of Washington's death —when Kia-King, the fifth monarch of the Mantchow dynasty, drove them from the capital, and cut down their power. The Emperor saw them going ahead too fast, and when they made the sad mistake, at Rome, of making the Pope a higher sovereign than the King, the Jesuits' progress was on the wane. This trifling point given up, all would have been well. France

has always devoted some of her time to Chinese literature; and I suppose more can be found regarding the early history of China in the French libraries than in any other place. But the writers then differed almost as much as now. Voltaire and Montesquieu were at swords' points; one called it a paradise, while the latter saw only a prison. But I am wandering from my text; from speaking of the rebellion I have gone to the missionary; but as they have been both associated latterly, I may be pardoned for dwelling a few moments on the one while sketching the progress of the other.

I have given my reasons for believing that the late insurrection was entirely foreign from the Christain's labors; but, as I have said, few of the members of the mission will agree with me. However my opinion, goes for what it is worth. Read Mac-Dowal's and Meadows' correspondence in the *Times*, last year, if you wish to see different views. The one argues directly against the other; but neither conclusively. Depend upon it, the Tsing dynasty came much nearer being overthrown with the English war than by the late movement; for the one had power, the other only told of weakness.

It is utterly impossible to say what a day may bring forth. Here, as in Europe, a change may come in the night time. China may remain stationary for a year or two, or longer, and then, *mirabile dictu*, all is in commotion again. As Europe was in the middle ages, so is China now—just upon the eve of some wonderful moral and political change. Feudal Europe held back for a long time from civilization, from the arts, literature and commerce. So it is now with China. Foreign influence must work out the country's destiny. What is wanted is the united action of several nations—an allied fleet to wake them from their lethargic slumbers.

I have shown in running my eye through the page of history that the revolution of 1853 is nothing at all unusual—periodical storms of insurrections have and will continue to spread the Jacobin system throughout the empire; the same restless democratic spirit that is working at the vitals of European monarchism in a different form, is eating at the roots of the Tartar's throne. I can imagine nothing more terrible than the breaking up into petty governments of such a mighty people. Better be as they are than in the hands of native princes, each striving for the other's life. Moral corruption corroding a civilized nation is sad to contemplate. A Chinese Mahomet and Pretender's doctrine blinds a nation's mind. They are a strange people. Filial piety and family ties are the root of their education. Like all races, they have rich and poor, vice and virtue, comfort and misery. Centralization, in a word, is their government, like that once executed by Rosas—in some respects absolute, not despotic. Take into consideration its extent of empire and population, no nation is better governed. It is true that bribery, from the Imperial Palace down to the lowest mandarin, is acknowledged; and often poverty and destitution usurp the place of morality and arts. The doctrine of Confucius, that ceremony is the symbol of virtue, is strictly observed, which may account for their classic politeness. Strip them of the official dress and you find them free and easy. Urbanity is a national trait—Chinese writers to the contrary notwithstanding. They are great readers. Every Chinaman, almost, no matter how poor, can read and write, even those who live in the millions of floating dwellings on the lakes and rivers. The walls and fences and public places I found stuck over with proclamations, with eager readers crowding round. Instruction is diffused in every city, a teacher in every town, a school in every village. Literary honors, length of days, and male offspring is the Chinaman's wishful prayer.

The five sacred and four classic books are the bases of all science and arts and literature among them. The maxims and proverbs of Confucius are, many of them, beautiful. He has a monument in every city—a name as immortal as his code of morals. Martin gives many of his sayings, and has written, I think, the best work ever published on China. Next to it, I give preference to the Middle Kingdom, by Williams. Mencius was also a noted man. M. Abel Remusat eulogizes both sages. The works of these men are traced in all their writings. Their book is a digest of all knowledge. The twin pillars of Chinese society is strong attachment for ancient customs, and profound respect for authority. Money getting is a ruling passion, and gaming is carried to excess. They are a nation of merchants, of traders, of fishermen, and of farmers. Their language is ideas, not words. Their women are degraded, from the cradle to the grave, like the Indian squaw. The ovation at her wedding is a transitory pleasure. Sterility and infidelity are causes of divorce, while the birth of a female child oftimes brings the murder of the infant, and the self destruction of the mother. A nation of actors as well as cooks—like gipsies, they move in gangs. Time is their fulcrum, patience their lever. China is an immense library; that at Pekin has 20,000 volumes. Their Mandarins cringe to superiors but grind those below them—thieves and tyrants. The Chinese are not exclusive; it is the Tartars that shut the Empire's gate. Lynch law is not peculiar to America. The Chinamen has little genius, but can imitate anything; they never despond, but always try. Nothing original, and little taste, but the most indefatigable industry. Take them all in all they are a most wonderful race; and to end my chapter where I commenced it, China and its future offer food for deep contemplation. If my time allows, I shall say a word on commerce.

CHAPTER XVII.

Off China Coast, on Board Steamship Fiery Cross, bound to Calcutta, February. 27, 1856

Will American Trade with China Increase?—What the Continental Countries have Done—Their Commercial Intercourse with China and their Failures—Russia more Active—Intercourse with Siam—Novel Yankee Speculation—Anglo-Saxon Enterprise—How the Americans were Introduced to the Chinese—Trade Statistics of Canton—What the People Pay for Opium—Tea Freights—How "Young America" can get in—Missionary Influence—What American Steamships may do—What the People Want and what they can Return.

Will our commerce with China increase during the next ten years in the same ratio as it has during the past? I believe it will. Why should it not? What will prevent it? So far comparatively nothing has been accomplished. France has done little in China but to copy the English treaty. Her foreign trade in the East is not commensurate with her territory, her population or her energy. When the European agitation has subsided by conquest or ignoble peace on one side or the other—for I can hardly look for half-way measures—will not the head of the French throne turn his attention to the Imperial kingdom, where the fruit is all ready to be plucked? Louis Napoleon is restless and France wants foreign commerce—now is his time to open China.

Germany and the independent States have been more active in the two great staples, but the whole Continental commerce with the East is but a drop in the bucket. Holland threw up her cards centuries ago. Who can forget that singular embassy in 1856 to the Imperial city, where the Dutch Minister was announced with the crack of a long whip, ushered into the presence of Majesty and kicked out again in less than eight minutes. As a neutral power, her enterprising merchants may grasp some of the carrying trade, but aside from this little Holland is contented with her greater possessions in the Indian Archipelago.

Portugal has nothing but the Lorchas of Macao—Fernand D. Anderdu made the first treaty with the Viceroy of Canton, a few years after Columbus found a Western continent. This merchant captain in 1517, got his fleet of eight ships under way for China, and the Portuguese capture of some pirate junks so pleased the Emperor, that he gave them the sterile peninsula of Macao, which for three hundred years was the sole mart of European commerce. Portugal is commercially dead. Russia is more active. Before Peter's time she sent embassies to Pekin, and since the day of the Emperor shipbuilder she has kept up the connexion, made several treaties and grasped considerable territory. The treaty of 1728 still gives the Russians power, and with the secret policy of the two nations to stop inquiry, few can tell the extent of that inland traffic. The Russian supply of linens, cloths, velvets, soap, salt, hardware and many other articles must be immense; for it is a barter trade, they taking in return rice, silks and brick tea—a coarse, cheap article, made into the shape of a brick. Where population is so immense commerce must be of no little magnitude. Who can tell but what many of the manufactured goods that

Russia took from England in payment for her hemp, feathers, leather, &c., found their way overland to Mongol, Tartary and China? Even now the Russians have a college at the Chinese Capital, where ten scholars from St. Petersburg and Moscow are taught the court language of the Chinese, so as to act as interpreters and ambassadors. For a long time the Emperor's knowledge of what was passing in the European world was obtained from the Russians, who now possess the Amoor and much of its border lands. Although she may, however, obtain an increased inland traffic, her maritime commerce must be small until her policy is changed.

The native islanders in the China and Indian seas, tributary and otherwise, will continue to despatch their huge native craft between the several ports as heretofore, and the absence of statistics shuts out all knowledge of its extent, but it is known to be immense. Foreign ships are now being owned by Chinamen and Siamese, sailed by European captains. I have learned indirectly, but cannot indorse the report, that an arrangement has been made by an American merchant of Shanghae—who is now and has been some months the guest of his Majesty the King of Siam—to take that distinguished potentate into the aforesaid merchant's firm as a junior partner. If so, Mr. Consul General Harris will have to negotiate through a fellow countrymen. Mr. H., is now at Penang, waiting for the San Jacinto to usher him into the presence of the black king.

Spain is in her dotage, and will have all she wants to do to take care of Cuba and Philippines.

England and America, then, are left to revolutionize, commercialize and naturalize the Celestials. English pluck and American enterprise united, and what can stop the Anglo-Saxons' progress? Thus far comparatively nothing has been

accomplished in China. Fourteen years have passed since the war, and clipper ships have had their day of profitable freights.

One hundred millions of dollars is a small sum for Western merchants to invest in so extensive a country, and only five or six hundred Anglo Saxons, at the most, are scattered along the Chinese coast as commercial men. Queen Elizabeth first tried to introduce England to China about the time that Wm. Shakspere was writing himself immortal. In 1596 the virgin sovereign wrote her first diplomatic letter to the Emperor of China, in favor of her most enterprising subjects—Richard Allot and Thomas Bloomfield, merchants of London—but a storm turned the ship out of the track, and the letter never was delivered. In 1613 the East India Company first got a taste for China trade, and little by little increased their power and got the entire monopoly, which they held till 1834, when the trade was thrown open to all. Lord Napier's treatment, the destruction of opium, the war and peace, I have already spoken of. So much for England's progress in the trade. America in 1786 sent her first ship—a 350 ton vessel—and her neutrality during the twenty years' war turned the introduction to good account. That and the freighting of teas to Holland in Yankee vessels, during Napoleon's success, increased the extent of our commerce ; but in 1821 it was suddenly stopped by the accidental death of a China woman, by an American sailor dropping a pot on her head. Houqua, the well known Hong merchant, did his best to adjust the matter, but not till the man was given up and strangled outside the walls by the Chinese authorities was the trade resumed. The captains acting as supercargoes, bought teas directly from the Chinese sellers, and they and a few of the old merchants—Russell and others—had the cream of the trade, especially during the war.

Another misunderstanding occurred in 1844, by the American Consul erecting a vane on the top of his flag pole, which caused great excitement among the Chinese, and had to be taken down at once. This was the year in which the United States government sent the expensive embassy to China, and our present Attorney General, Mr. Cushing prepared the paper with judgment and care. The Chinese had previously promised Commodore Kearney, before the Nankin treaty was signed, that America should have the same concessions. England deserves credit for her liberality on this occasion. Other ministers have since been sent to China—Everett, McLane, Marshall and Rev. Dr. Parker—but little has been done to increase our trade or extend our commerce. Pekin has not been reached by any American. Lord McCartney, after submitting to insults unheard of, saw Pekin in 1794, and Davis tells of his afflictions in 1816. The embassy declined to knock their heads nine times against a stone post, and hence the Emperor declined to receive them, and in his letter to the King of England, says that he permitted them to leave without the severe punishment they deserved for their gross behavior. Some writer observes that "the British embassy at that time entered Pekin like beggars, remained there like prisoners, and were driven out like thieves."

The statistics on the Canton Chamber of Commerce show that in 1837 the commerce was entirely in favor of China. Great Britain imported some $16,000,000 more than she sent to China, and the United States had to pay China the same year some $4,300,000 over and above what she exported. Here, then, was some $20,000,000 a year balance of trade in China's favor, and so far as legitimate commerce was concerned, it continued in the same ratio for some fifteen years, until 1852;

but it must be remembered the important item of opium had been omitted, and hence instead of receiving $20,000,000, China had to pay about that amount into the always ready to receive coffers of the East India Company, for the privilege of poisoning her people.

During the last three years our clipper ships in spite of the revolution, have generally found here freight, for there is one thing I have long noticed, that no matter what the circulars say about the scarcity of teas, &c., there is usually just one cargo left. The China trade, instead of being concentrated in Canton as formerly, is scattered up and down the coast in the hands of many houses—so much for the past. The revolution you may almost say has come and gone, and the business of the country still rolls on—so much for the present. Now, what shall we say for the future? How is the trade to be enlarged? There is only one way, and that is by England and America pulling together when they talk over the renewal and alteration of the treaty, close at hand. Diplomacy by notes will do no good unless you have a frigate at your back—firmness and decision are wanted; and the question arises, are Sir John Bowring and Dr. Parker the men for the time? Are they the right ministers for the right places? There are many in China who think not. The missionary influence is not a popular one, and such men, they say, are apt to be led astray by Chinese diplomacy, and in discussing the treaty, too much philanthropy and humanity will spoil everything. Say to them, open your ports or take the consequences. 'Tis the only way to touch the subject. Work in unison, each endorse the other: call their attention to the late war, galling as it may be, and say to them that the day has arrived in the world's history when nations are in duty bound to open their gates and receive a minister at their capital.

Ask, I believe, and ye shall receive ; but you must put the matter in a way not to be misunderstood ; and rather than fight again the Tartar monarch will throw open the empire, as he did the outer gates in 1842. There is no other way. Try it, ye statesmen of the West.

The fact is, the Western nations think but precious little of China, any way. They drink the tea and use the silks, and sometimes read the newspaper intelligence, but aside from those interested in the personal welfare and in the business of the few foreigners out here, England and the United States care but little whether the country is opened up or not. Such being the case, enterprise, of course, is perfectly paralyzed ; not a yard of electric wire, not a foot of railway, not even a common marine telegraph at Hong Kong or any of the consular ports to tell you of the arrival of a ship ; most of the firms have a large spy glass, and the moment a sail heaves in sight, such is competition and the desire for something new, that a dozen telescopes are at once pointed at the new arrival, and clipper boats rest on their oars to receive the papers. Beautiful hongs or houses have been built, but on Chinese land, and some of the places have a race course, a bowling alley or billiard room, but, save a dry-dock or two at Whampoa or Shanghae, foreigners can boast few specimens of the enterprise of the age. Can this thing last ? Most certainly not. If the government don't act, individuals are sure to try a hand at it. One or two steamers are now on the stocks, and the owners are bound to see something of the inland rivers. Let us once get into the country and we are all right. Chinamen like our money, and those that are brought in contact with us make no objections. It is those in the interior, who have never seen us, who are the most hostile.

If nothing is done immediately the time is not far off when American steamers will be running up and down the canals and rivers, paying for themselves, to the delight of the Chinamen. When I notice the P. and O. steamers from Hong Kong to Shanghae crowded with Chinese passengers, when I see the boats on Canton river full of living freight, all Celestials, I can but think that a taste for such travel will increase; and once get our boats in the interior, and what a field for enterprise!

Imagine the steamboat traffic between such cities as Liverpool and London, New York and Boston, or perhaps better still in comparison, New Orleans and St. Louis, and then contemplate the populous towns of China, and the extent at which our machinery, our engineers, our enterprise would be employed! It is utterly impossible to reflect upon the complete change this would bring about. Why, all the machinists, all the steamboat men, all the Vanderbilts and the George Laws of the day could not supply the ravenous demand; and the same remark applies to many other notions. Let us once settle on some of the rivers and canals in the country, and look out for what follows. I have been informed by some of the leading merchants that raw silk can be taken to England, manufactured by British workmen, and brought back to China, underselling the Chinamen on their own ground, the same as England has done with our cottons, notwithstanding all our go-ahead-ativeness, cheap labor and capital, now too much for us; and if too much for us, China, has little chance. The same thing has been done in India; native staples have been made up in England, and after making the two long voyages, are resold again to the natives, showing the superiority of steam and genius over the simple workmanship of native races. China can give us silk in any quantity, and

when the world consumes more teas, those can be supplied *ad libitem.* Cotton comes in largely from Bombay. Cannot America one of these days find a market for the raw material, besides England and the Continent.

If so many cotton goods have been forced upon the Chinese on the seaboard in payment for teas and silks, what will be the trade by and by? The Chinese are emphatically a commercial people, and when they see an improvement they are not apt to let it go past them. Some of the merchants own European vessels—perhaps one of these years junks will be entirely superseded another important branch of trade. Cotton manufactures, and silk works also, must be introduced, and many other improvements. New fire arms, (this will not meet the views of the peace Congress) one of these days, will be wanted in any quantity. I can already see some of my friends laughing at me for my wild notions, and for writing upon a country after six weeks sojourn on the fence, looking, as it were, to the property beyond. But laughing or not, those who read these lines in China for your far reaching journal, is the only paper I ever see abroad will give me credit for asking as many questions in a given time as any other counting house tourist who has been among them. I can safely assure them that I have not lacked the means of gaining information from those more conversant with the country than myself, and must be pardoned for any egotism I may have displayed; but depend upon it, if the changes, political and commercial, which I have referred to here, are carried out—which they must in the course of human events inevitably be—then the vast and illimitable wealth of this wonderful country will be thrown open to the Western world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CALCUTTA, March 1, 1856.

Trip from Hong Kong to Calcutta—Scenes Along the Indian Coast—A Submarine Diver Operating in the East—Reminiscences of Japan—Value of the Perry Treaty—Arrival in the Hoogly River—Steam Competition Between India and China—Cost of the Voyages.

THE several envelopes mailed at Hong Kong and Singapore will have given you, some weeks since, the notes and observations which I made in passing through the China sea ports. The last letter was written coming down the China seas, and contained a *resumé* of the financial, political, social and commercial position of the Celestial kingdom, based upon what I had seen, heard and read during my few weeks sojourn there. On the 14th of February Jardine's opium clipper, the Fiery Cross, steamed out of Hong Kong harbor for Calcutta, stopping at Singapore on the way to coal, and everything is fair for a prosperous voyage. Only six passengers, and two of them New Yorkers, sight seeing, like myself, in the Eastern hemisphere; six passengers only, and a large cabin most comfortably arranged, and officers as obliging as they were competent in managing so beautiful a boat. At the start I looked for a pleasant voyage; but I must say, for once, I was fairly behind hand in my anticipations; for, although an old stager for a young man in the steam packets and sailing clippers of the

Western waters, I never remember of passing a more agreeable fortnight or of making a pleasanter trip.

In less than five days we were alongside the coal wharf at Singapore, and when again under way, two days later, we left the Straits of Singapore in the back ground, took a turn through the river harbor and passed out of the inner channel into the Straits of Malacca, where beautiful islands were dotted over the water, like emerald jewels in a casket, making everything look picturesque in nature.

The highlands of Penang overlooked the Indian sea for miles—we were some thirty distant—and the peaks were distinctly seen. I am sorry that our steamer goes on without a call, for all agree in the romantic scenery of this garden island. Taylor considers it the most beautiful gem of tropical beauty in the world, and he has traveled long and should be good authority. In the evening we saw a schooner with a light at the mast head, which, the captain told us, belonged to the great diver of England, who has been out here several months endeavoring to recover the large amount of treasure that sunk with the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer on her China voyage. He was at Sebastopol last, but now he is looking for higher game. It took him a long while to find the spot where the boat went down, and when found, his buoys and cable were lost in the fierce monsoon, and then he had to commence again. The company agree to give him half, but if he succeeds in raising the treasure, I fancy he will consider that it all belongs to him. Night and day the divers are at their work, and have now progressed so far as to find the door of the treasure vault, but the great impediment is the collection of oysters about the place, the sharp shells of which greatly endanger the life of the diver by cutting through his India rubber dress. He

is most sanguine of success, and there are many that would be glad to pay all bills of schooner, buoys, cables, and provisions, to have a share of the adventure. Should he get into the vault, he will make his fortune in a short time, for the amount is some hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Our Japanese Consul and Siam Ambassador, I mentioned in my last, I think, is at Penang, waiting patiently for the San Jacinto to take him to Bankok. By the bye, the morning I left Hong Kong the supercargo of the Greta called upon me, and jotted down in my notebook a few lines telling his experience among the Japanese, the substance of which was that he left Hong Kong in April, 1855, in the Greta, with stores for sale to the United States squadron on that coast, as well as an assorted cargo for the new markets of Simoda and Hakodadi. In March, arrived at the latter port, but found that nothing could be purchased, nothing sold. He then started for Simoda, arriving there in July, where he found the shipwrecked Russians of the flag ship Diana, and agreed to take them to Agan —getting permission to land the cargo in a temple on the shore. The Dutchman remained on shore at a village about a mile inland, waiting for his vessel to return ; but it will be remembered that Captain Fortescue, who will be recognized by his excessive egotism, of the Baraconta, gallantly bore down upon the little inoffensive craft, and made himself famous by taking out the Russians from the neutral vessel, and bearing her away a prize to Hong Kong—the only feat performed by the allied fleet during the three years' cruise about this part of the world. The poor supercargo was thus left alone among this singular people, and in consequence of the loss of his vessel, was allowed to barter some of his cargo, and finally purchased a small American schooner that came there to trade, and em-

barked in her for Hong Kong, with the rich assortment of Japanese notions which he had collected during his nine months' stay on the island. A portion of these goods were sold at Hong Kong, at very high prices. The balance must have reached New York by this time, having been shipped direct for that city in the Indiaman and Fleetwing clippers, to be sold at public auction. You will thus have an opportunity of seeing for yourselves the latest importations from Japan, and, save the small cargo at California, the only one ever made on an extensive scale outside of the treaty with the Dutch. During his stay at Japan, the supercargo has kept a diary, noting down his impressions of this strange country, his experience, and sale, and barter, and his extended correspondence with the government. This journal he intends to publish under the title of "Japan After the Treaty of Kanagana, by F. Aug. Lühdorf." He told me that the Caroline Foot people left Japan owing for a part of their cargo. If so it will not tend to increase their affection for us, or to help Mr. Harris in his negotiations. Commodore Perry's arrangements regarding exchange, he said, would put a stopper on commerce, even if a foothold could be obtained ; for, as you are aware, he stipulated that they should give 1,600 cash for a dollar. Now, as a Japanese dollar is only 33 cents, or one-third of an American dollar. Commodore Perry should have got three times 1,600, or 4,800 cash to the American dollar, for as it is it makes the exchange sixty-six per cent against us. Who says the Japanese are not well up in exchange ?—at any rate better posted than the gallant Commodore ? As it is, suppose you wish to buy $50 worth of Japanese goods ; these goods would only cost fifty Japanese dollars ; but according to the treaty, says Lühdorf, I had to pay fifty American dollars, or one hundred and fifty Japanese

dollars, fifty of which the government hands over to the Japanese seller of the goods and pockets the remaining one hundred dollars—a rather startling tax upon the infant commerce. Therefore, nothing whatever can be accomplished until a new treaty is made—and that a treaty of commerce—which Consul Harris may be able to accomplish when backed by a few substantial men of war, but not without. During the nine months spent in the country Lühdorf was not able to obtain an interview with the government.

Everything had to be done by correspondence; and these letters, I suppose, will be published in the work, which, if well written—and he seems an intelligent man—will give a better insight into the habits and customs of the Japanese than anything we have ever had.

Leaving the flower fields of the straits, we hurried along our course, generally steaming, and sailing twelve knots by the log, and passing the Great and Little Andamans, the cocoa islands, and the land where the honorable company tried to form a penal settlement for Indian criminals; but the first lot—poor wretches! only outlived their jailers a few weeks, for the climate proved deadly to both the white man and the Indian—more deadly than Java, when Lord Minto first anchored at Batavia, or Hong Kong, when the English first planted the British flag.

In six days from Singapore we reached the Hoogly, and anchored opposite the tiger jungle Sauger. Soon after our pilot came on board, in order to send up the private despatches of the firm, so that they may get them hours, and if needs be, days in advance of the other merchants; for a rise or fall in the opium market makes or breaks in the end. Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co. have two of their beautiful steamers running monthly between Hong Kong and Calcutta, taking what freight

offers, but only occasionally passengers. The object of the firm was to get advices in advance of others. This of course creates jealousy, and hence no one will ship opium in these boats when other eligible chances offer ; and the last time the Fiery Cross came with only a thousand chests—a losing business—where the expenses can't be much less than $20,000 a voyage, or, say $240,000 a year ; and eight dollars is about the freight per chest for opium ; but should the owners fill the ship when the China market is advancing, then they care little whether freight offers or not. Opium like the operations of the dock Exchange moves up and down with every mind, and the speculation may lose or gain a fortune by the arrival of a single mail.

These boats, the Fiery Cross and Landsfelt, were built in Glascow, by Napier, some twelve or eighteen months ago, at a cost of some £45,000 each—constructed of iron, even to the shrouds, and, I think, the masts.

Their tonnage, outside the machinery, is only some 420 tons, and, nominally, they are of taree hundred horse power, which the engineer says can be worked up to fifteen hundred. They make the passages from Hong Kong to Calcutta, stopping at the half way port, in twelve days—about the Cunard and Collins time between England and America. This, of course, is with the fair monsoon. From Hong Kong to Singapore the distance is about 1,430 miles, if what is termed the inside track is taken, and 1,480 if the outside. The entire distance to Calcutta is put down at 3,150 miles, and it takes a thousand tons of coal both ways. On her trial trip the Fiery Cross made 14½ knots, and Capt. White her gentlemanly commander, brought her out from Glasgow round the Cape in sixty days. The quickest passage down to Singapore from Hong Kong was 4 days 22 hours.

After having to put up with the niggardly stateroom accommodations of the P. & O. steamers, it was most refreshing to come booming down the China seas in a gentleman's private yacht, where courtesy and comfort, space and good fare were in marked contrast to the great contract steamships. The Parsees, who have gradually relieved the European merchants of the profit of the opium trade, seeing that Jardine had the latest dates all to themselves, have shown their enterprise by putting on an opposition steamer to bring their own advices ; and in one or two instances the Lightning has taken away the laurels of the other steamships. The boat usually leaves Calcutta immediately after the monthly auction sale. These steamships have been powerful competitors to the Company's line between Calcutta and China, and a similiar opposition would have a good effect on the other side of India.

CHAPTER XIX.

CALCUTTA, March 3, 1856.

Trade of Calcutta—Immense Fleet of Vessels—Pilots' Monopoly—Approach to the City—Temples, Trees and Bungalows—A City Hotel and City Crowd—Metropolitan Sights—The Mint, Museum, Floral Exhibition, and Great Men, &c.

HOWEVER conversant one may be with the history and statistics, imports and exports of Calcutta—obtained through the channel of books, papers and conversation—he is hardly prepared to find the Hoogly so completely blocked up, as it were, with shipping. Before our anchor found the bottom—before our gilt edged pilot, with his company, uniformed leadsmen, came alongside in their twelve oared tub of a row boat, the rowers looking more like a cross between an Orang outang and a bootjack than a part of the great human family, uncouth, ungainly, unintellectual and uncovered—before the pilot brig, a marked contrast to the clipper yachts of the New York and Boston pilot service, had bore away for another vessel—long before we passed the main telegraph station, and delivered our mail bag at Kedjeree (which don't arrive in Calcutta till the day after we are safely moored), I began to realize that the commerce of Calcutta was so extensive that a hundred pilots was not considered too many to escort the world's shipping up and down the crooks and turns, over the mud points and sand shoals,

and through the winding channels of that bugbear of the foreign shipowner—the Hoogly. Steamtug after steamtug—some with one, some with two or three deeply laden merchantmen—were hourly passing out to sea; and London Indiamen and American clippers were continually heaving in sight, most of them in ballast, bound in to get a cargo, and waiting for some steamer to come to their assistance. I counted no less than eleven steamtug boats towing out during the morning we passed up, and several ships were trying to get out without a steamer—a dangerous and doubtful economy, when they can be obtained, for the time lost would fully pay the tonnage. Almost all the way the leadsmen seemed busy with the lead, and the—"steady," "port," and "starboard" of the gold laced pilot—all done by hand motion from the paddlebridge—reminded us continually of the most difficult navigation of the river; but from the few ships that are lost here, I am led to suppose that either the pilots are the best in the world, or that the navigation is not so intricate as is the general belief. The question of opening another mouth of the Ganges—the Matlah—has lately been mooted, and nautical men, and the commercial community, are strong in recommending it, while the pilots wage a war of words in repeating the dangers and difficulties of the undertaking. One side asserts that all that is required is the action of the Honorable Company—only say the word, say they, and ships of the largest tonnage, and greatest depth of water, can find their way along the wide channel, even without a pilot; and if the monsoon is fair, without a steamtug, to within thirty miles of Calcutta, where a railway can be constructed, or a canal made, at trifling expense, to take the goods to and fro, thus doing away with the never ending complication of the holy river, and very much lessening the port charges on shipping, which are now

about five dollars to the ton, no matter how large or how small the vessel. The subject looks so well that the pilots begin to feel alarmed; they have held the monopoly so long, as civil servants, that they do not consider it necessary to be over civil to those that employ them. For almost two centuries they have ruled the channel, for I think the establishment was formed as early as 1669. But the tariff of charges would seem to be a dead letter, where you have to pay the pilot that takes you out a bonus, or gratuity, of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per ship over the established rates. No wonder the East India Company are accused by those who do not understand the workings of their system of chicanery, bribery and extortion. At the moment you make the lighthouse, and get your pilot, you are painfully made aware that unless the present or bonus is given to the honorable pilot, your ship, when she is bound to sea, may be delayed a week, and perhaps may touch the shore, simply to remind the economical and remonstrative captain how necessary it is to put his hand deep in his pockets, if he wishes to safely reach an anchorage or to get fairly out to sea. If the custom demands it, and the rate is too low to support nine brigs and an efficient staff, why not pass an act increasing the tariff, rather than have the addition come in the present humiliating manner, both to the giver and the receiver? Although only 110 miles from Sauger to Calcutta, yet we were nearly the entire day in steaming that distance. I saw little striking to the fancy during the most of the way. The river narrows and widens every little while, and the scenery on the banks is low, flat and uninteresting, only broken by an occasional group of natives at their ablutions, or by the paddy fields, a few trees now and then shading a quaint old Hindoo temple, a village of thatched uncomfortable looking native huts, or the

European bungalow of the custom officer, who boards you a long way down, so that nothing can be landed without the tax. Ships and steamers in the river and ancient temples and Indian towns on the banks broke the day's monotony until we reached the foliage covered banks of the approaches to Calcutta. Bungalows and beautiful trees, of great size, reminded us of our proximity to the city, and, when we passed the bend in the river, and garden reach, and the beautiful Oriental residences occupied by pensioned Rajahs and salaried officials, the merchant and the professional agent, all of which buildings were almost hidden from sight by trees and shrubbery; when we saw the castellated pile of buildings, known as the Bishop's College; when we counted some six or seven large steamers laying alongside the P. and O. pier, and coal sheds a quarter of a mile long; when the magnificent fleet of shipping, arranged in long lines by the Harbor Master, reaching as far as you can trace them, the masts towering high in air, as thick as pines in the Western forest, and the city burst open to our view, with its amalgamated mass of European and native dwellings, shops and go-downs, church steeples, monuments and public buildings, higher than the rest, or least conspicuous among the others—when we began to blow off steam, and heard the words, "half speed" and "stop her," given from the bridge, we began to realize that our passage was drawing to a close, and that the far famed City of Palaces was at last before us, and I was anxious to get ashore, for there seemed to be some half a thousand carriages driving up and down the banks of the river—a perfect holiday of gaiety.

Boatmen are as importunate here as in China, and create the same confusion—each one clamors for a fare; and if you are not careful, your luggage will get into as many hands as it

would among the cab men at Buffalo. A quarter of a dollar, I was told, was too much to pay the captain of his six oared boat for taking three of us ashore; but really I had not the conscience to give the poor naked devil less. Once on shore, we headed for Spence's Hotel, but had to walk, as no carriages were at hand. After a hot, dusty promenade, escorted by about twenty individuals, who, as near as I could distinguish, were perfectly willing to offer us their services for a small consideration, we found Spence's—an hotel of immense dimensions, and as little comfort as could be expected.

The house was crowded. Lord Dalhousie's immediate departure and Lord Canning's expected arrival had completely filled every private and public house in the city, and I was obliged to put up with a coal hole of a room, in an outside wing on the ground floor, without window, or even a sash in the door—*sans* wash bowl, chair or furniture, and a musquito curtained bed, that would have given a well bred dog the hydrophobia, it was so unclean. My friend Fizwilliams who came down with me from China to take the management of the Commercial Bank of India, was so fortunate as to get the only decent suite of rooms there was left, before I got from the boat. You may imagine that my *debut* ashore that night would, to some extent, remove the favorable impressions of the day; and they did, for I was already disgusted. The next day, however, I was better natured, for after I had delivered my letters I found a pleasant home, and a most comfortable suite of apartments were placed at my disposal by one of the old merchants of Calcutta, whose respected firm has stood the blasts of Calcutta panic for a quarter of a century. In a few days I was also made an honorary member of the celebrated Bengal Club, which gives the *entrée* to the *bon vivants* of the place; but the formality of introduc-

ing, seconding and voting consumed almost all the time I had to spare before the sailing of the steamer ; I therefore contented myself with looking at the turtles in the tank, looking over the papers in the reading room, or glancing at the books and periodicals upon the table. Even the usual Saturday evening dinner—the grand affair of the week, I had to forego, for other engagements claimed the promises which I had made, and to tell the truth my kind entertainer was always planning some new excursion—I hope some time I may have the pleasure of acknowledging in Australia or in my own native land the many kind attentions that have been showered upon me.

The Nubia is to leave on Sunday morning, the 9th, and I have paid four hundred and fifty dollars for my passage to Suez, and I must, therefore, not lose a moment of my time in roaming through the sight seeing places in Calcutta. First, to the Royal Mint, and ladies are to accompany us, for Mr. Ashburner has got the required permit, and will go over the building to show us the operation of the coining. Nothing but space and size marks the building—and the rusty looking sides show the necessity of a coat of paint. From room to room—commencing with the gold and silver ingots as they are taken from the strong boxes in which they had been sent from England and the Continent, by sailing clippers, or most generally by overland mail—and ending with the beautiful coin, all shining from the die. I saw the Mint at Philadelphia, but did not have the time to go through it. Here I have had the chance of seeing everything—and it is a remarkable picture—for everything is done by natives, whose bodies perspire under the heat of the fiery furnace, which makes them look like fiends incarnate. In one apartment I saw them heating the silver ingots to a red hot heat, which were immediately carried to the anvil to be cut in

two and tested, to detect any fraud, they are then taken to another room and weighed ; then they must be flattened and cut apart, made into strips and hammered out just the width of a rupee ; this was after they had been melted with the copper. Each apartment for each duty. Then came the cutting of the pieces ; about fifty stamps, one man at each ; then they had to be rounded off and weighed, and afterwards have to go through the process of cleaning, polishing, assorting, to see if all are perfect, then comes the finishing touch of the die, when the device of the East India Company, the value of the coin, the date of the die, and the profile of her most gracious Majesty are impressed upon the silver, gold or copper, and the operation of minting and coining is completed. Seldom, said the overseer, are any of the coins stolen by the coolies or laborers, but sometimes the sircars or writers and accountants have been found dishonest ; but as the metal is weighed out to each department, the overseer of that room is held responsible for any losses, so that the absence of a single coin is missed. When detected the purloiners have been known to swallow the piece, and resort to the most revolting practices to hide the theft.

Few instances of fraud have been found in rearranging the raw material, and lacs upon lacs of rupees are turned out every month. The poor operatives must be shortlived, for the intense heat of the furnaces turns the black men white.

From the Mint we drove to the Museum or Asiatic rooms, where everything Indian and many things foreign are scattered about in the ill-assorted confusion of a badly regulated collection of curiosities. Of course everything here can be seen in that most wonderful collection in the world, the British Museum ; and after exploring the eastern passages in that roomy mass of buildings there is little to be said about the collection of Cal-

cutta. The ancient idols and tombstones, the antiquated Hindoo carriages and emblems of their strange religion were of the most interest to me, for the birds, insects, animals, fossils, stones, &c., &c., or at least many that were of the same family, I had seen before. Yes, there was one other thing most attractive, and that was a most ingeniously executed ivory model, made by a native of that famous temple, that palace tomb, which the great king Shah Jehan erected to the memory of his beautiful and accomplished consort—a perfect model of what I most wished to see, but cannot undergo the task of the inland journey—that wonderful piece of ancient architecture, which the poet tourist of New York calls "a poem, the tablets of which are marble and the letters jewels"—that chaste erection, built of the purest marble, more elaborate than the tomb of Akbar, or anything recorded in the romantic history of Oriental splendor—costing a dozen Indian fortunes, and would have emptied even Mr. Astor's coffers—for $15,000,000, says the ancient historian, was the sum expended in rearing the temple, which from base to dome is 262 feet in height. Read once again "Lallah Rookh," and remember that this is the resting place of Moore's light of the Harem, the Nourmahal of the poem. I am fortunate in even seeing a model of the enchanting tomb—the elegant Taj-Mahal at Agra. The workmanship of the model was like mosaic or the work boxes of Bombay.

This morning the annual flower exhibition came off, and the entertainment was most refreshing, for here you have in all their native beauty the many colored, sweetly scented flowers of India, the brightest of Oriental plants.

The public buildings did not especially offer attraction. The mission rooms, Metcalf Hall; the Hindoo college, where English is so quickly learned by the apt natives; the $150,000

English cathedral, were among the most prominent, after the Government House.

I have been most fortunate in my arrival here, first, because the excessive heat of summer had not commenced ; and second, on account of being here at that most interesting period in Indian history, when two Governor Generals are opening the doors of Government House to hospitality and the enlivenment of balls and parties.

My invitation says, "To meet Lady Canning," and I am told that the entertainment will be on an extensive scale, as the city is full of civil and military servants from all parts of India. More to-morrow, or next day.

CHAPTER XX.

CALCUTTA, March, 4, 1856.

Calcutta Society—Entertainment to Lady Canning—The Ball and its Beauties—The Supper and Celebrities Present—Ladies, Warriors and Rulers—Eastern Costumes and High Dignitaries—Lord Canning's Rule, &c.

MY card of invitation said nine o'clock, and at ten my carriage was at the door; and although I thought I was too early, I I found myself late; for, in one respect, we may follow instructively the East Indians' example, and that is in keeping good hours. The entrance, in fact the several entrances, through the several gateways to the Palace, had a most imposing appearance, both sides of the well made road being lined with lamps with cocoanut oil, blazing from every post in the grounds—a sight as novel to me as the Chinese lanterns which so tastefully illuminate the gardens of the Shanghae merchants, when they wish to give an entertainment on an extensive scale. Entering at the main doorway, there were some two hundred servants squatting in rows in the large entrance hall, dressed in more than all the colors of the dolphin or the rainbow—whether private servants or those belonging to the house, I did not learn, but could but notice their peculiar sitting posture, like so many pelicans on a beach. Walking through the lower hall, passing at every time the Sepoy guard, we were shown up a long staircase, and ush-

ered into the reception room, without having our names announced, a contrast to such entertainments in London, where your name is passed from mouth to mouth, more especially when your "carriage stops the way." On inquiry I found that it was not the custom, and hastened through the outer hall to see the dancers, whose numbers fairly crowded one of the largest halls I ever witnessed. Before joining in the dance I wished to have the "lions" of the evening pointed out, and I was particularly fortunate in having for a companion the accomplished Miss———, whose name I find against No. 11 for a polka. Lord Canning, in a stiff black state dress, stood at the head of the room, in front of the chair of state—a native officer standing on either side, with what I supposed was the mace of office. The new Governor seemed fairly lost amid the blaze of chandeliers, whose dazzling brightness reflected from the prismatic glare made my eyes ache with pain, so much so that I lost half the enjoyment of the evening. Lady Susan Ramsey, the daughter of Lord Dalhousie, was on the right, leading off, with all the gaiety of youth, the first quadrille—her partner some gallant officer of the Indian army, who wore upon his breast the medals of many battles. The daughter of the Commander-in Chief was in the same set, and received particular attention from the elegant aid-de-camp by her side. Neither of these young ladies need look for their portraits in the "Book of Beauty." Lady Canning did not dance while I was present, but reclining in courtly style upon the régal chair, received the court from her honored lord and the several distinguished civilians and military officers present. The formality of her reception was freezing, for that aristocratic bow was worse than an electric shock. Her dress was of white tulle, over a white satin skirt, looped up with red roses, with a head-dress of red velvet and pearls—not,

in my opinion, elegant ; but the blaze of diamonds compensated for what was wanting in taste. She still possesses the marks of early beauty, but time and the dissipations of her exalted position in London have taken from the attractions of youth. I found more amusement in promenading through the wide passage ways, and in noticing the cliqueish movements of the guests, than in dancing. In the outer room, Lord Dalhousie was receiving his friends, but seldom rose from the couch without showing that too much exertion gave him pain, for physically, his constitution is shattered by hereditary and other insinuating diseases ; but his mind, strengthened with the weakness of the body. Administrative ability and decision of character are stamped upon his countenance, and judging from his features he must be capable of bearing great mental labor. Poor man, what is all his greatness, with ill health incurable, always staring him in the face. Notwithstanding the exertion of the Punkehs, the rooms were oppressively warm, and the dancers found more color in their usual pale cheeks than they had noticed for many a day ; but as a general rule their complexion was not improved by the addition. The music of the well organized bands at the extreme end of the dancing saloon, was most exhilarating, and served to give the only animation the formality of the ball allowed. Later I saw a significant movement of the great leaders towards the stairs, all pairing off with punctilious ceremony, and following on I found myself in the supper room, a room even larger than the saloon, the tables arranged after the shape of three-fourths of a square, and a long one in the entrance aisle adjoining, and seats and plates for at least fifteen hundred guests ; and yet there were many who remained without a place, myself among the rest, for I was too busy in noticing the movements of those around me to look out for number one. Ameri-

can apples, American biscuits and American ices were, in reality, the luxuries of the table, especially to me; but everything that money can purchase in the East helped to ornament the banquet and administer to the palate; but the most conspicuous dish of an Indian table is curry, in as many forms as there are castes in Bengal, but that dish is never seen upon the supper table. The banquet hall was too large to be adorned, and the guests too numerous to enjoy themselves, and the supper passed off with only the motions of the eaters and the rattling of the plates and knives, for there was not a sentiment given from the noble guest at the head of the hall, not even the health of the Queen. As silently as they entered they left the table and again the dancers are on the floor; but I am not among them, for I find peculiar interest in watching the motions of the State prisoners, and distinguished natives, who, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country, had been invited to partake in the festivities of those who had brought them to their present humiliating position. Kings, Princes and Rajahs, or their descendants, were there bowing and cringing under the iron rule of military power. There was the grandson of the great warrior chief who so long kept the English at bay in his almost impenetrable fastnesses that nature had made for him, and also in that stronghold of which European architects must have drawn the plan—Seringapatam—Tippoo Sultan, the son of the great Hyder Ali, Ghoolam Mahomet, and his son Feeroz Shah, were the descendants of those great men who, three generations ago, were the terror of the Deccan; and had his great ancestor lived to hold his power, Ghoolam would have been the most powerful and the wealthiest of all the Indian princes. These two have just returned from England, where they were courted and *féted* by crowned heads and noble peers

the most distinguished lions of the day—but at Government House they pass unnoticed, and are taught to remember that they are beggars only, dependent upon an English pension.

There, too, were the brave Seikhs of the mountain passes, those bold chieftains who fought like tigers in their dens—Sheer Singh and Chutter Singh—who held their country during that memorable campaign of '48 and '49, and finally, overpowered by the superior force brought against them—after going through the celebrated battles of Chillian Wallah and Goo-je-rab, were finally brought to bay at Rawul Pindee, where, after the most obstinate war, they surrendered their sabres to Sir Walter Gilbert, the able General who was made a G. C. B. and a Baronet for his bravery and judgment on that occasion. It was pitiful to see brave warriors so painfully humiliated, for they moved about the room in their stocking feet like so many automatons, shrinking and cringing before their conquerers, evincing the greatest pleasure in receiving the least attention from the civilians in the room. Their appearance without shoes is by order of the Governor General, to remind them of their disgrace, and to show proper respect to those that hold the sway—this I am told is the custom of the land. This last tax upon their pride might at least have been passed over, for why strike them while they are down? These Princes, it will be remembered, were the chieftains of the Punjaub, and their surrender was the signal of annexing that great kingdom to the British empire. The Ameers of Sciud, I believe, are also among the dark faces opposite. Other warriors as brave as they have been unfortunate—the captives, or rather the victims, of Sir Charles Napier, who, following the model of Perry on the lakes, and the great Roman General, and of Bosquet at the Malakoff, marked his despatch by its brevity. The pun was

too good to be lost, and the simple Latin word "*Peccavi*," went forward to the Governor General—*I have sinned.* No more were shown me, but I believe there were several other distinguished chieftains, who were now but pensioners. There were also specimens of native scholars, men of great abilities as lawyers and advocates, present—men whose intellect would measure argument with Western minds, and whose high position in the company's courts stamp them with the unmistakable mark of genius. I suppose that Hur-Chunder Ghose, the native Judge of the small cause court, may be considered one of the most accomplished men of the time. His manners bespeak the gentleman, and he seems as familiar with the world's history as those who make it their especial study; and the native counsel to the government, Rama Purshad Roy, is another ornament of the Bengal bar, and possesses the confidence of all who are brought in contact with him; and native bankers and native merchants are noticeable among the Oriental costumes here—for there is Pursunnee Roomar Tajore, assistant clerk of the Legislative Council, cousin of the famous Dwarkanath, who made such a *furore* when he arrived in London—even petted by peeresses, and especially noticed by the Queen, who presented him with her miniature; and yet this man, I am told, was a greater scamp in his way than Tippoo Saib—for while he was giving one lac of rupees to some charitable institution, he was grinding two lacs out of his half starved Ryots, and there, also, is Rum-Gopal Ghose, a merchant of kingly wealth, but not loaded down with jewels like some of the rest. Many of these princes, and natives not of royal family, were walking jeweller's shops. Pearls, emeralds and diamonds, and precious stones of priceless value dazzled in the light of the candelabras, and were reflected back from the mirrors; and silks and satins,

too expensive to be purchased, marked some of the more princely of the native guests. Some of the State prisoners were seen to walk directly before Lord Dalhousie—perhaps to show his countrymen present that their rank was higher than his, or that they were as bold as he was proud—hesitating, at first, as if making up their minds and then advancing.

The ball is not a fancy ball, and yet it would almost seem so to a stranger, for the dresses of the native dignitaries at once attract the observer ; and these, together with the gay uniforms of the Indian officers, sprinkled about the room, in marked contrast to the plain black dress of the well paid civilian, give a Newport look to the entertainment ; for, with the heads of the army and navy, intermingled with a regiment of deposed princes, and ladies dressed in the present many colored fashions, you have a tableau not often seen in the West.

About one the guests began to leave, and passing through the reception room, gave a parting shake of the hand, or, where not so well acquainted, a farewell bow to the distinguished man who, for eight years past (say his friends) has so ably ruled the destinies of British India.

I need not say that I was disappointed with the Government House. Without, the green uncovered lawn is peculiarly English, and I'll admit I liked the emerald look ; but not a tree gives shade to the grounds for they breed musquitoes and barricade the air, said my informant ; but really I cannot endorse the excuse ; for what is more beautiful than the umbrageous coolness of their shadow ? There is one break to the monotonous and bare appearance of the grounds, and that was the miniature garden plot, where flowers and shrubbery grow in tropical beauty. The four huge brick and mortar ends of the house, topped off with the iron dome in the centre, present no

attractive style of architecture, and there is nothing more commanding within. You will notice nothing more marked, while promenading from room to room, than the luxurious wealth of space and the parsimonious poverty of furniture.

Lord Canning has launched his bark on the wave of Indian public opinion ; but he has done it clumsily enough—for I saw him land with flags streaming over and about him, and the cannon roaring from the fort ; the state carriage waited for him, and the noble bearing horsemen of the native cavalry showed their pride in being the body guard of the Governor General. Slowly he moved along the Sepoy lines, which were ranged along either side of the roadway, from the Chandpaul Ghaut to Goverment House, where the great dignitaries of the land were waiting to give him welcome. He gazed vacantly upon the novel sight ! but even when passing European officers who salute him, and fair ladies who wave their handkerchiefs, there is no recognition from his lordship, while Lady Canning acknowledges, and most gracefully too, the courtesy. How odd that he should be so very austere ! When he arrives at Government House his manners are formal, even to meeting his acquaintance Lord Dalhousie. Public opinion is dead in India, else most certainly there would be more animation and less coldness in a state reception. How different all this looks from the Anglo-Saxon customs ! A few months, and if he shares the fate of those who have gone before him, Lord Canning will be the best abused man in India, for the young Bengalists are radicals.

CHAPTER XXI.

CALCUTTA, March 6, 1856.

An Evening Drive—Glorious Sunset—Scenes in the Suburbs of Calcutta—A Glance at the River—Forts on the Banks—Notabilities Out Riding—Lord Dalhousie's Departure.

THE esplanade, more than all else thus far in the Bengal capital, has left the most lasting impression on my mind—when the sun shuts off his burning brightness—just before twilight has let her curtain down, and pinned it with a star—when the Indian day has departed, and the Indian evening is born. About the hour of five o'clock the stranger is introduced to a scene of gaiety and gladness, a picture of Oriental and Anglo-Saxon life that it would be difficult to cross from off the memory's tablet. I am no enthusiast, nor can I paint, my youth has been buried among the dry leaves of commerce—the cobweb realities of the counting house—the invoice, the ledger, and the ship—and now, on the restless drifting of never-ceasing change, I am purchasing dearly enough by absence from my family, my first draught of Oriental customs and Indian habits. The evening drive, however, as delightful as it is strange, would make me forget my commission account, were not the familiar names of clipper ships always before me as they range along the anchorage. All there is of European and Western life in Calcutta is reflected every evening on the course ; and as I lay

off so lazily in my barouche, I can but contemplate the scene so singularly beautiful. Ik. Marvel should have driven on the Course after he had been brooding over his sea coal fire. There was the holy river coursing far up above the city, far away beyond the suburbs—past the hunting fields of the fierce Mahrattas—winding its many coils through the palace gardens on its sacred banks, past the umbrageous banyan, the palm, the sycamore and cocoa trees, past heathen temples, rusting under the corroding influence of climate and of time ; and as it loses itself in the distance far beyond Barrackpore, and your imagination traces it beyond your visional reach, torturing its bends through the vast possessions of the honorable company and the paddy fields that give so many millions nourishment—past the wheat and the corn and the indigo plantations—near where the poppy blossoms bloom under government stimulants, to raise a few more lacs to pay the army, no matter how great the misery that every chest of opium may occasion in the seaport families of the Celestial Empire—past the Zemindars, whose tyrant power grinds the life blood out of the poor ryot at the rate of twelve dollars per annum, without rations, or house, or home (the lion's share of which finds its way into the Bengal treasury) —worse in some instances than the Legrees of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that raised such a storm of virtuous indignation and false philanthropy at the Sutherland House—past the Saracenic ruins of Hindoo temples, endearing because so gray with age, by the Sepoy camp, where English officers are the lords of native regiments—till it finally loses itself among the valleys that base the mountain ranges, and in company with some of its branches waters the roots of the towering Himalayas—lost as you may be in reverie, your fancy is now arrested by the soul stirring music of the regimental bands (made perfectly harmo-

nious by constant years of practice) in the garden enclosure, where nurses and children most do congregate, and where, in the little arbor, you may find an American apple or an American ice—fellow countrymen one is so glad to meet with. The thrill of martial airs ringing through the trees, and the voluptuous breeze of the Indian evening fanning off the burthensome cares of day, would put you asleep in your easy moving carriage were your senses not kept always active by the passing and repassing of "fair ladies and brave men." All that is attractive in Calcutta may be seen at the daily reunion of the drive. The scene is most unlike anything I ever witnessed. The Praya Grande of Macao faces the water and so does the grass plot at Singapore—the Bund at Shanghae—the Botanical Gardens at Sydney—the Governor's road to his new residence, on the banks of the Derwent, in Tasmania; but not as the esplanade looks upon the Hoogly—for here you combine so many attractions. Some seventy American banners have been streaming during the day, from the beautiful clippers of my own fair land—and the flags of England and of France, and Continental States have been furled for the night, again to open their gaudy colors in the morning.

The ships of all nations are crowding each other in long rows —three and four abreast—for miles along the pleasure ground, some deeply laden and waiting impatiently to commence their voyage, and be towed to sea—(for few shipmasters care to trust themselves without a steamtug, even did the haughty pilot consent to take them down with canvass)—others have just arrived, and in ballast trim, you at once detect the symmetrical lines of the New England clipper model—some bring their charters with them, some find them at their agents', the overland mail anticipating the ship's arrival—others load on owner's account,

while not a few are seeking for employment; but just now the uncertainty in the affairs of Europe makes the freighting business tremble, and the rate is daily dropping from thirty dollars, and possibly may go ten, and high sounding names who have chartered ships in England and America at the advanced rates will be fortunate if they are able to fulfill the charters. The chartering of American clippers through London brokers, for houses in Calcutta, is merely a matter of speculation, as Jacob Little would purchase stocks in Wall street. If freights advance all goes well, if they fall, thereby hangs a tale; but to me the times look as blue as an indigo box. Alongside the Boston clipper, the staunch East Indiaman, belonging to the Greens, the Wigrams and the Lindsays of England; the teak built full modeled craft of the Honorable Company, still staunch and strong, though half a century old; the long, graceful propellers of the P. and O. seeming to say, in their purse-proud insolence, oppose me if you dare—all these are to be seen during your evening drive and while your object is pleasure. The merchant, unknowingly, wanders from silks and satins to freights and charters, and hence my discursive note; for when taking my pen I did not intend to speak of linseed and saltpetre, of naval architecture and East Indian monopolies, but to describe the sensations that are sure to possess the traveler as he moves along the picturesque banks of the Hoogly. The first evening I was early on the Course, which gave me ample time to visit that splendid work of military tactics, Fort William, whose formidable ramparts at once show the Vauban school, with all the improvements of the present day; and riding through the winding avenues I was struck with the well arranged barracks, the neat architectural chapel, the quarters of the officers, the green sward parade ground, prisons, &c.,

which told of the skill and knowledge of the constructor and the present garrison engineer. The grounds cover a large area, and to properly fortify the fort ten thousand men are required. It would be difficult for any Indian army to take it, at least in thirty days, however strong. It answers two purposes—first, in protecting the Hoogly, for no enemy would dare to pass its frowning guns ; and second, in case of invasion, thirty thousand troops can find protection within its walls and embankments.

No Surajah Dowlah would have the courage for another invasion, and the fierce bands of Mahratta horsemen that formerly swept through Bengal are only known in history.

On returning through one of the military roads, I found the esplanade crowded with elegant equipages, and evening after evening I was driven along the drive, watching the interesting spectacle—now walking in long rows, and now hurrying on in delightful confusion, carriage behind carriage, their occupants dressed as for a ball. You saw all that was gay in the capital ; and many are the romantic stories of love and of gossip which are told you, if your companion be a lady, and of thrilling adventure and hairbreadth escapes, if of the other sex. Where a community have held an evening levee at the same hour, and at the same place, day after day, Sundays not excepted, for generations, in an Indian country, there must be many incidents on record of the romance and misery of Indian life. Some of the establishments would not blush to be seen in Hyde Park, and many of the Arab horses on the green would attract attention in Rotten row. The distinguished potentates of the company spare no expense in endeavoring to eclipse their neighbors, and salaries, surprising to the officials of other lands, are squandered as quickly as they are received. The Governor General's carriage is lost sight of the moment some of the na-

tive princes make their appearance, and the Commander-in-Chief of the army, the members of the Council, who receive forty thousand dollars per annum, and other high salaried officers of the civil service, are not able to cope with the luxuriant extravagance of Baboos who count their wealth by lacs of pounds.

Count D'Orsay, as he is dubbed, for having been horse-whipped for twice throwing a bouquet into a lady's carriage, seems to be the native Beau Brummel of the Course in everything but wealth, for his estates are princely. There must be white blood in his veins, for his complexion is fair and his features are noticeable for their regularity. The Baboo Mullicks are also out in their splendid teams, and I note another native "b'hoy" in a New York buggy; and there is Ghoolam Mahomet on a beautiful Arab, prancing, and near by is the belle of Calcutta, the beautiful Miss ——, but the Indian climate has driven the roses from her cheek, and the lilies that have displaced them tell of ill health and a longing for her English home. Hindoos of high rank, dressed in their attractive garb of many colors, and Mussulmen whose fanaticism has often made them brave in war; Rajahs with a princely pension, and Princes whose wealth cannot be counted; military leaders who have won position and honors by bravery, and those who have never seen action, although gray in the service. These and more are passing, and merchants are here, and tradesmen and a little way on you see a row of buggies, the turn out of the American captain, (the charge for which I did not fully understand when examining the disbursement account of Boston packets that had been to Calcutta) whose clipper is the theme of comment—she is kept so neat and tidy; and when riding on the course with his own team, he looks as proud as the best of

them. I enjoyed the Course ; it was so cheerful to meet again with those whom we had met, to gaze again upon the shipping, to note again the massive strength of Fort William, to feel the refreshing coolness of the sea air as it came up the river with the tide, to fall perhaps into a doze as the distant music trembles on the air, and awaking to notice some barouche with livery more gay than the rest, or some lady who knows that she is the object of attraction. The Calcuttaites have become so habituated to the evening drive, that they would as soon forego their meals or their ablutions as to omit the daily reunion, which combines the pleasure of society with the luxury of recreation.

Lord Dalhousie's departure was early announced, and arrangements during the past few days have been consummated to usher him out with the same pomp and circumstance as Lord Canning was ushered in. As early as four o'clock the regiments began to gather, and by half past four the companies had lined the road from the palace to the steamer. And here again I had the opportunity of admiring the drill and tactics of the Sepoy troops. Many of them are noble looking fellows, and some of the native officers compare favorably in form and movement with the white man. The household troops, or body guard, are all picked men, and you would not wish to see a finer body of cavalry. At five o'clock the guns from the fort began to roar, and we at once knew that his Lordship had started from Government House. An hour later the Governor was in his yacht, the regiments were marching to their barracks ; the friends of the Governor, under Prinsep's monumental tablet, had waved their last handkerchief and resumed their carriages and their gossip ; the pleasure seekers were again upon the Course, to comment upon the occurrences of his de-

parture ; the coolies began to disperse ; the cannon were hushed, the bells ceased to vibrate, and Lord Dalhousie was on his way to England, to be censured and be praised, while Lord Canning was left to govern India.

CHAPTER XXII.

CALCUTTA, March 8, 1856.

Botany and Natural History at and from Barrackpore—A Visit to the Gardens—Hindoo Temples, Piety and Worshippers—Burning of the Dead—European Tradesmen in Calcutta—Native Gambling—The Ochterlong Monument—A Look at the City from the Top, &c.

MY trip to Barrackpore—some twelve miles by the river—I was much pleased with, for our party was a jovial one, composed of Americans and Englishmen, and the day was cool for the season. A native boat and a native crew, a fair tide and a flowing sheet, took us to our landing place in two hours time, and, with umbrellas over our heads, we passed the day in walking through the extensive grounds of the Governor's country park and residence, and could but admire the art that made the grounds so much resemble nature. The forest trees are dotted over the green lawn, which rises and falls, through plains and hills, with irregular tastefulness. You can hardly believe that all has been done by man. Many of the trees were of great size, and the bamboo clusters covered large spaces of land. The menagerie was the magnet that brought us here, and that, of course claimed the most of our attention. Van Amburgh's collection paled before the Governor General's, notwithstanding that many of the cages are empty. Most of the animals here I have seen in the Jardin des Plants, at Paris, and the Zoological Gardens in

London ; but the chief attraction was to see the native animals on their own ground. Tigers, bears, leopards, jackals, &c., and other Indian animals, were growling under the excessive heat of their cages, while the monkeys kept up the most incessant chattering, and the parrots and beautiful Indian birds were striving to make their voices heard amid the noise. There were two rhinoceroses, of most ungainly dimensions, and their ugliness was only exceeded by their ferocity. I don't know which animal is the most ungainly, when you start them on the run—the rhinoceros or the giraffe—either are as awkward as can be imagined. There were some twenty elephants, for war and other purposes, some of which were of gigantic size ; they were not piling timber by the river in town as they often do, I am sorry to say, for I should like to see such huge monsters show their sagacity. Just opposite to the park is the Danish settlement, which recently has changed hands. On a grass plot, under a palm tree, we found our pic nic spread ; and as our appetites were sharpened by the excercise and a long fast, we did justice to the repast, while huge carrion birds were sweeping over our heads and near our food with unpleasant familiarity. The wind was against us, returning, and it was dark before we got to Calcutta, but I was in time for the dinner party.

Yesterday I visited the Botanical Gardens, where for many years large sums of money have been expended to make it worthy of the Bengal public. Here I saw the great banyan tree, which I at once recognized, for I had seen it in my primitive school book, in miniature when I went to a woman's school. It would be worth a half a million in Wall-street, and Barnum is just the man to import it and make another fortune. It is an imposing spectacle, with its one hundred and ten trunks, covering more than an acre of ground, and is one of the great ob-

jects of interest in Bengal. It is a noble work of God, standing proudly by itself giving shade to a hecatomb of cattle or a regiment of soldiers—the proud monarch of the Indian forest, who lives to grow old, a type of man, with sons and daughters, grand children and great-great grand children growing up around and about the parent trunk with an effection and solicitude more than human, for the marriages and intermarriages never break up the household, but only strengthen the links that bind them together ; wherever there is a weak point in the extended arm of the parent tree, out shoots a sprout forthwith and fastening in the ground afresh, another support and new life is thrown into the mammoth trunk ; and no storm, however terrible, no convulsion save an earthquake, can shake its center or injure a single member of the family when each gives strength and support to the other. All the Indian trees and flowers, and many from abroad, are growing with all the luxury of cultivation. I saw the Palm a species of the sycamore—the pecpul, the tamarind, the amherstianoblis from Burmah in flower, named for Lord Amherst, and other umbrageous fruit trees, and specimens of fruit innumerable. But there was nothing more to my fancy than the great banyan. But Taylor has seen them larger in the valley of the Nerbudda but he you know is poetical—I write nothing but prose.

The same day I went through several Hindoo temples, seeing all that I was permitted to see, and that was enough to disgust one with their unseemly worship. Before I reached the temple, I saw in several sheds long rows of kids, connected by a line —a comical sight. The poor little wretches, so innocent of the fate that awaited them, looked as meek and contented as possible. It was some religious festival, and a large concourse blocked the avenues ; but we were permitted to push our way along

where we soon saw where the kids were disposed of. About fifty were lying with their heads off, all sizes and all colors, a bell ringing from the temple at the dropping of every head. One man more religious than those about him, brought in a young buffalo, and great was the rejoicing ; the bell rung several times, and the singing, shouting and gesticulations created the greatest confusion ; some of the priests were desirous that I should offer up a goat, but I declined joining in the ceremony, for the whole performance was most revolting. It was, however, not half so disgusting, nor was it so strangely peculiar as the ceremony which I saw going on in several of the smaller temples. I must read again—for if I ever knew it, it had gone out of my memory, but once seen it will not so easily be forgotten. Veiled females are continually passing in and out ; but the singularity of the worship there first made me laugh and then contemplate. The temple has within, a Hindoo god that represents the creative power of man, and the ceremony of the Linquam is supposed to be the cure of barrenness and sterility. There are certain days of the year that Hindoo wives who have been so unfortunate as never to bring any addition to the household of their honored lord, resort to this temple of the land ; but although it has been the custom of ages, I am not aware whether it has in any one case brought the desired effect. There are different idols in different parts of India, but I believe that none have proved so effectual as the Brahmins. I believe it is generally known that in some parts of the Himalaya ranges, Polyandry has existed since far back in the country's history. There the wife lives in common with her several husbands, as westward of the Mississippi, where polygamy is acknowledged by the deluded followers of Joe Smith and Brigham Young, the husband lives in common with his several wives. But in one respect they do not follow

out the Mormon custom, for the idea of hospitality that influences these poor natives of the mountain passes is that the stranger should share the nuptial couch, and to refuse would be the worst of insults, say those who have observed their manners.

I also rode down to the Burning Ghaut and witnessed, till it almost made me sick with nausea, the disgusting sight of burning their dead. The smoke was rising from the dying embers of several bodies, and in three instances the funeral pile was just lighted. After having been brought on the banks of the river, where they are left to die, if their friends have the means of purchasing the wood and paying for the ceremony, they are at once placed upon the coals and covered up with the burning timber, till their bodies have been entirely consumed. The picture was painful, nauseating, most unpleasant to the senses ; and you only care to see it once, and then a few moments will satisfy you. You can but feel stupified at the sight. Some poor skull, not wholly destroyed, you may be treading on, and pieces of bones, where the relatives were too poor to pay for more fuel, you see buried in the ashes. A most foul stench fills the air. At all hours of the day corpses are brought down, and the unseemly levity of the naked wretches who stir up the fuel, and more especially when they show you the body by running a pole into its side, would hasten your departure, did you not arrest your steps to gaze upon the hungry flock of ravens and crows and carrion kites who approach the corpses before the fire has ceased to burn, within a close proximity, to seize upon the least atom saved from the flame. Hundreds of them were within a few feet, intently peering into the ashes, while the more dignified adjutants were perched upon the house tops and on the walls, waiting for their share of the entertainment. No one molests them for the birds are sacred, and eat up the filth

about the city. When too poor to buy the privilege of burning their relatives they let the tide wash them off the beach, some of them, perhaps, before the life has left the body, and they are floated off to sea. I have often heard the captains of ships tell of the bodies fouling the anchors, and the sickening stench that arose in cleaning them when some half a dozen had lodged there ; and whenever I drank the water of the Hoogly, or partook curry, or fish at breakfast, I could but be reminded of the human shrimp traps and "fish bait" of which I had so many times heard. The engineer on board the Fiery Cross, on alluding to the subject, was suddenly taken ill, for his imagination was stronger than his stomach. I have seen little, but all I wish to see, of Indian worship. It is an intricate ceremony. Brahma is the paternal ancestor, the head deity ; and he has three sons, who officiate in their respective spheres. Brahma creates, Vishna preserves, and Shiva destroys, each acting for himself, and each worshipped for his particular power. Each represents one grand head, and from these three are born the millions of gods that are worshipped through the empire—animal and vegetable, animate and inanimate, alive and dead, in the water and on the land. In India every thing that is born, everything that lives, everything that dies, represents some emblem of their religion ; and when and wherever that religion has been interfered with it has given rise to much bitter feeling and involved no little danger. Sir William Bentinck abolished suttee, or the self-immolation of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, and his bronze monument stands out in bold relief, to tell you of the act. But it would be difficult to ascertain if in some instances this practice is not still followed. Although they consider, I believe, a cow more sacred than a woman, yet I saw a small heifer give up her helpless life to the sacrifice.

No Governor General has abolished the torturing customs where devotees go through the most painful operations, to show their love of their religion, and how devout is their worship ; with irons through the body, they swing round and round, sit down on steel instruments, torture their limbs into the most excrutiatingly painful positions, and go through all the horrors of the inquisition.

Next month, in April, some of those days when the torture is the worship, will give the stranger the opportunity of witnessing that which I do not care to behold, for already I have seen enough to disgust me with the common people, their habits, their customs, their dress, their treachery, their duplicity and their religion. One able bodied Chinaman, in appearance to say the least, is worth half a dozen natives of Bengal ; for as a race, the former are far ahead of the latter.

Notwithstanding the troops of native shopkeepers and tradesmen always hovering about you, there are plenty of Europeans ready to take your money. English tailors, English barbers, English hatters and English jewelers, English hotels and English druggists, all exercise their ingenuity in properly representing their respective callings. The exchange mart, as they term it, contains a little of everything—a perfect *salmagundi.*

You can purchase anything you please, from an India rubber coat to a penny whistle—from a lady's work box to a gentleman's dressing case ; and the prices are moderate. I bought several beautiful silver ornaments made by the artisans of Cuttack—bracelets, bouquet holders, breast pins and sundry nicknacks, many of which were of exquisite workmanship. Just at the present time the exchange is being cleared preparatory to the opium sale, which comes off the 11th of every month, a sight I am sorry I shall not witness, for it is one of the noted

exhibitions of Calcutta. The Opium from Benares and Patna is sold here at public auction, by the Honorable Company, through a salaried auctioneer, twelve times during the year, to the highest bidder. Catalogues are early circulated, and the purchasers from the country are early in town. As a chest of Patna passes like a bank note, no sampling or examination takes place. Looking from an elevation in the room you see a most extraordinary spectacle—all nations—all European races are represented. In the Stock Exchange and the Bourse you may see the latter, but at the opium sales room only can you see the grand mixture of races.

Gambling is a natural vice among the Indians, and they enjoy beyond anything else the peculiar excitement of the opium mart; and it is the motely appearance of the bidders, combined with the confusion of tongues, and the strong odors that arise from the perspiring crowd that marks the place. Jews and Gentiles are wild in their manner; and Greeks, Armenians, Persians, mingled in with native Indians of many dialects; and Englishmen, and all the representatives of the continent of Europe, of Asia and of Africa, are wrought up to the greatest possible excitement by the sharp bidding and the quick auctioneer, who seems to be ubiquitous. The hells of London and of Paris are not thronged with more reckless men, for the amounts are heavy, and one bid will make or lose a fortune. Much of the gambling takes place in the bazaar before the sale. But I cannot wait till Monday, and must content myself with hearsay.

In the afternoon I made myself a martyr to curiosity, and ascended to the top of the Ochterlony Monument, up some two hundred stone steps. I must say I much prefer the simple contrivance at Bunker Hill, for this treadmill, always mounting upwards motion, completely paralyses one's legs—mine fairly

ached. Once on the summit, you are repaid for the task ; for here you have the entire city of Calcutta—the old and the new —and the suburbs, for miles and miles, spread out before you. With a good glass you may range over a large space of territory ; all the public buildings stand boldly out, and the flat roofed houses of the Europeans offer little to grow poetical upon. I would not form an opinion of Calcutta from simply riding through its streets ; but after you have viewed it from an elevated position, you can but form the conclusion that it is very much overrated. There are many beautiful residences, to be sure ; but as a whole Calcutta has no more right to possess the high sounding name of "City of Palaces" than Singapore has to be called the "City of Churches," or Melbourne the "City of Warehouses." Shanghae possesses equally extensive mansions, and Batavia many that are superior. After you have enjoyed the look of nature and of art, as your steamer steams to the mooring at Garden Reach—after you have been to Barrackpore, and seen some of the country seats at Ballygunge—after you have visited the most attractive places in the suburbs, you should ride round the circular road, where the ancient wall and moat were constructed to bar out the robber horsemen of the Mahratta ; you should spend a few hours in wandering through the native town ; you should look carefully at the dirty, stained, mildewed appearance of the city buildings, where rain and climate have made the painting profession lucrative ; you should notice some of the less active of the thoroughfares, where dirt and filth give food to flocks of carrion kites and regiments of adjutants ; you should let the hot red sand look of ground and building fully stamp its influence on your fancy —you should see all these, and then tell me if the simple fact of residences being isolated and walled in, is sufficient to give

Calcutta the name of the Palace City. More properly it might be called a city of "mud and plaster," where the squareness of the architecture and the unclean, untidy look of the paint or whitewash is the most noticeable. One thing, however, none can dispute, and that is the greatness of its commerce, increasing with every moon. The march of empire has changed the village of Indian huts into a city. The little band of traders have grown to a powerful company. In Surajah Dowlah's day the site of the miscalled Palatial City was the natural resort of water fowl, and aligators, and carrion birds; huge reptiles crawled over the morass and the jungle, and beasts of prey were only surpassed in fierceness by the robber hordes; now the banks of the river are covered with merchandise, which the primitive teams of the land, unchanged for centuries, bring down from the interior, where the finest ships in the world open their hatches to receive the produce of a land that is capable of producing as much of its renowned staples as the rest of the world is capable of consuming. And yet with all this wonderful commerce, who grows rich in the Indian trade? How many merchants annually retire with lacs of rupees? As many as make their fortunes in the respective gold fields of the great Anglo Saxon empires, after they have past through a panic—no more; for competition crowds the new comer, and every ten years the old merchants tremble under an established custom, if not a natural law.

The numbers of Parsees that brush past you and repeat their prayers in the morning, in the Canton gardens, plainly shows who has the best of the opium trade, and the extensive imports and exports of the Rhalleys and the Schilizzers of Calcutta would indicate that the Greek merchants possess capital, enterprise, and a large share of the commerce of Bengal.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CALCUTTA, March, 8, 1856.

Native Merchants of Calcutta—How They do Business—The Baboos at Home—Cashmere Goats—More Amusement—Theatricals—The American Ice House.

THE native merchants are men of intellect, well up in all the moves on the mercantile chess board. You are surprised to find them so familiar with commerce and commercial usages. Naturally sharp and quick to learn, by being brought in contact with business men from every coast, after graduating from the English school, they became familiar with all the tricks of trade. If they wish to purchase, they appear before you as a seller; if they have indigo to dispose of, they will inquire for seeds, and if freight is to be engaged, they will offer you a ship. Intuitively they understand all the clap trap of the Stock Exchange; with astonishing cleverness they put the market up and down with as much ease as the most experienced bulls and bears of the West, and before or after the arrival of a mail, you meet them where you least expect it—always a little in advance. No Europeans were equal to cope with them in managing prices, in regulating exchanges, or in dodging round sharp corners, till the Greeks dropped down among them; but since so many of them have appeared in Calcutta the natives have had to keep their eyes wide open. In many of the European houses the Banyans work the machinery, furnishing Sircars,

or native clerks, managing the details of office, and of government, and in the American trade, furnishing capital, or rather, buying cargoes, cashing acceptances, and keeping the wheels on the turn till the credit can be realized after the cargo is on board. These men accumulate fortunes, while their employers work on without meeting with the same success. Baboo Ashootas Day, and Baboo Rajendur and Kaledos Dutt are the great American Banyans, and manage the business of most of the American houses. The former, almost since the commencement of the century, has done an extensive business direct with the Boston merchants, and was among the first I called upon, when I received the intelligence of his death ; but the business still goes on as before, by his nephew and successors, while the extensive property of the late Baboo, has brought out rival claimants, and report says that the court clerks are fattening on expectation. Ashootas Day and Baboo Ram Gopol Ghose, I believe, are the only two native merchants who receive to any extent direct orders from abroad ; the former for American, the latter on English account. The business of Calcutta seems to be done through the medium of chits and brokers—the merchants seldom meeting, for you never find any one at the exchange. This reserve creates jealousy, and Calcutta is ahead of China in that respect, for in China you meet over the dinner table, in the gardens, or at the reading rooms. Even the Banyans and native merchants employ brokers, and seldom go to the bazaars ; but the Greeks are always on the alert. Produce passes through many hands before it reaches the ship, and each party levies and collects his toll. The custom that prevailed in England in Cromwell's time, of return commissions, drawbacks, &c., is understood in India ; and the Banyan, the broker, the mahajun, all depend upon their *durstooree* in all

heavy transactions, as your bearer, or khidmuz-gar, expects his return commission when you send him for a candle, or bunch of matches.

The Bengal Banyan is not the China comprador, and yet they are not so much unlike ; each manages the merchandise, and each handles the treasure, and each appears to be commercially on intimate relations with the foreign merchants. I visited the residence of the Dutt family, where all the opulence and luxuries that wealth commands is scattered about the rooms. Paintings and engravings, mosaic from Rome and porcelain from Sevres, English and French furniture, and everything Indian and European that they can get hold of, is purchased to adorn their residences. The large rooms of valuable merchandise resembled more an ill-assorted pawnbroker's shop in London than anything else I could think of. I found the Baboo almost naked, in his bedroom, on the floor, a punkah over him, and in his hand an English history of the Russian war. The room was beautifully furnished, but the pictures that adorned the walls showed the licentious taste of the Bengalee. He was most familiar with the geography, the commerce, the politics of other nations—wanted to know the effect of the late wonderful production of gold, and how it would operate on the silver coinage—asked if the losses still continued as heavy in the Australian trade as at first, and if our cotton crop in the States would exceed three millions of bales, and if in case of peace clipper ships would depreciate. His religion, he said, would not allow him to go abroad, but nothing would be more pleasant to him than to visit Mount Vernon. Ashootas Day had a beautiful place, and before his death gave a most expensive *nautch*, combining the immoralities of the European with the luxuriant and voluptuous habits of the natives. He denied

himself nothing that money would give him. The careless way in speaking of him—that he had been burnt up makes one still more repugnant to their idol worship. I was also entertained by Baboo Rajendur Mullick, whose princely estates and great wealth are noticeable over many others. Dutt's Place is far less extensive, for Baboo Mullick lives the gentlemen, and devotes his time to ornamenting his house, by purchasing everything that comes from other parts. The more expensive the article the better is he pleased. Animals and birds filled the garden, and his aviary contained the feathered tribes of every land, from the ostrich to the emu—the mandarin duck of China to the bird of paradise. The late Earl of Derby contributed something to the collection.

I saw several goats from Cashmere, the kind from whose wool the celebrated shawls are made. The goats thrive poorly out of the mountains, and there were only five left out of some two hundred that the Baboo owned. The Baboo is most gentlemanly in his manners, and well informed in ancient and modern history, speaking English with remarkable fluency. He has several lacs invested in the company's paper. A few weeks since he gave a most magnificent *nautch*. The large area in the centre was covered, and lights and lanterns shone over the expensive fountain and the ornamented stage. These *nautches* are peculiar to India, and, when given by a king, a prince, or a millionaire, distinguished foreigners are often invited. I had the chance of being present at one on a small scale, got up for the amusement of a young Bostonian from Canton and myself, by some of our American friends. The music at times is harsh, and then dies off with soothing harmony. The musicians were all seated, and the guests, native and foreign, were provided with lounges, sofa chairs, &c. The entertainment was given at a

native's house, a few miles out of town, and the dancing girls were engaged a day or two before. Gesticulation, action and the elastic movements of the body mark the peculiarity of the dance—commencing with a slow, graceful motion, scarcely moving their feet, but working their hands and arms, then becoming more animated, with a livelier chant, their whole form keeping time to the tune, till they appear much excited, and their movements at first chaste, become voluptuous, and the music inspirits to still more powerful excitement, till the dance is terminated with louder strains and more lascivious motions. Other dancers then take their place, but the dance is unchanged. Two of the girls only appeared at the same time. All of them were covered with jewels. I counted as many as fifteen gold and silver bracelets on one arm, and necklaces and chains—bells on their ancles and rings on their fingers, jewelry in their ears, and hanging in rings from their noses, gave them a most original appearance, and simply shows how fond these natives are of ornament. All they can make—all they can get and save over and above their maintenance, goes for ornaments ; and many of those who seem the poorest have valuable jewelry on their persons. Coolies, even, who can save a few rupees invest in buying jeweled ornaments for their children ; and hence robbery and murder occur where the inducement is so conspicuously advertised.

Outside of their own residences and off the esplanade, foreigners have little to amuse themselves with, for theatricals and concerts, lectures and exhibitions do not thrive on Indian soil. Kate Hayes, however, for awhile dispersed the general apathy, but a few nights of the Italian music at the places were amply sufficient. There are many amateur singers in the city, and their occasional reunions are said to be attractive. A star actor

or prima donna need never expect to realize a rapid fortune by visiting Calcutta; for the population is not equal to a small town in a Western State. Seven thousand, they tell me, is about the mark. Madame Pleiffer, who does the chapter and verse diction, said two; but she may be as much mistaken as in describing the site of the Black Hole.

The American ice house was presented to the proprietor by the government, and the monopoly of the Calcutta market must be lucrative. For this luxury the civil servants and citizens of the Presidency are indebted to the successful enterprize of a Boston merchant. No competition could live a month, for there is not enough for two. Ice is the greatest of all luxuries in the capital of Bengal. The stranger enjoys it as much as the resident.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VOYAGE TO EGYPT FROM INDIA.

On Board the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Nubia, from Calcutta to Suez, March 9, 1856.

Run from Calcutta to Suez—A Retrospect of Indian History—The First Overland Journey—The Company and its Commanders—The Black Hole of Calcutta.

I fear that I shall find little time for Herald correspondence in the desert, at Jerusalem, the Crimea, or in Europe, but at any rate, passing events shall be recorded. Now I have some two or three weeks on my hands, and I shall find amusement in taking a retrospective view of India, although the motion of a sea steamer may prevent me from turning all my periods well. Will it too severely tax your good nature if I run back to Elizabeth's time, when merchants planted the seed of empire, and with steeple chasing speed run over the course that marks the history of a nation which for more than two centuries, has been the theatre of some of the most thrilling scenes that ever gave birth to romance or to misery. If permitted, I promise to make the chapter short. A year of constant reading would hardly finish the works on India, for the volumes would crowd a library—memoirs, journals, sketches of the multitude of civil servants of the Honorable Company—histories and reports of Governor Generals from Lord Clive to Lord Canning—annals,

records and accounts of the Board of Directors—biographies, historical reminiscences, despatches, and pretty volumes of clever military officers who, during years of service, had little to do but write, draw bills, smoke, play cards and shoot tigers from off an Elephant's back ; and others, who were in action, fought, gave their own account of the battle, and won medals and eulogies for their bravery.

The printing press has been always active in introducing distinguished civil and military officers to the literary public, and books on "our Eastern Empire" are to be found everywhere but where you most want them. Some of the writers have become rich, others poor, and some won a name ; others sunk into obscurity with the first edition ; but most of them lost their hair, their lungs, and, in one or two solitary instances, their conscience, in the honorable service of the Honorable Company. Tourists, too, poetical and prosaic—some falling into hysterical composition when standing on the summits of high mountains, or resting in their palaquins on the banks of grand rivers, watching the innocent gambols of Hindoo maidens, whose ablutions attracted them, while other writers tell of brave hunts, where they have luxuriated in the exciting embraces of a wounded female tiger ; and missionaries who have grown inspired in describing the horrors of the opium trade—the thrilling scenes of the jungle, the revolting customs of heathen worship, and the prayers which they have made in the evangelization of the native races, prayers somewhat doubted by many of the company's servants, who, living in the same localities, have seen few instances of a fruit the seed of which was planted long ago, but somehow or other refuses to ripen under an Indian sun, missionaries whose life of exile commands admiration, and far be it from me to speak lightly of their labors, for their motives are the best, although

success seldom crowns their life of toil and absence. Others have written, and many who never saw the Indian shore have written, and many of their works show astonishing research and careful compilation. Moore's knowledge of the Orient is sprinkled along the great three thousand guinea poem like pearls in a diamond necklace, and yet he never saw the country. Lalla Rookh is full of Eastern painting. Burke and Fox and Sheridan enchanted Parliament with their startling pictures of Indian life when the American nation was in its cradle, and yet they were not in India.

From such a mass of composition one is fairly disheartened in reading upon such a country. No digest like Goldsmith's History of England has yet been thrown together. Yes—I am wrong—MacFarlane, who wrote on Japan, has published a valuable summary, which gives one taste for more. Yet his travels never extended to the East. Bishop Heber's "Indian Journal," "Wellington's Despatches," P. Auber's "Rise and Progress of British Power in India," James' "Military Transactions of the British Nation in Hindostan"—a work of more than ordinary merit; Mill's "History of British India," which I think, passed under Macaulay's favorable criticism in the *Edinburgh Review;* Scott's "History of Bengal," Gleig's "Warren Hastings," are among some of the more prominent writings; but only in proportion as the letter A is to the alphabet. In volume four—the last of the brilliant series that has been issued from the press from the pen of England's great historian—you will find an occasional page of England's progress in the East, and as you read the eloquent description of the birth and infancy of the empire you long for another chapter, and wait with impatient anticipation to see something of its youth and manhood. He tells you that the Honorable Company was incorpo-

rated by England's great Queen on the last day of the sixteenth century, just when the Mogul monarchy was at the acme of its fame—when Akbar, the illustrious decendant of the House of Tamerlane, had inherited lands and wealth surpassing anything in Western grandeur. But Macaulay goes no further back. Yet India had a glorious past. Alexander who conquered his Bucephalus before he wept that there were no more worlds to conquer, first told Europe of the splendor of India, for his armies were the first to enter the Punjaub. Political changes have always been taking place in the East. In the eleventh century Constantinople held the trade and worked the oracle of finance; then Italians crowded out the Turks, and Marco Polo was as active as he had been in China; and years after Columbus found a continent—a new track to India—changed the commerce of the Orient, and Vasco De Gama claimed the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope race course, and the Portuguese displaced the Italians and the Arabs in the trade; and in jealousy of Portugal's progress, the Dutch, the French and the English entered the field, and expeditions were despatched to India via the Good Hope track, but Thomas Cavendish and Capt. Raymond only opened the door to the joint stock company, who subscribed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and placed the direction under a committee of fifteen.

John Mildenhall was the first to make the overland journey to the new commercial arena. A year later, a charter for fifteen years received the royal assent, and on the 2d of May, 1601, the little trading fleet sailed from Torbay under the command of James Lancaster, who first dropped anchor at Sumatra, and left an agent at Bantam, in Java. In this modest manner the acorn was planted, and taking root on a fertile soil, from the young sapling has grown to the mighty oak, whose wide spread-

ing branches, extend some 1,900 miles from Cashmir to Cape Comorin, from the Indus' mouth to the mountain ranges, eastward of the Baramputa, some 1,500 miles—covering an area of some 1,300,000 square miles—populated by one hundred and forty-one millions of Indians of mixed blood and mixed religion. From the Straits we find the traders at Surat, in 1612, protected by the Protestant James. A half of a century later, in 1668, Bombay was ceded to the company by the dissipated Charles the Second. In 1707 Calcutta became a Presidency, but it was in 1698 that the rival companies buried the hatchet, joining capital and interest under the name of the United East India Company. The first foothold with a native king was brought about through the skill of the merchantmen's doctor, in saving the life of a beautiful native princess. A century had died away since the formation of the company, and kingly fortunes were made so quickly as to astonish all not interested, and create bitter jealousy in those merchants who did not share the monopoly.

Sir Josiah Child fought boldly for the company's rights, which Cromwell had restored after the civil war had broken out, and bought members of Parliament and members of the Cabinet with his Indian gold. Private merchants were not equal to combat an already powerful corporation, whose maxim then was, that money would overcome virtue, and the working of the maxim was seen in the continued renewals of the charter. The wonderful progress of the colony began to alarm the Indian kings, and the Dutch and French adventurers were always stimulating them on against the English. The fierce feuds between the Hindoos and the Mussulmen were never more active. Since Alfred's time terrible internal wars had convulsed the land, and Mahomedan conquerors. Hindoo rajahs, fierce Affghans

and Rahpootes were marauding over the empire, till Tamerlane, in the fourteenth century, took the reins. Baber succeeded the great Emperor, and later Akbar inherited all; but before the English were in Surat he was in the tomb of his fathers. The early hatred of rival princes was handed down from generation to generation, and in the early part of the seventeenth century burned with fiercer energy, for Dupleix, the Frenchman, began to discover that the ruins of the Mongol monarchy might give birth to European empire. At one time his power saw no barrier, and his dreams of conquest made him covetous and quarrel with Labourdonnais. This was the time that the Napoleon of India was introduced, for the irritable clerk, who, while a writer, had twice attempted to end his life when smarting under some reproof for his stupidity without success, gave up the courtier's duty for the soldier, and Robert Clive, who gave no promise of greatness in his youth, became the founder of the British empire in India. It has been said that Indian history has had no Cortez and no Pizarro; but more likely it is because there has been no Prescott to record their glory and their shame. When further advanced in his "History of England," we may expect it in Macauley.

Clive, when he commenced his brilliant career as a commander, was about the age of Napoleon when chief of the Grand Army of Italy, but he did not possess the same military experience, although his victories surprised his enemies into admiration. He was emphatically the man of the time. Native Rajahs, tired of the Englishman's arrogance, and fearing the exercise of his power, again flew to horse. The Nabob of Arcot—was the first to fight. This was the Rajah to whom Burke, in the British Parliament, gave an endless fame. Clive was at that memorable siege which lasted fifty days—the Arcot

fort. Halliburton had just begun to form and drill the sepoys into soldiers, and their constancy and skill was flattering to the officer. From that little band of native troops sprung the entire Indian army, now numbering some 275,000 native soldiers. Full of honors and wealth, Clive, the humble writer, went to England, where slander and envy awaited him, and being defeated in getting into Parliament, in 1755, sailed under the King's command, again for India, the Honorable Company appointing him to the Governorship of Fort St. David. But the very day he stepped into the gubernatorial chair, at Madras, the Bengal Nabob took Calcutta. Then came that chapter of unheard of cruelty, familiar to every child who has learned to read his story books. The tragedy of the Black Hole occurred just a hundred years ago.

The dungeon was but twenty feet square. Midsummer heat was parching India. The little garrison thought it all a joke, when they were ordered to go in; but to refuse was to die, for Surajah-ul-Dowlah's orders must be obeyed; prolonged suffering was better than instant death; they entered, one hundred and forty-six in all. The door was closed, the small aperture admitted neither light nor air. When they began to exchange breaths the startling truth burst upon them. The air already was almost putrid; they shrieked, they yelled in mortal agony; they screamed for water and then killed each other over the cup which was passed through the grating, while the poor prisoners were biting and squeezing each other's life away—gasping for air, for water, for anything to relieve them of their agony. The jailers laughed and danced in pure delight. Holmell, the highest in rank, offered the jailor heavy bribes; but no, the Nabob was sleeping, and no one dared to wake him. In the morning, when the debauch was slept away, he ordered the dungeon door

to be opened, and out staggered twenty-three swollen distorted living corpses! One hundred and twenty-three were piled up —a putrefying mass of men—all shapes and forms were represented in the death struggle. The English woman who survived, was sent to the harem of the Prince of Moorshedabad. Holwell was saved and tells the tale. The dead were buried on the spot, but the harrowing picture did not move in the least the granite disposition of the human tiger. The horrible deed reached Clive, and the celebrated battle of Plassey showed the inhuman Nabob that it was a fool hardy thing to trifle with the feelings of Englishmen. The soldiers fought like bulldogs; revenge stimulated them on, and the Nabob's army of 60,000 strong was broken like a reed. Clive lost but twenty-two men. The gallant 39th still wears the proud motto. *Primus in Indus.* Clive was now at the zenith of his fame, but his enemies were at work at home. His successes against the Dutch invasion from Java, his victorious battles against Indian armies large enough to swallow him, his civil and administrative abilities could not save him. He had forged a solemn treaty; he was cognizant of the assassination of Suraj-Dowlah by the son of the Nabob of his own creation, Meer Jaffier; he had done deeds blackening to the character of an honest man. He went back to England, leaving everything quiet behind him, and in 1765 returned again, for the third and last time. Once more he became the company's benefactor rooted out corruption and bribery among the civil servants; introduced the salt monopoly, still in existence, instead of increasing the pay of the military. But when he went back to England his libellers had made him out a villain, a fiend incarnate, who had violated public faith, reduced provinces to beggary, deposed princes, and such men as Mackenzie, Foote and Cooper assisted in driving the great

man mad, and goaded on past all endurance, he carried out the idiosyncracy of his youth, for it is supposed that the slandered Peer, tired of it, ended his own life.

When Clive left India all went wrong. In 1770, the crops failed—the famine was terrible—millions perished—some say one-third of the Bengal population were swept away. In 1772, the company were obliged to borrow from the Bank of England, to keep themselves above water. We are now under the administration of another Governor General, and another instance of rising from the ranks of humble life. Warren Hastings arrived in Bengal in 1750, and made illicit but successful love to the Baroness Imhoff, on his passage out—her husband blind to the infidelity. Commencing like Clive, as a writer, his energy and his ability carried him steadily up the ladder of fame.

His forte was administration, not military tactics ; a great man was wanted, and he proved equal to the emergency, and he used the all-selfish and all-powerful freemasonry of the company to carry out his bold and sometimes heartless plans. In reviewing Gleig's three volumed work on Warren Hastings, in the *Edinburgh Review*, of 1841, Macaulay does not spare him, for his damnable loaning of an English Army to Suraj-Dowlah for forty lacs, or $2,000,000 to put down the border princes. For his unscrupulous measures regarding the Begums of Oude for the execution of Nuncomar—read the impeachment paper before the House of lords. When Sheridan made the ludicrous mistake in speaking of the "ferocious Dhooliess, who savagely rushed in and carried the wounded from the field," he would have laughed, could he have known that he had wrought himself up to such excitement and virtuous indignation in describing an open palanquin, or simple contrivance for taking the poor

creatures off to the hospital shed, instead of to the slaughter. Sheridan's speech, for which Burke and Fox had furnished the material, does not make the Governor General an angel by any means, and Macaulay, in the review alluded to, is bitter when touching on that inhuman war, where their villages were burnt, their children butchered, and their women violated. Hastings was a wonderful man, whether sending despatches in quills made into earrings, to escape detection, when at Benares (after Cheyte Sing ran away), when his life was in danger—or ruling the destinies of India, with an impoverished treasury—or defending himself in nine years' persecution—when his fortune was spent in useless law—he showed the signet of a great mind. These two, Clive and Hastings, were the earliest and the greatest of the Governor Generals of India, and I have, therefore, dwelt longer when speaking of them.

While Lord Cornwallis was losing the empire of the West, Hastings preserved the empire of the East. The one gave up America, the other saved the Carnatic.

When England and America were signing the peace papers, Fox lost his India bill, and with it the Premiership ; but his powerful enemy, Pitt, with the entire wealth of the East India Company to support him, the next year was more successful, and fixed himself firmly on the government benches. This was the bill which instituted the Board of Control, the President being the head of the Indian government. The Governor General and Council of three one of which was the military commander-in-chief—the King holding the power of nominating this officer, also of approving or recalling the Governor General. In 1786 Lord Cornwallis was sent out by the company ; and although the banner fell before the little army of our first President, he rose again in India. and showed himself an able gen-

eral and governor. In 1793 he returned home after six years' hard fighting with Tippoo Saib. Sir John Shore succeeded, and, after a short stay, was made an Irish peer. Lord Teignmouth don't appear to have distinguished himself, and the Honorable Company made a better appointment when they gave the seal to Lord Mornington, Marquis of Wellesley, the Iron Duke's elder brother—a man who possessed something of the Clive and Hastings styles of action, and, like them, fell into the jaws of faction when he returned to England. About this time Napoleon and Tippoo were in correspondence, but all his projects failed, and Wellington came within an ace of meeting Napoleon, with Sepoy troops, in the Egyptian desert; but a superior officer was appointed to the command, and Wellington was obliged to wait for Waterloo. After Lord Mornington, there was another appointment of the Shore school—Sir George Barlow; but a more appropriate and clever man succeeded in Lord Minto, whom I will speak of in another page.

CHAPTER XXV.

On Board the Steamship Nubia,
from Calcutta to Suez,
March, 1856.

Indian History Continued—Shifting of English Politicians with Respect to Her—The Annexed Territory—Telegraphs and Railways—Effects of Conquest.

Lord Minto's administration was noted for his naval exploits. This was the Governor who, with his ninety sail, took Java from the French, but lost many of his troops by the fatal climate. He was also successful at the Isle of France; but the Bocca Tigris and Macao expeditions were signal failures.

In 1813 the Marquis of Hastings, whom Americans have reason to remember, was the next Governor General of India; and following in the footsteps of his illustrious namesake, he squeezed the treasury of Oude to get the means of paying the Company's debt. It was during his reign that the old Begum, which the Pitt opposition immortalized, died, and in the goodness of her heart bequeathed $2,500,000 to the Honorable Company—thus saving them the trouble of seizing it, as is their custom. Hastings distinguished himself in breaking up and dispersing the immense bandit hordes of Pindarees, who for years had plundered and robbed, spreading devastation wherever their horsemen charged.

Brougham's formidable rival in debate—the great Canning—received the next appointment; but he was wanted at home,

and, remaining to work his way to the Premiership, Earl Amherst was chosen to fill the vacancy, and with much ability, shown by his success, carried on the Burmah war. The actions were bold, daring and successful. Burmah was conquered for the time, and the treasurer of the Company had to disgorge $40,000,000 to pay the expenses of the war.

Dr. Price, an American missionary, signed the treaty on behalf of the King of Ava; and Dr. Judson, Fanny Forrester's husband, has also told us something of the fierce battles that convulsed the country. One of the most alarming mutinies of the many mentioned, among the native troops, occurred at this time (1824). The Bengal sepoys, who, fearful of losing caste by going to sea, disobeyed orders; but the decision of the official, in shooting down the leaders, saved the mutiny from spreading, and the prompt disbanding of the Forty-seventh native infantry had the desired effect of quelling an insubordination that gave the government much cause for alarm.

The celebrated siege of Bhual-koor, near Agra, was in 1827. In Calcutta I saw the monument of Lord William Bentinck, (who in 1828, was sent up from Madras to relieve Earl Amherst,) for abolishing Suttee or the self-immolation of widows on the funeral fagots of her deceased consort. It was a bold measure, for it interfered with their religion, but it was successful. But he did not fare as well in doing away with flogging in the army, for he had to bear the whole brunt of every trifling act of indiscipline; every sign of insubordination was heaped upon his shoulders. In 1833 the opposition in Parliament succeeded in breaking up the monopoly of the China trade, which for so long a period had thrown a wet sheet over all private enterprise. With this measure, the Court of Directors ceased to be merchant princes. At this time the Duke of Wellington,

in speaking of what the company owed, said their entire debt was only $200,000,000, or about equal to two years revenue.

Lord Auckland, in 1835, took the helm, and held it till 1841—after having been led by the nose by the unfortunate Captain Burnes into that fatal Affghan campaign, where disgrace followed disgrace with a rapidity that even astonished the natives—all the horrors of Indian warfare were experienced during that short campaign; 26,000 human beings perished in the cowardly affair of the Passes—an everlasting disgrace to those who failed to show themselves worthy of their official position. On the 3d November, 1841, occurred the ambush, the surprise, the retreat; where, says the English historian MacFarland with deserving severity, "Our commanding officers continued in their imbecility until our troops were infected with downright cowardice. Not merely the shivering, half-starved sepoys, but our British born soldiers, cowered before a barbarous and stupid enemy, whom they had so often beaten. * * * * * Where our officers behaved like fools, and our men like cowards, the retreat of the 14th December," says the same writer, "was as appalling as it was disastrous—even worse than that of the French from Moscow. In both instances, hail, snow and ice, nakedness and famine, slew more than the sword."

A change in the British ministry brought Peel a second time to the head of affairs in the British Cabinet, and Lord Ellenborough was sent in 1842 to India, and his able management during the Affghan campaign won him laurels from the army as well as from high officials. Even the Iron Duke complimented him in eulogistic language among the peers of the realm; but his haughty and dictatorial language offended the dignity of the Court of Directors, who showed their unlimited power in recalling the Governor General, in direct opposition to the wishes of govern-

ment. The next step in the empire's history was the arrival of Sir Henry Hardinge, the present Commander-in-Chief of the Queen's army, whose activity and energy made enemies as well as friends. He modified the duty on salt, he abolished Lord Bentinck's order of flogging, and, with such leaders as Sir Hugh Gough, Sir Charles Napier and Sir Harry Smith, he conquered the Punjaub, making the Sikhs surrender their swords, and bow to the British yoke. He accomplished much, and, leaving a good name behind him, he made way for Lord Dalhousie, in 1848, who plunged into war as soon as he arrived at Government House, and the battle field of Chillian Wallah is still red with the blood of the sons of England. During his reign four kingdoms have been annexed—the Punjaub, in 1849; Burmah, in '52; Nagpore, in '54, and last, though not by any means the least, Oude a few days before his departure for England. For these bold measures, when he has only carried out the instructions of the directors, and through them of the British government, the Parlimentary opposition are ready to open their batteries against him and he will be fortunate if he escapes the storm that awaits the arrival of every Governor of India who has displayed extraordinary energy.

The extensive tract of empire that has been annexed, and the millions of people added to the British community, will produce warm compliment from one party, but like hostility from the other; but there are few in India who, although they may not admire the man, are unwilling to testify to what he has accomplished. His administration will always be memorable for the introduction of the two great inventions of the present century—the telegraph and the railroad. Whatever may be the political questions he may be censured for, these will prove counter arguments with his friends. You will be surprised to

learn that India, during the last two years, bids fair to keep pace with the United States in the magnetic wire. Dr. O' Shaughnessy is the Professor Morse of India ; with the powerful machinery at his command as a servant of the company, he has distinguished himself by his energy and his works. I am glad to find him a fellow passenger *en route* for home, with a view of running the wire from England to India—an undertaking which, no doubt, will shortly be accomplished, judging from what has been done. The first wire, he tells me, was extended Nov. 1, 1853. Twenty parties of workmen (soldiers) left Calcutta and Bombay, under English leaders, and in March, 1854, the offices were opened at the half-way station of Agra and by the middle of June the first message went through to Bombay, a distance of 1,600 miles, since which, lines have been established from Bombay to Madras, 800 miles ; from Agra to Peshawur, on the borders of Affghanistan, forming the populous cities of Delhi, Lahore, and Attoch on the Indus, some 800 miles ; besides a line 200 miles from Rangoon to Prome and Meaday, connecting the seaport with the frontier of Ava, and other smaller lines, making a total of some 4,000 miles in two years time. In less than five years ten thousand miles of electric wire will connect the chief points of the Indian empire, says the Doctor. No. 1 galvanized wire, about half a mile to the ton, would give an aggregate of 2,000 tons. The original posts were made of cheap wood, but subsequently iron wood from Burmah, solid granite posts, brick and mortar doors and iron screw posts are those used ; the cost is about $250 per mile.

The wires are about sixteen feet from the ground, sufficiently high to allow a loaded elephant to pass under. About thirty miles of submarine wires, costing $1,000 per mile, have been laid down across the rivers. About three hundred manipulators

are employed, and two hundred more servants, making a staff of five hundred men. There are seventy offices already erected, in charge of Europeans and half castes, the great difficulty has been in procuring proper workmen, and Dr. O'Shaughnessy purposes visiting the States before returning to India, in order to procure a staff of American managers. There are no double lines laid down, nor will there be. The annual cost of the establishment is $150,000.

The only paying line will be that between Bombay and Calcutta, where one-third of the despatches are sent by natives. The object of the government in establishing such an agency throughout their wide extent of empire is, of course to increase their political and military power, for the enterprise as an investment would prove disastrous. An instance of its advantage was noticed at the recent annexation of Oude. A few hours after the despatch arrived from the home government, giving consent, the Council met—troops were on the way—orders were given, and Oude was a part of the British empire—all done by the lightning's flash. In times of war it must be of vast importance, until the native enemies learn to cut the wire, as speculators did when the Cunard steamers touched at Halifax. Railways do not progress as rapidly, yet something has been done in that way—a guarantee of five per cent interest on the outlay for such enterprise is made by the honorable company ; but who is to make up the loss between the annual expenditure and the annual receipts, for profit and loss will be charged for many years with a serious balance ?

R. M. Stephenson, Esq. the railway king of India, is also a fellow passenger, for England. His perseverance, his untired industry in accomplishing so arduous an enterprise, and his amiable qualities as a man, have earned him a most complimentary

address from his many friends. In his reply he shows how sanguine he is of the progress of his pet projects, for he expects that in less than ten years England may be reached in twelve days time, and the magnetic wire will communicate with the mother country in as many hours. I shall not be surprised at the latter result, but must say the former looks formidable—for Asiatic, African and European soil does not cultivate and nourish activity and enterprise as does the American.

The railway from Calcutta to Raneegunge, or to the Burdwan coal mines, is 121 miles ; a single rail, costing about $50,000 per mile. A company has been formed to connect Madras with the opposite coast, a distance of 300 miles, passing through Wellington's and Brand's battlefields, *via* Arcot and Seringapatam (branching out to Bangalore,) on to Trichinoopoly to Coimbatoor on the Malabar coast, thus connecting the great cities of Southern India. Some fifty miles have been completed from Madras. On the other side, the Bombay, Barado and Central Indian Railway, and the great Indian Peninsular Railway, extend their branches a long way along the shore and inland. About fifty miles only is in operation from Bombay. Another line is intended to join Bombay with the Madras frontier, *via* Belgaum, Saltara, Toona, &c.—from Kurrochee to the Indus about 120 miles, and a section from Bombay, 200 miles to Surat. This is the grand trunk line of the Northwest, and is to extend to Lahore, a distance from Calcutta of 1,350 miles. Contracts already have been made as far as Agra, Railway enterprise in India commands much praise for its projectors, for many are the impediments to be overcome. As in England and America, those in the front rank will sink their money, making room for those who follow later on, to profit by other's losses. But, nevertheless, the steam whistle must work a moral change in India.

I have now ran over the history of India since commerce opened the country, from Capt. Lawrence to Josiah Child; from Child to Clive, and from Clive to Hastings and Mornington, past Dalhousie to Canning, who is next in turn—'tis a strange and interesting history, the formation of the East India Company. Merchants wish to trade, and call in political power to assist them; then jealousy arises, ambition, conquest and a standing army, now numbering 300,000 men in round numbers, only 30,000 of which are Queen's troops—all paid by the Company. For two centuries the natives have been brought in contact with the Christian race—and what is there to show for it? Ancient and modern writers assure us that the products of the soil, the peculiar mode of irrigation, the strange fancy for copper utensils, the simple cotton cloth about the loins, the brilliancy of their colors and dyes, their extravagant love of jewelry—wearing them in ears, nose, on their toes, their ancles, their fingers, their necks, and their arms—the custom of eating alone, the religious seclusion of their women, the cutting off of goats' heads for the sacrifice, the training of elephants, and the extraordinary divisions of caste remaining unchanged; habits and customs of a thousand years ago are the habits and customs now. The Hindoo talent, then, of quick observation, perseverance, dexterity, tact, against the vices of greediness, servility and treachery, have gone through trifling changes for centuries. The European vices have been carefully studied; but the European's virtues don't flourish in the Hindoo's mind. Of course, there are some exceptions; but I have yet to learn that the merchant, the missionary or the soldier have been able to break up prejudices which have for so long been handed down from generation to generation.

India is a land of conquest, and requires an immense standing

army to hold it. As a conquered country, the East India Company may make as good masters as any other company or any other government. It is difficult to understand where the company's power ceases and where England's commences—which is Blucher, and which the Duke of Wellington?—the Hon. Court of Directors and the President of the Board of Control act in concert; and the Company and the government are so closely connected that they must soon amalgamate.

So long as pensions, wages, salaries are paid to the Sepoy troops, under able and popular English officers—so long as their caste or their religion remains unmolested—so long as the natives continue to prove so faithless and possess so little confidence in each other, England will hold her Indian empire; for the Sepoy soldier is proverbially true to his salt. There is one thing morally certain; fortunes are not realized by civil and military officials, by merchants, by professional men, by individuals and corporations, as in days of yore, for there are very few who return to England with the means of supporting Indian extravagance or the means of enjoying the luxuries of Indian life. A quarter of a century's service under the Indian sky purchases an Indian pension dearly bought—too often by the loss of health, of spirits and of friends. The Indian army and the Indian civil service still continue to offer employment, through influence, to the younger sons of Britain, who grow prematurely old in serving their country, with the hopes of bettering their own position. An Indian fortune is like the mirage which Napoleon saw on the plains of Egypt.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On Board the Steamship Nubia,
From Calcutta to Madras,
March 9 to 11, 1856.

A Crowded Steamer—Monopoly of the Eastern Company—Their Ships, Receipts and Expenses—Arrival in Madras—What Strangers See.

About 10 o'clock on Sunday morning our steamer swung off from the moorings, and an hour later about a hundred passengers gave a parting look at the Indian city and its suburban mansions on the river's banks, and the Nubia was heading towards her destined port. That night we anchored, and the next —for our ship draws twenty-one feet—and not until 4 o'clock P. M. on the 11th did we get clear of the windings of the Hoogly and the shoals at Saud Heads. Then our pilot received his $100 present, over and above his regular pilotage, for simply doing his duty, in not running us on shore ; and boarding his brig, he left us to find our way alone. The decks are crowded —men, women and children—I dare not say how many—but all of them strangers to me. I never before felt so little inclined to make the acquaintance of my fellow passengers. Five years of moving about the world has taken away that irresistible desire I experienced when making my maiden tour over my own country, that I might not be an ignoramus when I went abroad, to know everybody about me. Now I am perfectly satisfied to wait for the advances, instead of making them all myself.

Our steamer is one of the newest, the largest and finest in the extensive fleet of this extensive company—now the largest in the world. It was up-hill work at first, but government encouraged, subscribers came forward, receipts looked favorable, good fortune accompanied the enterprise, and the Cattle Carrying Steam Company between Ireland and England, of some fifteen or twenty years ago, has steadily grown into a powerful monopoly that individual enterprise cannot profitably compete with. A royal charter was obtained at the commencement of 1841, just after Cunard opened up the Boston line. In 1845 and in 1854 they received further powers and grants from Parliament, with a capital of seven and a half millions of dollars, with the liberty of increasing it to twelve and a half millions, with forty powerful steamships, registering about 52,000 tons and 14,000 horse power; with an organized force of forty experienced captains, and the same number of mates and engineers of each rank, and duplicates hoping for a chance; with all the minor departments efficiently filled, from stoker to steward; with coal hulks, and stations and agencies all along the route from Southampton to Shanghae, rendering facilities that required years of experience to obtain; with all the working apparatus thoroughly systematized, from the Court of Directors in London to the Serangs and Burra Tindels in the Indian seas; with the confidence and powerful patronage of the British government, and the support of the East India Company; in a word, with their great wealth and means, and their unlimited credit, the Peninsular and Oriental Company may go on increasing their steamers, enlarging their operations by extending their lines to other parts of the world, declaring their dividends, grow more and more independent, and finally laugh at competition, no matter from whence it may appear. Now, coaling freights and lucra-

tive employment in the Black sea, with half the fleet composed of screw steamers, and an increasing passenger and cargo trade, their dividends will increase the value of the shares. The Nubia is 2,200 tons, but only 450 horse power. The Simla is 2,600. The other large steamer, the Himalaya, the company were fortunate in selling to the government for $650,000. The Pera, 2,650; the Bengal, 2,300, and the Alma, 2,200, are among the largest in the line.

The annual receipts of the company are about equal to their starting capital—a million and half sterling.

We have steamed about eleven knots an hour, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th we anchored in Madras Roads; five days from Calcutta, nearly three of which were passed in getting by the Hoogly, 770 miles. Twenty-four hours at Madras is amply sufficient for the most enthusiastic traveler, unless he is desirous of making excursions to the interior or the other coast. At any rate, the time on shore was all that I required to disgust me with the port. The explorer, the surveyor, or nautical man, or whoever selected the harbor, should have his name painted on a shingle. Is it possible that no better anchorage—no better landing place—no better port could be found along the coast; and if so, why was this place chosen? A hundred years and more have passed away since then, and still you have the same facilities. An open roadstead, without the least point of land, or rock, or hill to shelter; no breakwater—no wharf—no pier—no floating frame—not even a landing stage. Huge native surf boats, thirty feet long and eight feet deep, by as many broad, the timbers bound together with rope and string, without a nail, or bolt, or spike, and manned by eleven naked savages, came alongside to take us ashore—no, I must not say naked, for there is an attempt at costume. You

may, perhaps, better understand the difference between the Calcutta and the Madras boatmen in that respect, when I mention that the former appears with a small white pocket handkerchief round about him; the latter contents himself with a twine string. The day was perfectly calm, yet the surf washed over our boat once or twice; and when finally through, the black, beggarly natives—I hate the sight of them—take you on their shoulders to dry land. This is the only contrivance yet introduced for landing or embarking passengers. Our sex can manage it very well, but I pity the women who have to be carted round like so many bags of clothing.

To order a supper at the Clarendon, and a carriage at the stable—to read the latest dates from England, and eat an ice cream, occupied our time for an hour, and then we started off for a cruise, up one street and down another—through dirty alleys and clean thoroughfares—visiting the jail, the parade ground, the place of burning the dead, the railway station, and the Bentinck monument—stopping a moment to witness the exercises of a Hindoo school, and hurrying on to the depôts, the market place and the cathedral—driving some four miles into the country, and returning in time to meet the carriages on their way to the fort, for it is Friday evening, and the band holds forth.

The fort was one of the first built in India. In 1622 the ground was bought of a native prince, and Mr. F. Day claims the honor of erecting the fortress, then named and now known as Fort Saint George. Here is where the French and the English crossed swords so often—both nations alternate masters. Labourdonnais, the gallant sailor, Governor of the Isle of France, raised the French flag over the ramparts in 1744, but at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle it was given back to England.

Dupleix's star shone with almost an unnatural brilliancy on this ground for a short time, only to be buried in darker gloom. The daring Frenchman saw visions of empire long before his compeers, and, at one time, he ruled a kingdom. Here, too, Clive first drove the quill; and failing to destroy himself on two occasions, realized that he was born for something great. Hastings, I believe, was also first at this Presidency, and it was here that Halliburton originated the Bengal army, and Sepoys first learned the art of war—where one part of the native community was armed and drilled to shoot down the other. Some of the early native officers highly distinguished themselves. Orme speaks particularly of Mahomed Isof as a *subahdar* of great skill as an engineer and brave soldier in battle. The fort is strongly fortified and ably garrisoned. The band was nothing remarkable, and the array of beauty and epaulettes, the assembly of carriages, paled before the remembrance of Calcutta. Late in the evening we returned to the steamer, as much disgusted with Madras as everybody must be whose interests are not in the place. The row of buildings on the beach, that so delighted the lady tourist who had journeyed around the world, have hardly a redeeming feature, for the climate spoils their appearance and gives them a shaky, red, sand stained look that fairly chills you with desolation. An infant typhoon or the preliminaries of a New Zealand earthquake would be apt to open to a dangerous degree some of the many cracks. There may be beautiful residences, in the midst of extensive parks, in the country, but the country is not Madras. I am only giving my impressions of the city. Two American ships were in port, the John M. Majo and the Sabine, with cargoes of ice from Boston for the Company. I called upon the leading merchant of the place, whose house was established

before I was born. The rebellion in China, he remarked, had seriously injured the cotton export trade to the Celestials, but indigo still held its own. The annual export is about 10,000 chests, and 33,000 from Calcutta; and this year the planters are realizing splendid returns.

On looking out of my sideport in the morning, there lay the Bengal, having arrived in the night from Suez, with news pacific—but who credits it? Russia is noted for diplomacy. At 12 o'clock we fired our gun and turned our backs upon Madras —a place too barren and cheerless for even a penal settlement—not to mention it as the residence of a voluntarly exile. I would rather be a clerk in England than the head of a department in Madras. Without their semi-monthly mail, life would be insupportable.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Board the Steamship Nubia,
from Madras to Aden,
March 11 to 17, 1856.

Run from Madras to Aden—Ashore at Point de Galle—The Hotels—How Aden was Taken from the Arabs—Its Population and Situation.

During the day of our departure we kept the coast in view, but saw nothing but the highlands and sandy plains at their base. Thus far nothing but a smooth sea, all goes well. American ice cools the water and hardens the butter, and a better table is spread than was expected. The officers seem obliging; but the passengers—good gracious, how frightfully stiff!—for most of them are servants of the Company, from the highest to the lowest, each vain of his position, but all forgetting that a voyage at sea generally brings them to a level. Nothing but dignity thus far, however. When will they unbend, unless they wish to be eccentric? I'll content myself by exchanging a friendly word with those who, from crying, have began to talk, and in reading Macauley's last volume till I get to Aden. Up to this time not even a moonlight song. How different from the courtesy on board of the North Atlantic steamships! There all is cheerfulness and good nature. Here you are frozen with the dignity of office. Of course there are exceptions.

On the 17th, at 5 P. M., after luxuriating in the beautiful

scenery of Ceylon, which had attracted our notice since the morning—scenery of the tropical kind, and celebrated for its resplendent beauty—we got a pilot, and made fast our anchor off the stone fort of Point de Galle. Another style of native is alongside—the men wearing long hair rolled up behind, with a circular tortoise shell comb, like women, so that you find it a difficult thing to distinguish them from the other gender. Another style of boat waits to take you off, for a shilling—a boat more peculiar than any I have seen since leaving Port Philip, remarkable for its singular construction—more singular than the catamaran at Madras, where two logs tied together make a good surf boat. This one consists of one log, hollowed out and boxed up, the top part about twelve inches wide ; and you sit upon a platform overhanging the water. To keep the thing from capsizing, they have an outrigger, some ten feet long, running parallel with the boat, made of heavy wood. I asked the boatman if they ever turned over, and he promptly replied "Frequently."

There were several hotels on shore, but the New Mansion House seems to be the favorite. I had no fault to find with my board, and the only objection touching the bed was on account of the partitions of the several bedrooms extending only half way to the ceiling, giving your neighbour the opportunity of hearing every movement in the room. There is but one two horse carriage in the place, and that was private, so our party were obliged to put up with a "gurry ;" and having no time to lose we were driven out to the cinnamon grove. The only things you see there, however, are a few stunted cinnamon trees ; but the ride along the shore was the best, the whole distance shaded by groves of cocoa and beetle nut trees ; and the little thatched cottages or huts of the Singalese give an interesting picture to those unaccustomed to the island. We went beyond the grove,

to "see the elephant" draw stone to where a new bridge is being built across one of the little rivers. Returning, we visited one or two of the Bhudhist temples, none of which bore any comparison to those in China; gaudy pictures on the walls, without any idea of perspective, representing all the characteristics of their creed, were the only things noticeable.

We also visited the English and the Dutch burial places, where the number of tombs tell that the fate of man is the same in every land, but that some climates shorten life.

John Black a Scotchman, who has been a resident here for many years, is the representative of the United States, and the time will be long distant when he has any one to oppose him at Washington, for I fancy that there are few Americans desirous of locating in Galle; for the arrival and departures of the Company's boats, and the occasional appearance of a freight-seeking ship is all you have to break the monotony of living there, or adding commissions to your account. Point De Galle is a walled city, and though built so long ago, the fort ramparts and embankments are still strong, and show little decay. The Dutch and the Portuguese have given their features to many of those you meet within the walls, but the number of Europeans in the city are under twenty.

The United States steamship San Jacinto has just coaled here and gone on to Penang, where the Japanese Consul has been awaiting her. As a coal station the port is important, but for little else; were it not for the steamers it would be unknown as a shipping place. It is a flower garden in comparison with the sunburnt desert of Madras. I find letters and papers here from Melbourne to the 23d January.

On the 18th, at 3 P. M., we sailed for Aden, and arrived at noon on the 26th, one of the most rapid passages recorded

between the ports. I found the place of more interest than I expected, but there is a dreariness about it that gives man the blues.

It must be now some twenty years since this rock-bound port was taken from the Arabs by the East India Company. After getting possession they had some trouble with the natives, who several times tried to regain what they had lost. To compromise, the Company, I am informed, agreed to pay five lacs of rupees to the Sultan of Lahads, but I don't remember of his ever getting a penny. Aden is an ancient port. Its brightest history is in the past.—Roman generals, Turkish merchants, and bold navigators of "ye days of ye great king Solyman," were familiar with the harbor and the rock, which rises up some two thousand feet in the air. Centuries ago Aden must have been a port of some consideration. Its importance now is considerable. England wants it—the East India Company requires it, for it is just the place for a coal station—but nothing more. It is the Gibraltar of Arabia, but its fortifications are not commanding. The harbor forts would shake to pieces by the discharge of their own guns, but the Turkish wall is more respectable.

I was surprised to find some 20,000 natives here, but Europeans are not numerous. One wing of a European regiment—a regiment of Sepoys, from India, say about two thousand troops—the Honorable Company are obliged to keep here to hold the place against the repeated attacks of the hordes of ruffians on the other coast, who, following out the motto of the Honorable Company, that "might makes right," are desirous of retaking the domain.

The rock, the plain, and the whole shore, look barren enough; nor bird, nor beast, nor plant, nor creeping thing—

you might almost say, without misrepresenting, nothing of note —can be seen from our anchorage or from the fort and village on the beach. You must have a donkey or an Arab horse the moment you get ashore, and take a ride along the beach, through the thatched village, past the mass of granite rock, over the long military road, down under the bridge, through the deep dark passage-way cut out of the solid rock, to the cantonments, or barracks, in the valley beneath, where you will find the native town, the Sepoy barracks, the European settlements, the chapel on the hill for the Episcopalians, and the cathedral below, for the Roman Catholics, the drill ground, and all that there is to note at Aden. On every side of you nothing but rock, rock, rock. It would be banishment to live here. The Company have spent plenty of money in fortifying, but the money has not been well invested, say some of our military passengers. A party of fellows passed a few hours at the hotel most pleasantly, with supper, with sentiment, and with song. The place was christened, and will keep till we see it again. I am astonished to see how poorly fortified are many of the ports of England's colonies.

I am not well up in such tactics, and never studied Vauban, but it would appear to me, that had the Russian China fleet been willing to run the risk of British cruisers, they might have bombarded Singapore, Penang, Madras, and Aden, but the destruction of property would have been the only inducement, for they could not have held the places for any length of time, for the Oriental steamers can transport troops post haste to protect the flag of England. But there is one thing pretty certain; India can spare no troops for the Crimea. She wants them all within her empire, for the natives are always plotting.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STEAMING IN THE RED SEA, OFF SUEZ,
ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP NUBIA.

Monday April 1, 1856.

Landing Place of the Israelites—Europeans going Home—Manners of some Indian Residents—Etiquette of Eastern Officials—What they Think of the United States—Hints to Travelers.

WE steamed out of Aden on the 27th inst., and two hours later we shall anchor a little below where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea (probably at low tide). Our voyage from India has been most pleasant, as well as rapid—only twenty-two days from Calcutta to Suez, a distance of 4,757 miles. The Nubia is one of the most magnificent of the splendid fleet belonging to the Oriental Company ; is some 330 feet in length, and 2,200 tons register, and accommodates about one hundred and thirty passengers. Starting from the Hoogly with a goodly number, we have added to it at Madras, Galle and Aden till we have a full complement, among which are thirty-four children under ten years of age, which number includes eight babes. The season is nearly over, and those who have the means and can get permission from the Honorable Company are flocking home ; but the next steamers, from May to August, will be less crowded, for the hot season is not the time for crossing the Desert or the Indian ocean. It has afforded me no little amusement to note the cliqueish manners of the East Indians. Although

now some three weeks together, the dignity of office and the responsibility of position have not entirely melted the ice. Hospitality and good nature die for want of nourishment, and sociality is stifled by affectation. The hereditary castes that are so religiously observed by the Hindoo natives are not more marked than the pointed exclusiveness of our Calcutta passengers—each looks upon the other with feelings far from friendly. Education or refinement seems to have little to do with the barriers of society—money—salaries—pay—is what is most thought of. "How long has he been out—and what does he receive per month? Is he a collector or a 'sudder judge?' Does he belong to the civil or the military service and has he influence at court?" are among the queries when the new comer makes his appearance.

All classes are represented on board our ship, from a collector, to the consort of a member of the Council; from a lieutenant in the Indian army to a commander-in-chief. Some are going home on sick leave, others on a three years' vacation, while one or two have been a quarter of a century in the service, and retire with a life pension of $5,000, half of which they have paid from year to year, to make up the fund. There are others who have been out as long, but are not as fortunate; their names do not head the list, and they must wait for their time to come. Some of our passengers are gentlemen, others snobs; many of them invite our acquaintance, others are fearful that their dignity will be ruffled by being courteous to those whose pay is less. The member of Council, who gets $40,000 per annum, is not in the same set as the commissioner, who receives but $18,000; and the Bengal civilian considers his position a peg or two higher than the Madras—while the Calcutta potentate speaks patronizingly of his counterpart in the

Mofussal. All the divisions of Indian society stand boldly out on shipboard, and intrepid is the man who can remove the chill that freezes the little courtesies of life. Restraint hangs over the breakfast table, and formality barricades the jovial laugh and the pleasant conversation at dinner; gossip, intrigue and ill natured remarks follow you through the cabin to the deck. If you wish to be quiet, you are thought eccentric; if you sing too loud or converse above a whisper, you are considered a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum; a hearty laugh is unpardonable, and as for a dance, a tableau, a charade, it would be out of the question. All the Company's servants believe in the infallibility of the Company; an excuse is found for everything the Honorable Company may do. American slavery is horrible, but the Indian *ryot* system is a blessing to the native. Annexation in America is robbery; in India, friendship and protection. The Court of Directors may do what they please; the Governor General proclaims it, and the servants, far and wide, say amen. Many are the arguments which I have had with my fellow passengers on the recent annexation of Oude. A king whose immoralities were not more marked among the Indians than were Charles the Second's or George the Fourth's among the English, is somewhat surprised one fine morning by finding several armed regiments in his palace garden. He asks for an explanation of such an outrage, and is told in reply that he spends too much of his time in his harem—that the revenue has fallen off—that women hold the seals of office, and that his ministers are bad men—that he maltreats and grinds down his subjects—and that in consequence of all these disreputable acts, the Honorable Company, alias the British government, actuated by purely philanthropic motives, have decided to govern his empire and annex his kingdom to the British possessions. Re-

sistance makes the Rajah a State prisoner, submission secures him a pension, and the stroke of a pen, the arrival of a despatch, the flash of the telegraph, and the simple "stand and deliver" of the army, intimidates the king, and millions of acres of fertile land, millions of population, and millions of pounds sterling are added to the wealth of the British empire. Oude was a diamond of the first water, and the company not deriving the sum they expected from the increase of the opium culture, coveted it and seized it, and Lord Dalhousie (who, by the way, landed at Suez day before yesterday), is homeward bound, to give an account of his stewardship. The directors will give him a dinner and a service of plate, the Queen will entertain him, and he will receive the personal thanks of the British Cabinet; but Parliamentary opposition will ask him, through the treasury benches, a few questions which will open a debate, and that debate may prove an unfortunate one for the late Governor General. Three quarters of a century have disappeared since Warren Hastings' day, and the British politicians are irritated because disappointed about the war. England may march an army into the parks and domains of an Indian king, and take them, but Russia has no right to follow her example in sending a few regiments into the provinces of the Sultan, and America has no right to add Cuba to the States. Oude is only another chapter in the history of India, and my fellow passengers consider it the most brilliant in the book.

Formerly the Indian servants made the voyage out round the Cape, where they left their conscience; but, strange to tell, says the old saying, they forgot to take it up again on their return. Now the overland route has changed the custom, and you must take passage in the P. and O. to get a taste of official life in Calcutta. You can but meet many very pleasant people; but

you also are brought in contact with those who assume what they do not possess, and you feel disgusted with the envy and jealousy of civil servants, who sneer at the officials in the army, whose remuneration is less—moustached collectors—dubbed curchary huzzars, by Lord Ellenborough, whose sarcastic remarks and independent despatches were the reasons of his recall—snobs whose manners are their advertisement. But I have said enough of my *compagnions de voyage*, and now will unsay all that may seem harsh, for I remember many of the Nubia's party whom I hope to meet again. Our officers were most obliging; our captain a good sailor, without a cabin polish; our table from the first respectable, and our cabins rather small for four.

If you take the India mail, buy a chair, or else you go without—'tis the custom. Each passenger at Calcutta brought on board his private seat for the deck. In China the traveler takes beds, linen, and washbowls, but chairs are furnished by the ship. Five companies, of five vans each, compose our party. Each carriage takes six. Every five or six hours a company starts, in order to give the loading horses a resting spell. Yesterday lots were drawn for choice of numbers, and I am among the fortunates who go in number one. Those who get the last batch will be detained almost a day, and will have no time at Cairo. I don't like the navigation of the Red Sea for sailing ships, but it answers for steamers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LANDED IN EGYPT.

CAIRO, EGYPT, April 2, 1856,
AT SHEPHERD'S HOTEL.

City of Suez—Its Population—Hotels and Trade—What it Was and What it Is—Travel to Cairo—Camels, Caravans and Pilgrims—A Glimpse of the Pyramids.

WERE it not for the Indian mails the name of Suez would never be mentioned, except by the Oriental tourist, who, in his enthusiasm, journeys across the desert to Palestine, so that he may see where tradition has traced the track of Israel—where Pharaoh lost his army. Even with the immense traffic introduced by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, Suez is still dead to modern life—a miserable hotel, a branch of this, a chapel, a dilapidated ruin for a town numbering some 5,000 in its population of the lower class of Arabs, and a few ancient and modern recollections, are all that give it notice. The slave trade is abolished, and the monopoly of trade with Jeddo, formerly in the hands of the Levantine merchants, is also broken up. There are some fifty foreigners resident, nine of which are English, the others being French and Maltese. The port boasts an English Consul. I pity him.

The overland route was opened in 1840, by Lieut. Waghorn, after which Hill & Co. took it up; then the Eastern Transit Company, in 1843. But two years later the Pasha went into

the carrying trade, and the Egyptian government has since condescended, for a handsome consideration, to act as servants to the English Steam Company, in taking their passengers and freight across the desert.

This, of course, has given Suez what little notice it enjoys. Some sixty years ago Napoleon encamped here, and his headquarters show how poor were his Egyptian accommodations. It will be remembered that Suez was the town that became very nearly being the grave of Mehemet Ali. The Mamelukes had planned his assassination well, but the secret leaked out, and in the night time the great general escaped on a swift dromedary, and lived to return the Mamelukes' treachery in the citadel, but more successfully. The Transit Company have some fifty vans, as they are called—two wheeled carriages—a kind of Black Maria—intended for six inside passengers—uncomfortable and inconvenient—each drawn by four horses. The vans are made in Egypt: no English manufacturer would own such traps. The company also have some 600 Arab and Syrian horses, and two hundred mules; but the 500 or 600 camels required to transmit the inland and outward freight and luggage belong to the Sheiks.

The distance from Suez to Cairo is eighty-four miles, composed of sixteen stages, of five miles each. We changed fifteen times, and four meals were furnished for the trip, but such meals as would disgrace a Five Points restaurant—camel stew, and a desert chicken, and coffee that gives you the nausea before you taste it. The Pasha, I am confident, has ordered the best, and most likely the fault is with the subs. I observe that most of the vans have mules in the shafts and horses on the lead; that both mules and horses are shod with a round shoe, leaving only an open air hole in the centre; that they are tied by the

feet to a long rope in front of the stables, which are comfortable buildings; that the wheels of the vehicles are far apart, and that a semophoric telegraph post is at each station. But along the whole range of desert is naught but a dry yellow sand and gravel, as far as the eye can reach. Part of the road is macadamized, but most of it is open and exposed. If the overland journey is so tedious and void of comfort in carriages, what must it have been when you had to cross on camels? It is a dreary, desolate journey. Not a single tree—yes, there was one, a miserable scrub, and now and then a bush or a thistle; but nothing green—nothing instinct with life—not even rocks, to vary the scene—naught but an everlasting sea of sand—sand on every side—mountains of it in the distance; but plains near at hand, for our track—it can't be called road—lies directly through the valley. The artistic painting of the "Dying Camel" who was it by? frequently came up before me as I saw the decaying carcasses of the faithful quadrupeds scattered along the desert, in all stages of decay; but the hoarse voiced desert birds are ever shrieking near, keeping discordant time with the jackall's quick, sharp, yell, and when life has departed, they commence their solitary meal, gluttonizing in their greediness till satiety makes them disgorge, only to gluttonize again. The shrill wail of those carrion birds and the fierce, whistling, ghost-like noise of the desert wind is the morning and evening music of the Arab, seemingly an eternal requiem. To him, it cheers his lonely journey, to me it sounded as from a sepulchre.

I have spoken disparagingly of the mode of transit and our hotel accomodations; but, to reflect, what must they have been only thirty years ago? Before the English government and English money and English enterprise taught the Pasha some of the comforts of civilized life, hotels in an inhospitable desert,

oases planted by the Western Company in the heart of desolation. Before, no water, no resting place, no shelter, no nourishment save what you carried, no human being, save the accidental meeting of the camel driver or the muleteer, to relieve you in distress, and no prospect of reaching your journey's end for days and weeks, instead of hours, as now. Verily the change is worthy of contemplation. The Cape route was a long journey, the camel's motion was too slow when the shorter one across the desert was first established. England saw her Indian empire; Indian servants wanted more comfort and despatch, and England said to Egypt, "Let there be better arrangements made," and they were made. But the wedge only was introduced; a telegraphic wire has been ordered, a railroad is under way, and shortly the whistling of a Western locomotive will startle the Bedouin from his sleep on his sandy pillow, and the rattling of a railway train across the bleached skeletons of the ass, the mule and the camel will prove the sweetest of all sounds to those poor beasts of burden, whose labors have been so greatly lessened by the genius and the ingenuity of civilized man.

Towards the close of our journey several caravans of Arabs and natives passed us, their camels loaded with every possible kind of package. At Aden I saw a ship loaded down like a North Atlantic emigrant packet, with pilgrims bound to Mecca, but there were none at Suez. The caravans in our track were mostly for the purposes of commerce. For miles before we reached the last station we saw what we supposed a lake of dark blue water, shaded by trees, which were reflected from below, but the distance did not lessen—the deception was perfect. No wonder that Napoleon's army began to show signs of mutiny and insubordination, for hopes raised to be thwarted maketh

the heart sick. It is a remarkable sight to witness the action of the sun's rays upon a sea of sand; the panoramic magic of the lantern falls into pitiful insignificance when compared to the mirage of the Egyptian desert.

Thirteen stages had ended, when a shout from the leading carriage announced the appearance of Cairo in the distance, and another shout as we turned the bend discovered to us at the left of the city the wonder of the world—the pyramids of Egypt.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAIRO, EGYPT, April 3, 1856,
AT SHEPHERD'S HOTEL.

A Cairo Hotel and its Charges—A Ramble through the City—Royal Tragedies—How to Look at Alexandria—Europeans in the City—Entry to the Seraglio.

SHEPHERD'S Hotel. I believe, is the only decent one in Cairo —where you have to pay New York prices for Oregon comforts. The proprietor has been catering for the traveling public some fifteen years, but his ideas of living do not seem to profit by the experience.

The house was crowded—many of our Indian passengers who were in the last carriage have been shut out, and had to make the most of the Oriental, where they sleep, and pay for food—which they come over and take with us. After getting once over the desert they object to being starved in a populous city. Lord Dalhousie and Lady Susan Ramsay got in before us; and as the Governor General is the guest of Said Pasha while passing through Egypt, his Excellency engaged eight rooms for him at Shepherd's, and the state carriage, with pompous escort, awaits the orders of the late head of the Indian empire.

On reference to the register, I find the flags of the respective boats up the Nile this season. Americans, German, English and French have made up their parties, and have noted down their tours—either to the first or second cataract. The boat's

flag, as well as the national one, is usually painted in the book over the names of the party, for the benefit of their friends. I am told that there are more Americans up the Nile this season than any other nation. Yesterday I tramped through the city, our dragoman taking us into cathedrals and mosques, through narrow paths, for there are no streets in the East, into dirty bazaars, and down deep into the wretchedness of Oriental life. Several times we passed funerals and marriages, both of which are clownish, laughable, absurd, music that hath no sweetness, wedding garments as unclean as those who wear them, long processions, all mean and meaningless. Really, an Egyptian marriage appears the very acme of all shams, and the funeral is no better; while the circumcising the children seems the most ridiculous of all. I saw one boy perched upon an Arab horse, done up in tinselled robes, with crown and bells, followed by a train of about fifty of his circumcised and circumcising friends and family. No romances would ever be written in Egypt after the writers had lived a short time in its capital. The Orient sounds magnificently, it is a mellifluous word, done up in imaginative grandeur, but one day will answer for Cairo.

Some of the mosques must have cost millions of money; that known as the Citadel, or the tomb of Mehemet Ali, is considered the grandest in the East; it is in reality a wonderful structure, built of marble, granite, and freestone, and much of its ornamental marble work has been imported from France. Before entering we had to take off our boots, and encase our feet in slippers, in accordance with Eastern etiquette. The same egotism that stimulated the early Egyptians, thousands of years ago, to mark the burial places of their kings by tombstones more wonderful that anything in history, has been handed down through so many generations to the sons of the founder of the

present dynasty, as may be evinced by the tomb of Mehemet Ali. Just in the rear of this costly temple you are shown the tomb of the Mamelukes, to whom this same monarch proved himself the king of modern assassins. The story is an old one. The king and the Mamelukes were deadly enemies, each trying to extinguish the other. At last an armistice and a treaty were concluded. Mehemet's son was about to leave the capital, and a splendid banquet was given by the father on the 1st March, 1811, as a token of good will to the Mamelukes. The flower of their order were present. The banquet over, they mounted their beautiful horses, the best Arabs in the land, to take their departure, having pledged their last pipe of friendship, but the gates were closed, and quietly and mysteriously their entertainers had left the banquet. Treachery flashed across their mind, and yet they could hardly credit it; then came a burst of musketry, thinning out their ranks; at once they saw the deep laid trap: the Egyptian chief had stooped to become an assassin, his excuse that of the modern Napoleon for the *coup d' état*—"Had I not been first, they would have murdered me." What could the Mamelukes do? Their bravery was of no account; their enemy was behind stone walls, pouring down a continual shower of bullets. Out of some five hundred of the bravest of the brave—soldiers who won the admiration of Napoleon, only one escaped. Ibrahim Bey, the chief, and his faithful band, lay weltering in a pond of blood. The same slaughter was going on outside, wherever a Mameluke could be found. Some twelve hundred or more were slain, which broke the power of that brave order forever. One only was saved of those who attended the banquet. Emin Bey, seeing death awaited him in the citadel, plunged off the precipice, a fearful leap. Putnam's death ride down the church steps was wonderful, but the Mameluke's

bound stands first among bold deeds. His horse was killed, but the soldier escaped without injury. In the afternoon I visited some of the Pasha's palaces, some of which are chastely furnished ; but you must cross the threshold before you can admire, for outwardly they are shabby enough, like a beautiful inmate of the harem clothed in the tattered, filthy garments of Egypt. I shall hurry over Alexandria, and hasten out of Egypt, for I am sick of the nauseating filth that meets you at every turn. Slaves of hereditary customs and ancient prejudices, marrying the moment they arrive at the age of puberty, acknowledging polygamy and possessing such unprecedented facilities for divorce, knowing no such word as independence, bowing and prostrating themselves under the bastinado, the women hiding their sore-eyed ugliness under the same kind of veil as that worn by Rebecca, and the men still wearing the garments of many colors, like that which Joseph wore ; without the extraordinary industry of the Chinese, the bravery of the Malay ; the grace, the beauty and ingenuity of the native of Hindostan ; void of all manliness or nobility of purpose, wallowing in their sloth and their debasing sensuality, under the decimating scourge of the conscription, ground down by relentless, agonizing tyranny, the Egyptians of to-day, unworthy of their ancestral honors, live on, regardless of others fate or of their own—without the vital spark of active labor, of religious freedom or of civil liberty. Plague, pestilence and famine may consume them, war and revolution destroy their habitations, without stimulating them to more energetic or more ambitious measures. Standing on a precipice, stooping to the bowstring, with death staring them in the face, the everlasting *Allah kerim* (God great) of the Arab is all the consolation he requires.

To-day and to-morrow I shall hasten over Alexandria, for afterwards I am booked for Jerusalem.

Murray appears to be the Bradshaw of Egypt, as well as of Europe and Asia Minor. Take Murray with you, and your dragoman, and if you are industrious, and not too sentimental, you may do up Alexandria in a day. Pompey's pillar, Cleopatra's needle—there is but one remaining, and the catacombs; these three are the living links that bind one with the dead. Their immensity, their grandeur, their proud antiquity make them the signal stations between the era of the pyramids and our own time. The two thousand years have again come round—the age that has twice given birth to the mastodonic beacons that distinguished the two great eras that have lived and died; but what is there now to mark the third? Two thousand years hence the children of Egypt will expect some towering monument to mark the third great epoch of their country's history. What shall be the memory that binds the present period with the Pillar and the Needle, to the Pyramids and the Sphinx? Shall it not be the railway, the steamboat, the telegraph, bringing about the moral and the physical change that everywhere follows the footsteps of the Anglo-Saxon race? No better fame can rest upon the Pasha's reign; no fitter mantle can fall upon the tombstone of the present dynasty than the introduction of the arts and sciences of civilized man. But I fear that Said Pasha has not the ability nor the nerve to make the moral change, unless spurred on by the energy of the American, the capital of England, or the sword of France. Inheriting all the tyranny and despotism of his father, without any of his military genius; wishing to be thought a great military tactician, but possessing neither brains nor bravery for the science of war; spreading gloom and misery, and discontent throughout every

mud cabin in his kingdom, even carrying the harassing torture of the conscription into the Soudan, where his possessions are six times the size of France, that he may raise the army from 8,000 to 40,000 men ; speaking English and French, and keeping throughly posted in the political changes of Europe ; jealous of the Consuls who rule him with a rod of iron ; cunningly trying to strengthen his position by pitting France against the encroaching power of England, and America against them both ; professing peace to all mankind and friendship for the Sultan of Stamboul, yet all the while increasing, drilling and equipping a powerful army, Said Pacha continues to baffle those about him with an ingenuity and success worthy of a better reputation than he enjoys, managing always to bury his future plans in an impenetrable mystery—remembering how insinuatingly Nicholas flung Egypt at the head of Aberdeen, and how disgusted Mehemet Ali was with the interference of England, France, and Russia in 1827, when those three Powers in the battle of Navarino stopped the former king from riding over Greece and walking into Constantinople—who knows that the present sovereign may not loose his empire by foolishly following his father's fruitless schemes.

Who would have thought of finding twenty thousand Europeans, one-fifth of the population, in this fine old "Macedonian clocked shaped Alexandria," while at Cairo, with a population of 350,000, there are but five thousand foreigners? I am agreeably surprised to find this ancient school of arts and sciences, the great entrepot of Eastern commerce—flooded with Grecian merchants before it became Egyptianized, so animated with modern life. Alexandria with its wonderful manuscript library of a million volumes, any one of which, had it been saved from the burning pile, or the ruthless destruction of the plundering

Arabs, might have told us the whole history of the pyramids, and saved distinguished antiquaries and savans much useless labor in floundering over hieroglyphics that have baffled them, and will continue so to do for centuries, no matter how learned some of their decipherings may appear—with its famous Ptolemic museum and its remarkable structures, one of which is bent with age and ill usage, while the other is still apparently as fresh as when erected, the delicate playthings of the voluptuous Cleopatra, the wondrous piece of spiral granite, how raised no man can tell—giving Pompey the credit which belongs to Diocletian; Alexandria with its gigantic tombs, where kings and emperors, conquered and conquering, slept their long sleep, while the storm and tempest of war throughout their wide possessions, sweeping like a whirlwind over the land, met the storm and tempest of the great Levantine Sea, that washed the gravestones of the princely dead, composing an eternal requiem amidst the breakers and the winds, leaving an echo that shall last the life of history! Alexandria, with its interesting associations, was among the ancient cities whose history most impressed me when at school. With the fall of the Roman empire her commerce drooped as the choked canal, and the reduced population, are willing to attest. One branch after another was lopped off, till Gama's discovery made the Southern Cape the toll gate of the Indian race. When the proud relic of the great Alexander, who conquered Bucephalus, before he conquered worlds, and shed tears when there were no more worlds to play with, Alexandria, the seat of Christianity, the great outlet of Indian and Egyptian trade was only known for its ancient renown. Although the canal to Suez would shorten the route from the Levant to India some 8,000 miles, and would bring New York 3,000 miles nearer to China; and, notwithstanding the recent discussion of

the enterprise in England, I doubt if the undertaking will ever be accomplished. The excavating and the grading would not be difficult, and as the Red Sea is some thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean, the surplus water of the Nile would be useful in irrigating the Desert. Yet the project would never succeed without Western capital, and 'tis not likely that England will furnish the means to open a highway for all nations to her Indian possessions. Besides, from what I saw of the navigation of the Red Sea in steaming through the Nubia I should think it very dangerous to sailing vessels, and a canal exclusively for steamers would be expensive. Another thing: Two years hence a railroad will be completed between Cairo and Suez, and before the canal could be finished, Stephenson, if he lives, will have the "world's highway," as he terms it, opened from England to India in twelve days, while O'Shaughnessy is negotiating for a telegraphic station among the ruins of Nineveh.

Alexandria, with its harbor where Nelson so skillfully worked his fleet in spite of pilots or of buoys, before the battle of the Nile, as soon as a first class railway is in operation across the Desert, will commence a new era in her history. Commerce will again flow into her warehouses, and she will prove herself worthy of her past glory. Already you see the stimulant which the Indian traffic has given to her trade. Buildings are shooting up, streets are being widened, real estate is advancing. Egyptian exports will be brought to the seaport market; the cotton and the indigo which Mehemet Ali introduced will increase if his egotistical successor does not impress all the husbandmen, in his short sighted policy to enlarge his army. Imports and exports will enliven exchanges, and Alexandria, like the fabled bird, will rise again into a flourishing commercial city.

The hotels are overflowing with the outgoing and the incom-

ing passengers. Four steamers arrived yesterday. The Nubia's passengers will have to wait some days, for the Bombay mail has not arrived at Suez, and the Marseilles and the Southampton boats can't move their paddles till the Indian and China passengers all concentrate at Alexandria. I am at the Hotel d'Europe. When you come this way I recommend it; they will treat you well. The Peninsular and Oriental, and the Victoria are also well patronized; in fact, just now everything is full. There are no American houses, and no Americans, save De Leon of Carolina, our Consul General here, in Cairo. He is popular at the Palace, and makes friends among the European settlers. I wish all our foreign representatives were as well appointed.

The consecration of the Greek Cathedral to-day was a magnificent exhibition. The beautiful Palace Church was crowded, the hall, with Greek Christians and many strangers, while the galleries were ornamented with Grecian ladies, whose fair forms and graceful figures attracted from the foreigners much more notice than the cumbersome service of consecration. The troops of flower girls, choirs of singing boys, dozens of gaily garmented priests, a church possessing much architectural beauty, the front of which, near the cross, being covered with paintings of Christ and the Apostles, were among the chief attractions of the entertainment. But what was of most interest were several of the spiral columns being pointed to me as belonging to the old Alexandrian library. In the rear of the church, I saw where they had been excavating. Already many ancient relics have been discovered. I saw two or three more pillars just breaking into the light of day after a sleep of twenty centuries, still as perfect as when they first felt the chisel.

The battle field of Aboukir is too far from the city for me to see the stone that marks the grave of Abercromby, but our

steamer will, to morrow, pass within range of Nelson's victory at the battle of the Nile, where young Casibianca perished in the flames of the flag ship rather than leave his post before the order of the Admiral, who lay faint in death below. Mrs. Howard, has immortalized the noble action of the youthful officer.

The city seraglio of the Pasha is as dirty and uninviting outside is the Custom House at Dublin; but you are obliged to take off your shoes before you can cross the inlaid palace floor. These palaces are emblematic of an Egyptian dynasty—they last a monarch's reign. There is nothing substantial about them. The ornaments are chaste and costly; the inlaid floor of pearl and ebony and rosewood and cedar are very beautiful; the polish dazzles you; the silver frame bed attracts you; the marble, so beautifully veined and variegated, both please you; the oriental appearance of all, however, gives it the chief attraction. In accordance with Egyptian custom, Said Pasha, will take an extra cup of coffee some fine morning, and Egypt will have another sovereign. Mehemet Ali, however, who rose from farmer to merchant, from merchant to soldier, from soldier to general, and from general to king, born the same year that gave birth to his illustrious compeers, Wellington and Napoleon like the former lived to a ripe old age. His eldest son, Ibrahim Pasha, did not survive him, and Abas Pasha, who made himself notorious by keeping a harem of boys, was assassinated by two of them, who had become jealous of his favors. But Said Pasha still lives, but his people hate him more than ever; for his love for a standing army makes his name a demon in every family injured by his press gangs.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ALEXANDRIA, April 6, 1856.

Said Pasha's Improvements—Railway Progress in Egypt—Donkey Boys at the Pyramids—A Look at the Great Wonders.

SAID Pasha deserved much credit for building so good a railway, and for introducing carriages more comfortable than you generally find; but his transit arrangements are disgraceful. There seems to be no head nor tail to anything. At Cairo, in the able hands of the Superintendent, Mr. Butts, an Englishman, the baggage of the overland is received and despatched with more system; but even there my trunks all went wrong, although the labels were distinctly printed. Each camel across the desert brings about six or seven trunks, and with a caravan of three or four hundred camels, there needs must be more or less confusion. The baggage train came through yesterday, and I am glad enough to find my packages, which should have been at Cairo. We make but one change between the two cities, and that is where we cross the Nile in an English steamer, which came very near sinking by overloading her. The changing of the freight into the boat, and from the boat into the cars on the opposite side, would make a hermit groan with laughter. Every movement shoves the cart before the horse. Four or five strapping full grown Arabs are to be seen urging and whipping on a dozen little ragged boys, who tug away at the cotton bales with all their strength, the men taking no share of the labor.

While this farce was being enacted, the head Shiek came out, and one of the largest of the men was seized by the other four and thrown down on his face, while the Shiek gave him a tremendous beating with his cane across his back. When the man got up he assisted in bastinadoing the rest of his companions, who had just been whipping him. Afterwards they all went lazily to work till the old man got out of sight, when they went to beating the boys as before. I never saw a more dirty, shiftless set of able bodied men. We were detained nearly two hours to allow Said Pasha to get away in his despatch carriage. Banners were flying, guns roaring and regiments marching all the while, to the martial airs of Arab musicians. During this gay pageant there were about one hundred and thirty of our Indian party shivering on the banks of the Nile, consigning in our misery the Pasha and his satellites to any place but Alexandria. We count distance in this country by hours ; before the railway, with camel or donkey, it was three miles to the hour. Now, if you ask how far it is to Cairo, you are told eight hours.

The rail is laid down through the alluvial soil that borders on the Delta, and the road required but little grading. The whole enterprise is the private property of the Pasha. In fact, ever since that startling edict of Mehemet Ali, that all Egyptian property belonged to the government—*ergo*, himself—every enterprise, every undertaking, every improvement in the kingdom belongs exclusively to the reigning dynasty. The strange doctrine of the peasant Prince aroused even the sleepy nature of the Arabs, but only to feel more severely the grinding heel of the despot. The camels and the donkeys on our route have become accustomed to the locomotive ; but occasionally those from far inland sheer off at a tearing pace over ditches and through grain fields, much to the disgust of their driver,

who has lost all control over his frightened brutes. After our departure from the chief Oriental city, our ride was diversified with Oriental fruit trees and Oriental grain plantations and cotton plants, growing luxuriantly in the black loamy soil. The sparrows were as thick as locusts, and the road was filled with caravans of country Arabs, going from and to the fair, which takes place once a year. This season there were about 300,000 present. We passed the grounds, covered with tents and camels and horses, where the Cairo dancing girls delight the youths of the country by the disgusting exposure of their forms, and the revolting movements of the Almeh, where the Bedouin finds a market for his horse, the Arab bargains with the Levantine merchant for his grain, the planter barters his cotton and his indigo with the Greek, who so well understands the tricks of trade, for when Greek meets Greek, the Arab then gets squeezed, where, in spite of firmans from Stamboul, the Turk knocks down to the highest bidder his pretty women and his ugly men; where honesty is bought and sold, for honor and integrity are strange sounding words in Egypt. As you get further into the country, the villages and cities become more and more like the mud dwellings of aboriginal races. The wretchedness of Cairo must be luxurious beside the squallid filth of the country town. The rat trap tenements of the city are palaces compared to the beaver huts outside, plastered over with cow dung, which they dry and use for fuel, like the Argols of the Nomadic tribes of Northern China. Saving a view of Pompey's pillar, there is nothing imposing in the inland approaches to Alexandria. At one place we saw about a thousand wretched objects mending a break in the embankment, but they had no shovel, no spade, no barrow, no implements whatever. Half naked they stood in long rows along the ditch, passing a handful of mud one to the

other, like bricks out of the hold of a ship. The sight was pitiful, degrading. The Shoobrey Gardens are the most attractive, covering a large space of ground, and beautified by all kinds of Oriental flowers, trees and plants, which are arranged with more than usual regard to symmetry; fountains and grottoe are interspersed throughout the extensive paths and winding walks, through orange groves and fig trees, the lemon, the apricot, the date and the pomegranate; a beautiful green foliage shades the beach stone avenues, and a delicious perfume delights one with the artificial nature, in most agreeable contrast to the perfume that arises from the lanes and alleys of the city. The palace grounds are more extensive than the palace; the building is but one story, of square proportions, surrounding a lake, with fountains in the centre. There are but four rooms, one in each corner—a billiard room, a dining room, a bedroom, and a drawing room. This is the favorite palace of the Pasha, where he comes to sport with the fair inmates of the harem. Then no visiter or native, save the huge coarse form of the mutilated Nubian, is permitted to enter the sacred precincts; then the garden gates are closed to all but wives, and Circassian and Georgian concubines. the voluptuous Pasha, the impotent, beastly eunuch, who can only live to curse the demon who deprived him of his nature!

I reserve for the last the first of Egyptian wonders—the Pyramids. Besieged by donkey boys, whose infernal jargon still haunts my sleep, our party at last were mounted, and, crossing the Nile, we scampered through the mud walled village of Ghizeh to the colossal pillar of ages, dark with mystery. Of course I went to the top of the monster tomb. Of course I dived down into the cavern chambers in its base, and groped through its dismal passages. Of course I made the usual com-

mon place observations of astonishment, working myself up to the necessary pitch of the enthusiastic traveler. Of course the Arab guides who hand you up the mountain of rock demanded "bucksheesh" before their task was done, and you refuse, at the risk of meeting with violence. Of course you select the choicest language in describing your sensations to your companions, while gazing from the dizzy height upon the barren, objectless desert, the fertile valley of the Delta, the sister pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakara, the minarets, the mosques of old Cairo, the first among Arabian cities, and you express surprise to find Jenny Lind's name cut among the thousands scratched upon the sandstone, and think you would like to have heard the Nightingale sing so high in air among the clouds.

It is difficult to conceive that these leviathan tombstones were erected so many hundred years before Solomon impoverished himself in building the Temple. "The generations of forty centuries" said Napoleon to his army, "are looking down upon the battlefield," as the Mameluke cavalry scoured the desert; thus, in his soul stirring proclamations stimulating his fatigued soldiers to be led on to victory. The great pyramid was completed 2,123 years before our present era, and has lived through the interesting historical changes of Egypt. For nearly four thousand years it has watched the breaking up of dynasties, age after age, outliving the oldest of its kings—the burial of Phillip, of Alexander and of Cleopatra—the invasion of the Roman army under Cæsar, of the Turkish host under Sultan Selim, in 1517, and of the French in 1798, who three years after were expelled by the English—outliving the peasant prince, who founded, in 1806, the present dynasty—astonishing all who have beheld it since its erection, and will yet stand to astonish nations yet unborn. The base of the pyramid covers some

twelve acres of land, and it is estimated that it consumed 85,000,000 cubic feet of stone; but who can estimate the lavish waste of life caused by the vanity of man, in erecting so stupendous a pile, costing years of labor and thousands of men, simply to gratify the egotism of a prince, who with the same means might have made portions of the desert blossom as the rose?

The American Consular agent at Cairo is a Greek, who speaks most of the languages of the Continent. These sub-Consuls receive their appointments from the Consul General at Alexandria.

To-morrow I shall see something of railway traveling in Egypt.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JAFFA, SYRIA, April 12, 1856.

Sensations after a Journey to Jerusalem—Comforts in Syria—The City of Jaffa—People Met by the Way—The American University—Reptiles at the Holy Tombs—Mount of Olives and the Jordan—The Arabs and Missionaries—An Excitement and Incidents.

I HAVE been to Jerusalem, and have returned again, delighted and disgusted; delighted while traveling in the hallowed associations of bygone ages—disgusted at the utter desolation of nature. My ride was tedious, my lunch bad, my horse sore-footed and sore-backed.

There is no such thing as comfort in Syria, and yet, so long as time lasts, pilgrims will be instructed by a visit to the Holy Land. In forty hours our steamer, the Tancred, reached this ancient port, near where Zebedee flourished among the fishermen, and Paul lodged with Simon among the tanners; where Egyptian commerce was cradled, where the crossbow, the javelins and the arquebus were used by the Crusaders, and where Napoleon's enemies find material for their abuse. I was on the beach where it is said he coolly shot down the prisoners who surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, shot them because he had no food, and as prisoners they must starve; and I also visited the Armenian convent, where it is asserted that he poisoned his wounded soldiers, to prevent them from falling into the enemy's hands. These two serious charges may be true, but

friendly and hostile writers differ. The fertility that winds itself about the inland side of Jaffa by no means prepares one for the barrenness about Jerusalem. After leaving the picturesque half orange-shaped site of the quaint old town—after walking your horse through the soft, loamy paths, lined on either side by the cactus or prickly pear, an impenetrable fence —after the odor of the orange and the lemon trees is left on the shore, and the luxuriant groves are hidden from the view—after galloping over the plains before you get to Ramleh, fertile with the wealthy growth of Indian corn, of millet and of Syrian barley—after you have ridden through the valley of Sharon, admiring the butterfly beauty of the wild poppy, occasionally meeting with what, I suppose, was the "lilly of the valley," but looking in vain to find the "rose of Sharon" there—after you have wandered about the old stone towers of Ramleh, with its Armenian convent, now shut to all but Catholics, and partaken of the cheese-paring accommodation of the Tri-Consular Hotel, at Astor House prices, where fleas fatten and vermin gloat upon your carcase—after you have mounted up the ancient tower, where Dr. Robinson became so enchanted with Syrian nature, and retraced your steps to resume your journey, riding again through fertile hills and valleys, where grain fields and olive plantations and cactus fences form the chief attraction; after these are past and the garden portion of your journey is completed, prepare yourself to be rudely shocked at nature void of refinement, at scenery whose nudeness and dreary features startle you into astonishment. The pleasant paths of the morning towards evening verge into one, and it is now that you begin to understand what it is to make a tour to Jerusalem. Coming from among some of the Australian ranges, the coast of China and rock of Aden, I was not likely to be amazed at the strange

appearance of the country, but really I never before saw a mountain desert.

For miles our foot path, for it was nothing more, for carriages could not pass through those ravines, no more than a ship among the Jaffa breakers ; for miles our way was over hills and deep mountain passes, down rugged heights, dangerous to man much more to beast, and up the mountain's side again, only to find it worse beyond ; naught meets your eye but rocks—rocks on the plain and rocks on the mountain, and rocks intervening —an illimitable space of rocks—your vision tires itself to sleep at gazing over the treeless, flowerless mountain path. But you are cheered with renewed vigor when you at last reach the shade of the little patch of olive trees, under whose friendly branches Arabs and Turks and the Christian traveler have rested for refreshment for years and years, for some of the trees are patriarchs. A hard boiled egg, a cold chicken and some barley bread our dragoman, by some magic process, which I shall probably discover when the bills are paid, has always in readiness, which, with the Syrian oranges and the cold water which the Arab children bring you, expecting *bucksheesh*, give you an ample repast.

Our half way station was alive with Arabian and Turkish caravans—an encampment of some one hundred and fifty persons—whole families bound on some expedition to the Holy City. Distributing the remains of our lunch among the poor little famishing children, who showed their gratitude by haunting us for *bucksheesh*, we continued our journey, but no better road awaited us. The path became more and more irregular, the mountain regions more and more desolate ; the whole country is blasted as with the palsy. No matter where we turn, rocks—small rocks and large rocks—stare at us from under

the scorching sun—rocks at the base of the towering mountain, and rocks when we reach the summit, hour after hour we ride through the almost impenetrable wilderness of rocks.

Our faithful Abraham, accustomed to such labor, shows evidence of fatigue. My companion from India, a good horseman, occasionally walks to rest his weary limbs, and there are portions of my body blistered with the torturing jumping of the Turkish saddle. One long range of mountains more, terraced with rock to their very peak, only one more, and Jerusalem, the central palatial city, bursts out from the mountains that encircle it, apparently but a few rods off; but the rods are miles. The first view is sublime, and your memory is taxed with peopling it again. A little more than a day's ride from the Levant, a little less than a day's ride from the Jordan, is the ancient Salem of the East, the Jebus of the sons of Canaan, the Jerusalem of the Israelites, who subdued it under the stripling who so dexterously used the sling against the chief of the Philistines. At a brook, near a village on our way, the spot was pointed out where tradition marks the meeting of David and Goliah. To the children of the Saxon mother Jerusalem is associated with romantic events. In early days it was the battle field of almost every race. David conquered it—the Chaldeans destroyed it—the Jews rebuilt it. About the same period that Confucius was stereotyping his remarkable code of morals upon the Chinese mind, King Herod was exhausting his military chest in ornamenting his capital. Three quarters of a century before the Christian era, the Roman conqueror, Titus, saw the glorious Solomon's temple leveled before his victorious army. Other changes, of conquests, of whirlwinds, of earthquakes, the days of Constantine and of Julian, rapidly followed. Changes magnificent in history, where Persian generals and Greek kings,

Christians and infidels, Turks and Saracenic hosts all shone triumphantly in their turn, till Godfrey of Boillion, in the last year of the eleventh century, raised again the banner of the cross. Although so long ago since I pored over the sparkling page of poetical inspiration wherein Torquato Tasso, in his "Jerusalem Delivered," took out his patent for immortality, the golden descriptions freshen as I reflect, the protracted siege, the battle and the victory, I can imagine all; and as I near the gate of Solomon, contemplation quickens reverential awe with which I gaze upon the birthplace of our Bible, our religion and our Saviour. The Crusades were full of brave memories. A century after Saladin, the Oriental Sultan, unsheated his sabre, and the infidel's flag once again was unfurled from the palace dome. But since that day, step by step, we see the working of revelation. Latin princes, Egyptian emperors and Turkish sultans have massacred and have reigned, have lived and died within the walls of Jerusalem. The Turk now holds sway in Syria—on every side veiled women and Turkish soldiers. The romance and history of our Saviour's native land is of yesterday—for to-day the Moslem rules, and who shall tell of the morrow?

Wherever I go, I find Americans; some are at the Mediterranean, some at Symond's, but the best hotel, I believe, is the former, and comfortable quarters can be procured at moderate prices, if you can credit the recommendation which every guest records in the hotel book. Jerusalem has been so often visited and described, that I shall make myself most agreeable by saying little regarding it. Since the tyrant Sultan Achmet lorded it over the land, the writers on Syria have been most industrious. From the Englishman, George Sandys, in 1610; the Italian, Mariti, in 1760; the Frenchman, Chateaubriand, who, after

slandering Bonaparte, traveled in Syria in 1806, and Lamartine, twenty-six years later, whose book of travels is only a book of poems—for fact is lost in fancy—down to later tourists, our own countrymen, Stephens, in 1836, and Robinson, in 1841, and numerous publications up to the present day, but from what I can gather from the Orientals, the accomplished scholar and distinguished divine of New York bears away the palm for having written the best work on the country. Let the Syrian tourist carefully peruse it, and he will feel well prepared to visit Jerusalem. Hundreds of writers, many of whom have marked out a new theory—Jews, infidels, Christians, all have had their day—every year something new turns up—localities are changed, writers differ, and research must often terminate in confusion. Following our guide, we were hurried through the city and suburbs. The Via Dolorosa, the Holy Sepulchre on Mount Calvary, the tombs of Mary, of Lazarus, of David, of Absalom, the Brook Kedron, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the tombs of the Kings and of the Judges, the Mount of Olives, and the Garden of Gethsemane, we saw them all, and more, but their sanctity is only in the past. Donkeys with heavy loads of water and of dirt rubbing against you; camels with a cargo of planks or a cartload of stone upon their backs brushing past; women with covered faces, who do well to hide their ugliness from the gaze of man; men dirty, savage and obscene; children whose sore eyes and unclean faces, and tattered rags send a chill through the frame; all men, women and children begging for *bucksheesh*; dogs whose lean, lank form is enough to breed a famine; lizards of enormous size crawling through the fissures of the holy tombs: fleas fastening upon you at every turn—verily, it is sufficient to make the heart sick to visit the Holy Land, the wreck of what it was; and those who have not visited it will best retain their

respect for it by staying at home, for distance lends enchantment to the view. You can but be disgusted at the foul desecration of the holy places, where ghostly vampires suck your pockets even on the threshold of the Sepulchre. I do not think I possess the required material for traveling in Palestine ; and if many other tourists would be as frank they would acknowledge that the pilgrimage to the Holy Land is only in the name—the ideal was more impressive than real. The breakneck ride to the quiet little village of Bethlehem makes one better natured, by viewing the fertile valley close by, where olives, and figs, and grain fields, rich with the early crop, relieve the eyes from the desert that encircles them ; the fair features of the women of Bethlehem, and their erect form as they walk in their loose blue gowns, make them most attractive ; but when you visit their households the filth and wretchedness to be seen there take away all the poetry of a handsome face and noble figure. The church and the cathedral would be worthy of comment, were it not for the flummery of the priests, who take you through so many spots said to have been made sacred by Christ and the Apostles.

The pointing out of the manger in which our Saviour was born completes the disgust which tinsel and humbug, vice and misery have created the very moment you commence your rounds at Jerusalem. The absurdity of the remarks makes the whole thing ridiculous, and after being here you are ready to admit the wide difference between what you have read and what you now observe.

The Mount of Olives overlooks the dirty little stream of Jordan, and the dreary, glassy look of the Dead sea ; but the view of the Holy City and the surrounding mountains is worth the ascent. Among the many spots made noted by Scriptural ref-

erence none impressed me more than the walk through the Garden of Gethsemane. Oriental flowers still bloom about the walks, and olive trees as old as the Lebanon cedars still ornament the spot. An old monk resides in one corner of the garden, and he keeps it ever fresh with Eastern plants. I bought many of these flowers (pressed) to take home to my cis-atlantic friends. Brief enough has been my visit, but I have not the fancy for a longer time, for there are many places to see before I return. I did not care about going down in a diving bell in the Red sea to find the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the desert journey to Damascus takes ten days. A party of English gentlemen, headed by a New Yorker, had just arrived at Jerusalem from Cairo, having been eighteen days in crossing the desert. Some tourists find amusement here for months, but, days suit my taste better. The clergyman who visits Palestine and spends a short time at Jerusalem most likely will entirely alter the diction of his discourse. A sermon on the Holy Land before and after the visit would be most unlike. When, full of the beautiful metaphor and splendid imagery of the inspired pages, you land in Syria, to find only the ghost of your imagination—the skeleton and crossbones, without a particle of the flesh or blood, or veins or muscles of active life or remembrance, you almost wish you had never seen Jerusalem; and yet the tour, once over, is instructive, and adds one more link to the traveler's knowledge. To dwell long there we should have books and pencil, should be an antiquary, a botanist, a geologist or a divine, for no thirst for ancient associations, no biblical reminiscences, unless you happen to possess enthusiasm and piety above the common herd, will keep a tourist many weeks in Jerusalem.

Great excitement among the Arabs was caused, a few days ago, by the accidental discharge of a missionary's gun, killing one

of their number. It was at Nablous, and the man was, like them all, importunate for *bucksheesh*, and, catching hold of the horse which the gentleman rode, the animal reared, and the discharge of the rifle proved fatal to the beggar. As soon as the accident became known the Arabs rose *en masse*, arrested the clergyman, killed a relative of the Prussian Consul, broke into the house of the English and other Consuls, robbed them of everything portable, stripping the ladies of their clothes and ornaments, and killing one or two of the native converts. The *emeute* at one time bid fair to become serious; the Pasha at once despatched a company of soldiers to put down the riot, and take away the unfortunate missionary, who was placed in the Governor's house, to prevent him from undergoing the summary punishment of Lynch law. News has now arrived that the insurrection has been put down, and all is quiet at Nablous. Another incident here has very much annoyed the friends of the mission. Some converts, it was said, had been made among the natives. Receiving an education in the missionary schools, they professed their belief as Christians. Last week a robbery of a jeweler's shop of considerable value gave the police a chase to find the robber, and days past without the least trace—for the missionary's converts were above suspicion—and you can understand how disappointed the mission's friends must feel to find that one of their head native teachers, who was most devout in his professions, had turned out, not only to be the thief in this instance, but has been for a long time the leader of a most formidable band of robbers.

To catch the Austrian Lloyd's steamer for Beyrout, we were obliged to ride through to Joppa in a day; and in company with a large number of English gentlemen, single file, we retraced our steps along the rocky path made by the torrent

formed from the melting of the mountain snows. Leaving Jerusalem, with its dead monuments of past magnificence, we passed once more the cheerless, inhospitable land about it, where nature, refusing to smile where God has accursed, wears the live-long day and in the darkness of the night an everlasting frown. Like the Mongol Tartars, the Syrian Arabs live only for their flocks and their herds, and it is difficult for the Western traveler, as he winds his way along the stony cliffs, to realize, amid such terrible desolation, that this is the luxuriant country where the husbandman gathered his figs thrice and his harvests twice in every year—where the industry and art of the Hebrew made the desert flow with milk and wine, with oil and with honey.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOURNEY FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP MERSSINA,
RHODES HARBOR, April 21, 1856.

Tour in the Levant—Alexandria, Jaffa and Constantinople—Cost of the Journey and Hire of a Dragoman—How a Dragoman can Bully, Pray and Cheat—Civilization of the Turks towards their Conquered—Caiffa, the Hill of Carmel, its Convent, and Elijah, and Napoleon—Acre and its Generals—A Run and Ride in the Country—A Ball at a Pasha's Palace—Glimpse of a Lady of the Harem—Zeno's Birth place.

DURING the last ten days our steamer had been on a yacht excursion through the Turkish end of the Levant. The route from Alexandria to Constantinople is very convenient to the tourist who wishes to visit some of the most important ports of Asiatic Turkey. For some time past there have been two lines of steamers between the above mentioned cities, plying every week, each line in turn. From Alexandria to Jaffa, I paid $17 50 in the French boat, belonging to the Messagerie Imperial, one of the largest steam mail companies in Europe, and at Jaffa I booked myself through, after visiting Jerusalem to Constantinople, for $70, by the Austrian Lloyd's, paying half price for our dragoman, engaged at Alexandria at $40 per month, myself and companion paying his traveling expenses, and passage back again. He is a Maltese, and speaks French, Italian, English, Arabic and Turkish, and fills the situation of *valé de place*, in-

terpreter, guard ; in short, he is a man of all work, invaluable to a traveler in the East ; wherever we go he seems to have acquaintances among the blackguards and scoundrels of the place, gets return commissions for the most trifling of our purchases ; bullies the hotel keepers, knocks down the boatman, upsets the donkey boys, patronizes the Catholic church, apologises for knocking down a Custom House officer, who detains our portmanteau, because we don't give him *bucksheesh ;* carries a cudgel to enforce his arguments with the natives, wears a beard some ten inches long, gets into a terrible rage with the steward when there is no milk for our coffee, and regards us more in sorrow than in anger, when noticing our gross ignorance of Oriental conduct and Oriental languages. Abraham is the prince of dragomans. We know he cheats us, yet his attention to our wants compensates for the fraud. Without him we should see nothing, and perhaps pay more than should cover his commission. The dragoman of the East is an expensive luxury, a necessary evil, who by a freemasonry peculiar to the class, links himself in with the hotel keepers, shopmen, and the minor sharks that hover in the traveler's wake. We know he cheats us, yet we are sure to give him a certificate of his efficiency and good behaviour, when his duty has been accomplished, as others have done before us. Without dwelling long in a place, for our steamer seldom stopped but a day, let me mention the towns one sees while *en route* for Constantinople—towns high sounding and important ages before the white man began the war of extermination against the red Indian ; and, like the proud natives of the American hunting fields, their history is in the past ; but, unlike them, no marks of civilization or improvement follow in the wake of the conquerer ; for wherever the taboosh, the boy trainers and the harem of the Turk are to

be found, in Egypt, Syria, or Asia Minor, the night mare of indolence and superstition has paralyzed all attempts at reform. Wherever your Moslem appears, he comes like a destroying angel, darkening the glories of the past, and withering, as with a blight, the energies of the present.

Our first halt after leaving Joppa, was at the small town of Caiffa, on the margin of the sea, of little importance as a trading port, but interestingly situated at the base of Mount Carmel. The old convent—made noted by Elijah in the early times, and by Napoleon, who turned the sacred building into an hospital for his sick during his Eastern campaign—is conspicuously situated on the Mount. Warburton describes his sojourn there as having been made delightful by the kindness of the monks.

A company of fifteen German pilgrims, poor in purse but rich in mind—artists, poets ; novelists—came on board, to leave again at Beyrout, from whence they are bound to Damascus. Acre—where Sir Sidney Smith, with his little band of marines, to stimulate the Arabs, shut the gate in the face of Napoleon just fifty-eight years ago—is to be seen on the other side of the point. It was a bold defence. The British sailor was too much for Bonaparte. After two months' painful suspense, nine savage assaults, the ravages of the plague thinning the ranks of the army, the French General, choosing defeat rather than mutiny, sullenly retired with his discontented soldiers. As late as 1840 British cannon again roared about its fortresses. Ten years' labor will not repair the damage of Napier's broadsides. Some of the early Generals pronounce Acre the "Key of the East," and Napoleon made the same remark to Murat. Its history is pregnant with the events of war. Richard, Godfrey, and other Christain princes, in the time of the Crusades, made its old walls ring when battling with Saladin.

Beyrout was our first important point of call, where we remained for two days, to look about us. The town is eulogized by all who visit it. Being the chief of the Syrian ports, there is more activity on the quays. There are a few English merchants and bankers here, but the Greeks manage to secure the cream of the trade. In payment for British and European manufactured articles, wool, cotton, and wheat are shipped ; and since the war, prices for grain have ruled ; imports and exports keep along together. An American has been here for some time buying wool for a Boston house ; but with the duty in the States it must be up hill work to make it lucrative. With this exception, our country is not represented, save by a Consul from New Hampshire, an obliging gentleman, whose capacity is equal to the duties which he is called upon to perform.

The Hotel Bellevue is the most respectable house I have found since leaving Alexandria, conveniently located inside the town and well conducted. The other hotel is in the suburbs, where our Consul resides. Lord and Lady Port Arlington, our fellow passengers from Joppa, give that the preference, but I prefer the other. They are bound to Damascus, and then to Jerusalem. The lady, who is willing to undergo the fatiguing and dangerous journey over the mountains of Palestine, where the mountain torrent forms the footpath (and even the Syrian shepherd and husbandman carries a musket, a cutlass, and a pair of pistols for protection against the bandit Bedouin) to get a view of ancient ruins, and holy temples, deserves more credit than she will have awarded by those who have no idea of the difficulties to be encountered. Four of us, early in the morning, started for the village of the Druses, situated on the summit of the mountain, a three hours' ride. We were well mounted at a dollar each, and reached Bheit Marie in time to enjoy

our lunch. The scene from the great elevation was grand in the extreme. Back of us, other mountains, overlooking the clouds, their peaks white with snow the entire year, looked down upon a rockbound valley, once fertile with the industry of man. Onward to the left was the road to Lebanon, where the twelve old cedars have outlived more than two Methusalehs; on the right a few orchards still show the occupation of the inhabitants of the mountains, orchards of fig and lemon and olive trees. Front of us, step by step, mountain over mountain, a terrace of mammoth hills, some red with sandstone, some green with the forest pine, some more fertile than the rest, bearing evidence of careful cultivation, while others were as desolate as rock and stone could make them, were spread out before us; and at the base of all, Beyrout, the city, the suburbs, the scattered habitations, the orange groves, the mulberry plantations, the patches of grain and the pasture lands, forming a panorama strikingly picturesque, and farther on, the waters of the Mediterranean losing itself in the horizon.

The Druses were fearful that we should see their women; but God forbid!—the appearance of the matron of the harem, with a conical unicorn shaped head dress, some three feet high, was enough to discourage the most romantic. How can these people make themselves so hideous? On the other point of the mountain we found the convent of the Maharnars, another religious sect. About a dozen of the holy fathers came out to show us the ruins of the ancient temple, which was worth seeing; but I infinitely preferred the luxurious magnificence of the wild mountain scenery. On our way back we were desirous of trying an experimental path another way, and we were soon repentant of our wandering. When I look back to the descent, I can but wonder that I am here to-day. I was the

only one of our party, save the dragoman, that did not dismount, and having accomplished the feat I am willing to back a horse anywhere in Syria.

Our visit to Beyrout is well timed, for we are here in season to witness an eventful period in a Turkish city, a European ball, given by the Pasha; the first ever known since the flood. What next? Perhaps an evening party by the "mother of the maids!" Of course we were cordially greeted; why not? I would not have missed the entertainment for a Turkish dress. Some say the ball is given in order to commemorate the circumcising of the Pasha's children. Most likely that, and to celebrate the news of peace and the birth of a young Napoleon, for the cannon from the fort have been flashing throughout the day. Half-past eight was in the cards, but we were in good time an hour later. The road to the Seraglio was lighted by pine torches, in an iron basket on the end of a ten foot pole, similar to those seen at the stations when crossing the desert in the night. The glare was dazzling, and the numbers of Arabs and Turks watching the strange scene gave a wildness to the picture not easily portrayed. Arriving at the palace, resembling more a country hotel, a Turk received our hat and coat in European style, giving us, however, an Arabic number. The Turkish aid-de-camp ushered us into the presence of his Highness with European courtesy. The Pasha, standing amid his Ministers, gave us a European shake of the hand, while the band—the very one that came down with us from Alexandria, were playing European airs. It was evident the French had the management of the entertainment, for the most trifling Western customs were observed.

In a side room European chairs were arranged round a European table, on which were packs of European cards. The

opposite room was provided with European segars, and in a closet you were shown where you could get a European drink. One almost forgot that the ball was given by a Turkish Pasha. Save the dress of the few Turks present, the formality of the evening, the society of ladies, for there were but twenty to some two hundred gentlemen, you could hardly realize that you were being entertained by a Mussulman.

The Pasha led off the ball in a promenade with the lady of the English Consul; and here, for the first time, the Pasha seemed out of his element. The lady was embarassed by his clumsiness. His arms hung down by his side like a pair of tongs, and his movements showed anything but grace. The dancing was confined only to a few; the other guests found amusement in segars and cards. Most of the guests were from Europe. America and England were fairly overshadowed by foreign moustaches, and their voices drowned by the incessant rattling of foreign tongues. Among those present was the late Austrian Consul at Smyrna, to whom Captain Ingraham gave a lesson in international law, on the subject of Koszta and his naturalization papers. As the evening wore away ice cream and sherbet were brought in, and cake was handed round, all Europeanized.

In glancing about the high arched room I accidently saw the blushing face of a fair young girl looking down from the narrow circular windows at the top of the hall, upon the dancers. She saw that she was observed, and disappeared. My curiosity was excited, for the mystery that surrounds the harem always attracts our sex. I was right in my conjecture, for in examining more minutely the several windows from a retired spot, fair faces on all sides were peering down upon us, some very beautiful. Although not a polking man, my scruples might have been

overcome if the beautiful Georgian whose eyes seemed alive with curiosity, had been among the dancers. Never before had these young girls seen so many foreign faces, and thinking their hiding place secure from the infidel eyes of the Frank, they gazed down upon us with interest too intent to single out those who were observing them.

When will the march of intellect raise the Turkish daughter from her humiliating debasement to a position worthy of her sex? Not till the hereditary prejudices of their race have burst their prison bars, and civilization and morality have lightened up the darkened chambers of their mind. I did not remain to supper, but from a glimpse at the table it was worthy of a prince. In all these palaces you cannot but be struck at the clumsy mixture of magnificence and meanness, splendor and squalor—an inlaid floor of beautiful polished wood or mosaic marble, with mopboard unpainted, and walls unpapered, money exhausted without taste, beautiful ornaments in the basement, and broken windows in the hall, a boudoir in the interior, and an uninhabited, untidy appearance without. Everything about a Turk looks unwashed, slipshod and shabby. A part of the entertainment was the exhibition of the Pasha's children, four beautiful boys, about ten years each, all dressed in blue, under the charge of a eunuch blacker than an African funeral.

Beyrout was once an extensive commercial port, and is rich in old associations, from the richly laden argosies of days gone by, to the English war fleet that left their sixty-eight pounders in the fortress a few years since. Beyrout has kept her name from being erased from the page of history.

From Beyrout we went to Larnaka, in the Island of Cypress, anchoring opposite the Marina, on the beach. The few hours' stoppage of the steamer enables you to walk to the village, to

visit the Greek cathedral, which is not so attractive as the Catholic, and to wander about the old town and the bazaar. It requires a powerful imagination to revive any interest in this wretched, miserable old place. History, however, has managed to keep its name from sinking, telling us there was once a noble city, peopled by a brave and warlike race—a city made noted by the deathbed of Cimon, the distinguished Grecian general, and by having been the birth place of the philosopher Zeno. A few cotton bales and a few sacks of grain came on board as freight. If this is a specimen of the Island of Cypress, I am glad it is only a port of call. Paphos, I am told, has more to recommend it; for this was the voluptuous home of Venus, where she erected her hundred altars after she arose from the sea. The beauty and easy virtue of the women of Paphos have given it historical remembrance. The frail fair one in all lands is called a Cyprian. In Childe Harold's ancestral hall,

Paphian girls were known to sing and smile.

Paphian girls and Cyprus wine spoiled many an ancient general; for the intoxication of both was at times too much for Roman virtue. Shakespere's fancy must have been under their influence when he pictured Othello's courtship, Cassio's reeling through the Bazaar, and Iago's midnight wanderings. I imagined they could take place nowhere else but in Cyprus.

It may have been a beautiful place in its day; but now, although it still produces the finest cotton in the Levant, its once beautiful lands are barren, fruitless and uninviting. Under the corroding mildew of the Turk, terrible changes have crushed the island. Even as late as 1822 there was a reign of terror in Cyprus. Twenty-two thousand Greeks were butchered in cold blood by an inhuman Turkish army.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LANDING IN THE CRIMEA.

KAMIESCH, April 28, 1856.

The Passage from Constantinople to Kamiesch, and its Cost—How the French manage the Post Office—Crowds of Soldiers, Sailors, Ships-of-War, Gunboats and Traders—Scenery on the Bosphorus—The Allied Dead and how they went to the Grave—How you enter the Kamiesch Bay—American Ships in Port, and how they were Admired.

MY Australian, Indian and China correspondence must have reached you some weeks since, but as I have not been so fortunate as to get hold of a copy of the HERALD since leaving Palestine, I am not up in New York dates. By way of Marseilles I posted several letters containing notes on Egypt, Syria and Asia Minor, which I hope may work their way through the barbarous espionage of the French post. Now I have commenced to throw off a sheet or two on the war, but afterwards shall not bore you with my blottings, for I soon shall be in the land of classic hand books and "our correspondents." By dancing attendance on the admiralty at Constantinople, after taking the precautionary measure of getting my respectability endorsed by the American Ambassador, I might have obtained a passage to the Crimea in a government transport for a pound note, for the only charge is your board at $3 50 per diem; but time was an object, and as I did not wish to feel that I was so deeply obligated and especially favored, I paid some thirty dollars for

a passage in the French mail boat which plies to the French Crimean war port, Kamiesch, twice a week; which takes passengers down but will not guarantee a passage back, for the cabin is reserved for returning French officials. The English have no mail line to Balaklava, but have made arrangements to have their letters passed unopened, through France. I say unopened, for any correspondence that falls into the French post bags goes under espionage, for the old Fouche-Napoleonic system is strictly observed in the Crimea. Private letters that mention the word war, or France, never reach their address, and business documents also are thrown into the dead letter box. France muzzles the news; England is more liberal; but in war times, where human life depends upon a despatch, a judicious restriction may not be out of place. Perhaps it would have been better for the nation if her Crimean correspondence had been published in England.

Our steamer was loaded with vivacious French troops, of different regiments, who had been on the Scutari sick list, and were sent down to join their comrades at the camp. Jollier fellows never shouldered musket; they have escaped a coffin, and show their gratitude by eating, singing and laughing. We left Constantinople about five in the afternoon, which gave us a glorious view of the city, magnificent by sunset. Steaming out of the Golden Horn, when densely packed with shipping, without chafing the boat, requires no little skill; but our captain managed it without even the common occurrence of capsizing a caique. Never before did old Stamboul witness such a forest of masts and funnels, steamers and sailing craft, transports and men of war, large and small, yachts and gunships—there must have been a thousand sail. But this magnificent fleet, commercial and political, was not confined within the crowded

compass of the Golden Horn, for the Bosphorus was also quick with activity. The narrow strip of water dividing civilized Europe from heathen Asia was white with the commerce of the West. Ships were anchored and under way from the place of separation till we had distanced land in the Black Sea.

The scenery on either side of the Bosphorus is of the most gorgeous description. Turkish villages and Turkish graveyards, where the poor and the rich both live and die—are studded along the banks with great profusion. Constantinople fades away as we turn the angle, and but domes and minarets, mosques and towers, are still the conspicuous objects on every hand. The Bosphorus, like Melrose Abbey, should be seen by moonlight, for it softens the brilliancy of the scene, making it only the more beautiful. Entering the Black Sea, large Turkish forts frown sullenly upon us, forts of no great apparent strength, but more than equal to the destruction of any fleet that dared the passage. No wonder that Nicholas' penchant for this important natural stronghold awakened the jealousy of the Western nations. It may well be called the tollgate of the East, for nature has made it an impassable barrier if in the hands of resolute and skillful engineers and brave soldiers. As we quietly make our way along, the gay Frenchman enlivening the solitude of this vast inland ocean, I can but realize that we are on the same track of thousands who, but a short time before, passed on, no more to return forever. For many months a fleet of transports more extensive than any known in history, has been steaming over the same race course with the brave armies of the allies, so large a portion of which have been left to fertilize the Tartar vineyards and nourish the cornfields of the Crimea. Husbands and fathers, brothers and sons, private and officer—youth and age, nobleman and commoner, full of life and antici-

pated laurels, but a short time ago crossed these same waters, never again to see their native land. Painful is the contemplation! England never before was such a sufferer. But France remembers Moscow. The question of colonization has been put at rest. England and France, between them, have established a colony in the Crimea, the colony of the dead!

Early in the morning of the second day, about thirty-six hours from Stamboul, we again fell in with shipping, for we were approaching our destined port. Some delay occurred in finding a birth, the harbor of Kamiesch was so densely blocked up with the transport fleet. Onr every side we saw all the activity of a large commercial city. The entrance to the bay is very contracted; the channel itself is a quarter of a mile in width, but booms have been thrown across, leaving only one hundred feet between them; their object being to prevent boats from entering and to assist in breaking the sea. The men of war and large ships at anchor outside are also arranged as a breakwater for the protection of the harbor fleet. The ships are stowed some one and four length deep, according to the size, all at anchor stern on to the shore, the deep water and mud bottom allowing them to lay close in. The smaller transports are placed at the head of the bay and the larger ships nearer its entrance. The French transports only are at Kamiesch; but at Kazatch, about a stone's throw from this the English have a bay with almost as many sail. At both anchorages I counted some five hundred ships, comprising the flags of most of the nations of the West. Side by side I saw three beautiful specimens of the shipyards of the North; the French flag floated from the mizen mast, but the stars and stripes were at the peak. Prouder than the one hundred and twenty gun of the French, the Napoleon III., more dignified even than the Agamemnon

of the English, the Great Republic of the Americans looked in her unassuming greatness—the commander of the fleet.

The Great Republic, Capt. Limeburner, the Queen of Clippers, Capt. Zerega, and the Monarch of the Sea, Capt. Gardner, were anchored side by side, and I never felt prouder of my country, than in witnessing these magnificent clippers from New York, so superior to any of the transports of other nations. English and French, Russian and Sardinian officers, high in rank and position, covered with orders and medals, Turkish commanders and Tartar princes, all have seen them, and in seeing are forced to admire. America never sent better representatives abroad—the peaceful messenger of commerce is always welcomed, while we only hail the ship of war as a State necessity. The Captain tells me that there is little danger here, they lie so close together, on a mud bottom; but it would seem to me that one of those terrible storms that sometimes have convulsed these seas would involve the entire fleet in one common wreck. Thus far there have been few accidents.

I saw several hulks, among others, the ship Cortez, of Bath, piled upon the beach; but the few wrecks occasioned may be accounted for by the continued absence of the Black Sea gales. The Champion of Boston, is also here, loading bronze and brass cannon from the Malakoff for Marseilles; and the Hartly, also for the same port; the Titan, of Boston, has just sailed for France. All the American ships are in the employ of the French government, the English having chartered no American transports. During the dull times, the transport charters have proved a splendid business for such of our ships as were so fortunate as to get employment. The Great Republic must have paid for herself by this time; but the game is now up, and a thousand sail of transports will shortly find their way back to

assist in deadening freights and consequently depreciating shipping property. There have been several individual instances where the government has enriched the shipowner by a single charter. Among others mentioned, the British ship Gertrude was taken up at thirty shillings per ton for a powder magazine, and although the rate was afterwards reduced, two years employment at Kazatch must have built half a dozen such craft. Many of the almost insolvent English steam mail lines have escaped from bankruptcy by this unexpected employment. Like receiving a remittance the morning the note came due, government employment was just in time for several of the steam companies, the general screw company among the rest. Without English steamers for towing their transports, the French would have been sadly off, having few steamships of their own; on this side, the French transport flag is hoisted at the mast head of nearly every steamer. These transports, under charter, are actively engaged in embarking horses, troops and cannon. The soldiers are everywhere assisting the sailors in getting off the ships. On shore, officers and privates are hurrying to and fro, and working gangs of men are employed in piling up shot, transporting cannon and in preparing for embarkation. An idea of the extent of the siege is formed the moment you begin to walk about the streets of the settlement of Kamiesch, called in the parlance of the Crimea the "City of Thieves." It is utterly impossible to realize that two years ago the Bay was as silent as the village was vacant, neither ship nor house, man nor beast, save a few Tartar farmers, were ever seen there; and yet it has already lived several ages in history. The French army are packing up everything they can lay their hands on, every old cannon, every spare shot, every piece of steel, every gun

carriage, every used up musket—even old barrel hoops and barrel staves, are being piled up to be taken away. It is evident that no fortunes are to be made in following in the wake of the allied armies, as was the case when our troops left Mexico. So my credits must remain in the envelope. A line of coaches is established to Balaklava, I learn to-day, and I will write from there.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BALAKLAVA, April 30, 1856.

The Miles, Horses, Roads and General Travel to Balaklava—Extent of the Allied Lines—A First Look at Sebastopol in Ruins—her Eastern Fortresses and Sand Bags—Thoughts on the Battle Fields—Energy and Good Breeding of the Russian Officers—How the Allied Troops Agreed.

I MISSED the 'bus at Kameisch, and was obliged to hire a private team to take me over. I paid for a horse, but found a mule waiting for me at the *café;* however, in two hours and a half we made Balaklava, the Kamiesch of the English army. The engineers have built a splendid military road between the two posts and macadamized the entire distance. Now the weather is dry, and clouds of dust darken the air; but the least rain makes it sloppy and disgusting. Once out of Kamiesch, we got an inkling of camp life. As far as we could see, tents and huts were dotted over the hills and plains, both sides of our highway were studded with the local habitations of the allies. Artillery wagons, mule carriages and cartloads of shot and shell were continually passing, sometimes the train would extend for miles. Cannon balls and broken shell were scattered along the gutters, some of which had fallen from the wagons, others lay where they fell from the guns. The first entrenchments of the French when they landed are of the most formidable character. They did not intend to be driven again into their ships without a struggle.

Approaching Balaklava we began to feel more and more the immense extent of the encampment. Before I came here, I imagined that I could ride through the English and French camps in an hour, and had pictured it a large city of tents. I never for a moment supposed that instead of one gigantic encampment, there were some hundreds—instead of covering acres of ground, it was scattered over an era of some two hundred square miles. From the heights above the settlement, I could just reach some of the distant camps with a glass.

I am most fortunate in finding a home on board the beautiful New York clipper, the Ocean Herald. She has been employed for over a year by the French, and has made several passages to the several Black Sea and Mediterranean ports. She is now discharging hay for the ambulance department, after which she takes troops to France. Captain Furber, so well known in the North Atlantic packet trade, having been here so many times during the progress of the siege, is well posted on Crimean matters, and seems to be very much at home in the French camp. Already I have got acquainted with several of the French officers, all of whom are particularly courteous to Americans. Their hospitality comes in a substantial way ; once acquainted, they can't do too much for one, inviting you to their camp, furnishing you with their horses, sending their servants to accompany you, explaining in detail all that you may wish to learn of the battle fields. I have letters to several English officers ; but you might as well look for a fish in the ocean or a bird in the forest. The distance between the camps are so great, the difficulty of moving about except on horseback, and the hurry and bustle of those who might inform you, prevent me from finding them out, and as it is, I find I am well housed and well cared for.

Yesterday, in company with a Russian prince and several French officers, I visited Sebastopol, and my head is too full of what I saw to describe it. I was not at all prepared to see such desolation and destruction, nor was I prepared to find that those high sounding names that have been ringing in my ears, week after week, as the mail came through—the Mamelon, the Malakoff and the Redan, were only piles of dirt and bags of sand, and baskets of earthwork, all strewn about in the most complicated confusion. Looking from the Malakoff, the once beautiful city of Sebastopol, whose eligible site for a naval arsenal was brought to the notice of the Emperor by a native of France, and whose wonderful forts were planned by an English engineer, is only a heap of ruins, resembling more an old Syrian or Egyptian town, destroyed by the corroding influence of time, than a powerful fortress, reduced by a war of yesterday. The Russians burnt and leveled their habitations when they retired to their impregnable position on the north side, as at Moscow. They destroyed all but the beautiful sandstone barracks, a church or two, a monument, and those wonderful docks. But what the Russians left the allied armies have broken and torn in pieces. Such utter desolation I cannot picture. Save the green grass shooting out from broken shells and cannon balls, and blocks of granite, the sole relics of beautiful flower gardens, there is no vestige of recent habitation. Sebastopol is a wreck, more wild and desolate than Lisbon could have been after the earthquake, or Copenhagen after the bombardment. The palace of the prince and the cottage of the peasant, the convents, the churches and the library, the public buildings and private dwellings, are naught but piles of broken stone and plaster, huge heaps of rubbish scattered over the entire surface of the city. The sunken ships across the mouth of the harbor

and in the bay are discovered by their protruding spars above the water—the Twelve Apostles the most conspicuous of all.

On the low land about the water, huge anchors and immense piles of ammunition are piled up, ready for shipment; but, save the stranger who visits the fallen city, and the occasional barking of the unclaimed dog, all is silent as a burial ground, no better representation could paint the terrific ravages of war. Our Russian friend gazed upon his once happy home, and turned away and wept like a child. It was pitiful to see him in his strength and manliness so heartbroken and wretched in his contemplation. It was heartless to hear the French colonel, who accompanied us, make so light of the Russian's wretchedness; but he would have his jest, no matter how keen the shaft. On the battle field, in the trenches, in the Malakoff, at death's door, the Frenchman will have his joke; but it was not French politeness to continually remind the Russian officer of his defeat. The Russian was born a gentlemen, but the Frenchman had risen from the ranks.

If I were asked what struck me most forcibly in riding about and around the city, I should say at once the astonishing strength and engineering ability of the Russian defences. No wonder they baffled the pluck of the British and the dash of the French for so long a time.

It must be remembered that when the allies landed at Eupatoria in the autumn of 1854, Sebastopol was only fortified by sea, not a bastion was thrown up to prevent it from inland invasion. The battle of the Alma was fought where the Zouave soldiers so distinguished themselves, and where the English army, the Frenchman says, was not up to time, but when once at it, he will have to admit that they fought like tigers for the victory, although history records that through the imperfections of their

ambulance corps, hundreds of brave soldiers who so boldly had plunged into the fight, were left for two days and nights to welter in their wounds upon the battle field before assistance was at hand. Not till after the battle of the Alma, when Lord Raglan fell across the track of the Russian's rear, when the allies passed over to Balaklava—not till after the memorable battle of the 25th of October, where Lord Cardigan, obeying orders that nobody fathers, rode the death ride at the head of the Light Brigade, the boldest deed in history, plunging on to almost certain destruction, for more than half the regiment was cut down, horses and men, with Russian shot, and all would have perished but for the rescue of the French—not till after the still more bloody battle of the Inkermann, where the stream of life flowed as swiftly as the river, where the flower of England's army, the Guards, led on by a royal Duke, fell like hail upon the battle field, and where, on that memorable 5th of November, the allies must have been swept from the Crimea in spite of all their bravery, by the overwhelming force of the Russians, but for the mistake so fatal to Liprandi, a large portion of his army losing itself in the mist—not till after these several Waterloo and Austerlitz battles had been fought, did the Russians commence the wonderful fortifications which, even in their ruins, astonish every beholder.

Their extent, the immensity of the undertaking, the wealth of material and the vastness of the labor, the rapidity of their construction and the almost miraculous engineering ability displayed, are the thoughts uppermost in the mind as you gaze over the long range of ramparts from the Malakoff to the Flagstaff battery. Before the Inkermann, the city was only defended by water, not a single cannon defended its rear; and hence the terrible energy of the Russian.

The ablest of the Russian engineers were called to council, but three months were required to complete the defences. Menschikoff was disheartened, but an engineer, unknown to fame, with the promptness worthy of Napoleon's observation at the defence of Paris, offered to accomplish the task in a fortnight, if they would only supply the men. They did so; and the name of Totdleben shines more brilliantly than that of any other individual in all the armies. Of course the young lieutenant was made a general; and he deserved it, for French and English alike all testify to his wonderful skill in constructing earthworks sufficiently strong to withstand such a terrible fire for so long a time. While standing on the ruined ramparts of the Malakoff, the French officers pointed out the midday attack, the surprise, the attempted rescue, and the two mistakes of the engineer—first the weakness of the place where the Frenchmen stormed; second, the enclosed part towards Sebastopol.

Had it remained open as in the Redan, the Russians might have re-taken it in the face of the French; as it was, Bosquet saw his advantage. "We are in the Malakoff and shall remain there," was the impulsive language of the French officer. Napoleon the modern, like his uncle, rewards such men. Again, I was shown where the English lay swimming in thick pools of blood along side of their enemies in the ditches of the Redan. Russell describes the scene. What can be more horrible? I picked up a saddle bag full of the murderous grape.

I do not care to dwell upon the harrowing details. If one accident on a railway creates such harrowing sympathies, how much more horrible does the contemplation make the scene where thousands were swept away by that terrible shower of grape! Those outliving the storm are the heroes of the age, the chance of life was nothing. I went over the trenches, and

saw the rifle pits, where, day after day, night after night, raining, freezing, cold and supperless for months, the soldiers of both armies worked till death or the hospital demanded them. Strange enough are our reflections in walking about those zigzag lines, where so many have perished by exposure, want, and the sortie of the Russe. Every night some new victims were added to the burial list; and yet the field of battle has ever been the field of jesting with the actors. Many are the anecdotes related of the riflemen. There was one, a crack shot, who did not relish his breakfast unless he had potted, that is the horrible term, half a dozen Russians. Show him a Russian, no matter how far, providing he was within range, and crack went the deadly Minnie, and there was certain to be one less of the enemy. The Russians have contested every inch of ground upon the Crimea. Step by step they have retired, leaving naught but huge graveyards behind them.

Returning by the Warrenzoff road again, I saw the huts of the thousands of encampments. The Sardinians, the French, and the English, the Turks are mostly gone. The hill country had been once almost as fertile as the plain, and the plain shows the hillocks of the vineyard and the furrows of the grain field. The Crimea has ever been the garden of Russia. Pelissier's headquarters are by no means extensive, and Codrington most certainly did not live in a palace. Camp life is far from pleasant. Give me a cabin in an American clipper, in preference to the soldier's table of the Commander-in-chief. General Codrington is liked by both armies, but Lord Raglan they abuse even in his grave. The French and English are not friends. Peace has been confirmed, and now we begin to see the national antipathies come out. I know it must be so. Centuries of enmity cannot be cemented so soon. Officers and soldiers here

are full of recriminations, and it is painful to see how soon they have forgotten that they have fought and bled together—that their brother comrades are buried in the same extensive burial grounds. Now I believe they would fight each other as readily as they fought the Russians.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BALAKLAVA, May 2, 1856.

How Balaklava Port Could have been Defended—What it is and what it was—Our Trade with England and the East—What the English and French Leave to the Russians—The Glories of Sardinia.

BALAKLAVA, from whatever point you view it, is strikingly picturesque. The bay is completely landlocked, like the harbor of Port Jackson; the entrance to the harbor is so carefully concealed, that the first navigators of this wonderful sea must have frequently passed the high border land without discovering the little anchorage. Approaching Kadikoi from Kamiesch, the little bay breaks suddenly out of the mountains, their peaks projecting high above the shipping. The picture is strangely novel. You look in vain for some outlet for the water. Naught can be seen but the transport fleet and the massive ranges that enclose it. The old Genoese fort caps the tallest of the mountains, and is in a fair state of preservation. Well manned, the little Greek town of Balaklava could never have been molested from the water side. The position, like the Bosphorus, is a natural stronghold. Had the Russians anticipated the arrival of the armies, by sinking a ship or two across the mouth of the two bays, Kamiesch and Balaklava—it must have entirely changed the tactics of the allies; but it might not have been so well in the end for the Russians The hill country encircling

the anchorage reminds me forcibly of the rugged ranges in Palestine, equally sterile and equally magnificent in their dreary, cheerless sterility. There is the same everlasting, uncultivated wilderness of rocks, a vast fragmentary collection of stone and earth, with nothing but the lilliputian sheet of water at the base —a kind of Loch Katrine among the Trossachs, or Lake George of the American Highlands.

Two years have hardly gone since Balaklava was a peasant's solitude. A few Greeks and a few of the more enterprising Tartars occupied the little white village of Houses under the mountain, contented with their peaceful and solitary life. What little commerce arose out of the cultivation of the rich plains in their vicinity, and in the supplying Sebastopol and the surrounding township with fish, was amply sufficient for the sustenance of the small community. Russia allowed no strangers to visit the towns by sea; even Russian ships were not permitted to enter. With a ukase that none could break, the Emperor locked, with his iron hand, the gate of the port. But war was declared; Eupatoria did not answer, and when the army marched across the Crimea and occupied the heights, the lock was broken, and men-of-war, steamships and merchantmen anchored in the secluded haunts of the wild fowl, until the bay was full, a hundred ships and more. There are eighty here, now, lying as thick as timber in a yard; and, as martial law reigns throughout the Crimea, every lamp must be out at ten o'clock; for, in the exciting times, it would have been terrific to have seen the devouring element consuming their only means of escape. For there was a time, before the Balaklava and the Inkermann affairs, and by some afterwards, when intelligent military men, absent from the theatre of action, with maps before them, conscientiously believed that every officer and sol-

dier of the allied army would die fighting on the battle field, by sickness in the camp, or be driven at the point of the bayonet into the sea. Said they, "What can bravery do with such unequal odds—a hundred men to one—in killing these Russians? 'Tis the same as brushing musquitoes off your face." "And as certain as the sun shines," was often remarked, "the army will perish and be destroyed. Disease and the climate will hasten the death of those who escape the cannon, the musket and the sword."

Remembering the solitude of the Tartar town before, you are the more struck with its bustling, restless, rattling activity now, for in all the stirring whirl of commerce it is a miniature London; ships are discharging their cargoes of grain from the Turkish ports, and hay and provisions, ammunition and the trappings of war are being tumbled out as if the siege was not finished, the peace not proclaimed. It seems needless expense, yet for want of some one to give an order, many of these things will be piled out only to be damaged and destroyed, and then forsooth reloaded and taken away, perhaps in the ship that brought them. Every day steam transports are arriving with cattle from the Sea of Marmora and other places, and every day I see them swing out to sea dozens of them that have died upon the voyage. The army consumes still an enormous amount of fresh stuff. From morning till late in the day train after train of cars are despatched to the front with provisions for the men, and large loads of grain and feed for the horses and the mules. Troops are continually embarking, but thus far the ranks are still full, save where they were thinned by death. Yesterday two regiments embarked for Canada, in the Resolute and Simoon. The Ninth, Thirty seventh, Seventeenth, Sixty-third and Sixty-second are under orders for the same station—five regiments in

all from the Crimea. Like the Bermuda fleet, perhaps, it is another shake of the fist at Brother Jonathan. Never mind; let them blow off a little of their disappointment at the unsatisfactory result of the war—in London editorials against America, and in grand reviews at Spithead. It will do no harm. So long as our annual international commerce amounts to some one hundred millions sterling, the difficulty between England and America will only be a war of words between the columns of the NEW YORK HERALD and the double leaders of the *London Times*.

I have found much amusement in roaming about the wharves, for—don't be surprised—England's industry is seen wherever you may care to look—wharves and piers; warehouses for the different regiments, marked and numbered; boats for the officials; wagons, carts, barrows and all the English contrivances for transport; telegraphic stations; a floating machine shop, complete, where, in time of action, some thirty engineers were employed, sometimes night as well as day, repairing the instruments of war—a most extensive affair, comprising all the ingenious contrivances of modern times, put up in England, and steamed out to Balaklava, where she has done the army no little service; and by and by she will steam back again as perfect as she came, a curiosity well worth visiting. The French at Kamiesch had small portable forges arranged in long sheds on the shore, where they were busily turning out bolts and staples for the carpenters putting up the stalls for the cavalry horses. A little further on another steamer is anchored, as far up the bay as the water permits, a beautiful boat, and this was the floating bakery, where ship bread and biscuit were turned out for the army by wholesale, another instance unknown in the history of a siege where a London bakehouse is sent out under steam to feed the regiments of a distant war commissariat. But, extra-

ordinary as all these contrivances may appear, they fall into utter insignificance in comparison with the Balaklava railway. No wonder that the Tartar peasants and the Cossack horsemen, with eyes and mouth outstretched, stand gaping at the remarkable spectacle ; no wonder that the Russian lady and the country maiden stop their oddly enough made vehicle, with its four horses abreast, to gaze upon so strange a scene ; no wonder that this mushroom community from so many lands are attracted by the continual rattling of several locomotives over as good a railroad as you can find between the towns of England, for it is a most remarkable sight, England going to war in Russia by railroad, and one of her own constructions at that. More than anything else, these wholesale arrangements attract alike the Russian and the French, and when we reflect that engines and engineers, rails, and "navvies" to lay them down ; sleepers and railway carriages, coal and all the necessities for a complete establishment were brought out from England ; the road graded by British workmen ; the stations constructed by British carpenters out of British material, all for the transportation of ammunition, provisions, forage and the general supplies of the British army, from their port of arrival to the lines in front ; when we contemplate all these things, even those who have just arrived from all the tearing activity of the West, can but express astonishment at the substantiality and enterprise of the arrangements. Some say that the road is to be sold to the Russians ; others, that, like everything else, it is going back to England.

Judging from present movements, the English, like the French, do not intend to leave anything behind them but their graveyards and their remembrances. Old books and old uniforms, broken muskets and pieces of gun carriages, cannon from

the Redan, anchors from Sebastopol, and shot and shell unlimited cover the piers ready for shipment. Near our ship some thousands of the Tartar peasantry are piling up their traps, and several transports are getting up steam to take them to the colony provided by the Sultan. Fearful that their sympathy with the allies will bring punishment from the Russians, they gladly accept the beggarly hospitality of the Turk.

Ships, as I before observed, are daily coming in with supplies. A day or two since the Celestial Breeze arrived direct from New York, with a cargo of flour for the English commissariat, and yesterday she was so fortunate as to get a charter from the French, for two months, at eighteen thousand francs per month, to embark horses for Algiers. This ship and the Ocean Herald, before mentioned, are the only Americans at Balaklava. Everything around me goes to show the gigantic preparations for the next campaign. England this time was really in earnest. Her army appeared at the review before the Russian commander in a complete new suit of uniform, new horses, new mules, new supplies of ammunition, new huts for encamping; and a most liberal supply of eatables more extensive than ever before fell to the lot of armies, has been supplied in extravagant profusion, and all for naught, for the war was at an end. The supplies have come too late. England's army is equipped in a Sunday garb, but France shows her poverty in the camp. The one appears fresh and ready for action, but the other looks seedy and uncared for. The tables are simply turned. At the commencement the French shamed the English in all their commissariat arrangements, then they had plenty to eat and drink, good tents and warm clothing, and a transport corps to carry their wounded from the field and their dead to burial, while Russell's account of the English camp was just the reverse.

Now tne French show as much, if not more, exhaustion than the Russians. The army looks needy as well as hungry, and requires an entirely new outfit.

Little Sardinia has won more laurels than all the rest in her fitness for war. Her little army of 15,000 men, a part of which have embarked, has been the admiration of all. Their commissariat department is perfect, their huts, in construction, material and comfort, are superior even to the English. Their horses, their artillery, their ambulance corps, all show efficiency and thorough organization. The officers are splendid looking fellows, and the men are strong and healthy. Their dress is most becoming, uniforms all new, and, rain or shine, wherever you meet a Sardinian, you can but notice how well he is got up. Sardinia is disgusted at the peace, so is England; but Russia, France and Turkey, for the present, are satisfied; and Austria and Prussia have managed to ring themselves into the Parisian congress, occupying an important part without a spending penny, all of them uniting in talking Lord Clarendon into the propriety of signing away England's right of search on the high seas, to the evident disgust of the British public and the British press.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BALAKLAVA, May 4, 1856.

The Battle Ground on the Tchernaya—General Liprandi's Last Effort—Dangerous Sport—Military Drunkenness and Boston Rum—How the North Side of Sebastopol Looks—Todtleben's Energy—The Diplomats of Russia—English Growlers Abroad—Russian Feeling Towards France—Policy of Austria and England—What the French Say to Americans of the British—Republicanism of the French Army—The Losses of the Russian War, &c.

ANOTHER chapter, and I've done with my trip to the Russian coast. Since my last, I have ridden over to the battle ground of the Tchernaya, the last great action before the taking of the Malakoff. The battle was fought early on the morning of the 6th of August last, and a more desperate attack, under disadvantageous circumstances, could never have been made. The Russians intended to surprise the French camp; and so sudden was the movement that some of them had pushed to the very door of Colonel Adams' tent; but everything was against them, cannon from several batteries, the Sardinians on the left, the Piedmontese close by, the Turkish in the front, and the French in strong numbers on the right and directly opposite—were all pointed towards the only place where the Russians could advance, the Tractir bridge. The result is well known. The Russians were mown down by thousands, like the bridge of Lodi, the Tractir was heaped with the slain. Every discharge

of grape made a passage through the Russian columns; no bravery could breast such a slaughter. 'Twas in vain that Russian officers led on their men, the artillery of the allies tore everything before it.

The Russians retired with terrible loss, disheartened; and three weeks later they lost the Malakoff, gave up the Redan, burned their city, and retired to their northern forts. The whole army, men and horses, and the swarming followers of the camp, the active garrison, all went over in a single night, on a little bridge of boats, one of the most remarkable evacuations ever recorded in the records of war! The attack of the Tchernaya was the last resource of Liprandi. His army, inactive on the heights, wished to be led on; and, desperate as was the movement, they boldly crossed the Tractir bridge, and were defeated with frightful loss. Save the small battery, the English did not appear at this engagement. Minnie rifle balls, and shell, many of which are unexploded, and balls of various sizes, still lie thick upon the battle field. An officer on the field the day of battle said he saw sixteen Russians lying dead in one small circle, and the fragments of a shell in their midst. One discharge had killed them all. My companion picked up several pieces of skull, one of which had two rifle balls lodged in it. Sentinels were stationed on the bridge. Marshal Pelissier has forbidden any Frenchman to cross without an order from headquarters, but there is now no restriction for the English.

It is very dangerous to play with the unexploded shells. The other day four soldiers, under the influence of liquor, thought they would amuse themselves by touching a lighted segar to the remains of an unburnt fuse of a forty-eight pounder; but it was a serious joke to them. The shell burst, killing three on the spot and mortally wounding the fourth. By the way, the

drunkenness here is frightful, the men of both armies make beasts of themselves when they get upon a spree. Lately I have seen more French lying dead drunk on the field than English. The English say that the French invite them over to their camp and get them drunk, and then rob and beat them. When you talk with a French soldier the ring is on the other finger. But the truth must be told: the drunkenness is occasioned by "pure New England rum," marked Boston, U. S. A. At Kamiesch I saw it tiered seven barrels high in a large artillery park, and at Balaklava the supply was equally extensive. It is the wine of the officer and the brandy of the soldier, which ever you please. It was taken into the trenches and was sold in the camp. At Katikoe, in the *cafés*, or in the lines in front, American rum has been the chief popular drink of the army. An American house at Constantinople, with a branch in Boston, has obtained the contract, and money, they tell me, has been coined in the speculation. What will Neal Dow say when he learns that Boston rum stimulated the French when they sprung into the Malakoff, and stirred up the English at the Redan, that Boston rum is the only spiritual medium of the Crimea.

I would not have omitted my excursion to the north side for considerable, it has given me altogether another view of the Russian strength. Why, there are some twenty or thirty Mamelons, Malakoffs and Redensal earthworks on the same gigantic scale are thrown up on every commanding position. The genius of Todtleben is seen on every hand, wherever a gun can bear upon an enemy, he has placed one. The ravines and mountains all along that side are leviathans in their way, and bold, indeed, must be the army that dare attack the bristling bastions that command all the approaches. You can have lit-

tle idea of the wonderful natural strength of the Russian position ; and what nature had failed to do, Todtleben accomplished. I am not speaking of Fort Constantine and the stone fortifications commanding the entrance, these have already spoken for themselves. The Agememnon of the British navy bears away the marks of what they could do. I do not mean, either, the Star forts, so extensive and so powerful, I only allude to the new bastions, the new earthworks thrown up all along the high land, near the head of the bay, for miles ; cannon pointing in all directions. With any kind of a garrison, no army that the allies could have sent would have taken that side of Sebastopol. It is all nonsense to say that the allies have had it all their own way. All sides can but admit that Russia has played well her part of the game. The war has been confined to her extreme frontier, and every foot of ground has been contested by her army. After three great battles they commenced to fortify, and you know the sequel. The earthworks withstood every attack, and the allies were growing uneasy until by a lucky stroke the French dashed into the Malakoff, which proved to be the key of Sebastopol. Before, the Redan was supposed to be, and all remember the terrible losses of the repulse on the anniversary of Waterloo ; but Neil came out from Paris, and his eagle eye detected at once the mistake. They tried the Malakoff, took it and held it ; and then came the destruction and evacuation of Sebastopol. Any one who stands upon the spot can but express astonishment at the rapidity with which so large a garrison crossed over on so slender a path to the other side. Once there, what could be done ? Their forts immediately opposite commanded all the approaches and every part of the city ; the allies entered, but could not remain, only a few sentinels were stationed there. The Russian guns poured down

their iron hail even upon the Malakoff and the Redan. What then could the allies do? Take the north side? Never? Starvation was the only way, they must do what the Russians did at Kars. And what general would attempt so wild a scheme? It would require a larger army than the allies had to spare to cut off Perekop; and that was their only chance, for I am willing to stake ten to one that none of them could have obliged the Russians to give up their stronghold so long as they had a horse left to feed upon; and I saw that the hills were covered with cattle. I have talked with several Russian officers. They seem disappointed at the peace, they wish to have another trial, they told me what I saw for myself: that each fort commanded its neighbor in the front, and when one was taken they could retire to the one in the rear, thus gradually wearing out the patience of the besiegers. The English papers may say that Russia was used up; but where, I ask, has she not made good her cause? In the Baltic, in Carcassia, in Asia Minor, Petropaulowski, at Castro Bay, on the Crimea, Russia has a right to claim the acknowledgment of a brave and wonderful defence.

In diplomacy, Nicholas with Seymour, and Count Orloff at Paris, she is equally at her ease. Alexander, in his manifesto, does not seem humiliated. Napoleon himself said that he had not been humbled. Russia is satisfied with the peace; and well she may be, for England commenced with boasting and ended by giving up her right of search. Just at the moment her army and navy were so efficient she is now ready for war, and being ready, she signs a peace which must break the present Ministry. Through Australia, China, India, wherever I met an Englishman, peace was howled down; and now the

documents has been signed, England reserves her hereditary privilege of growling.

Sebastopol is a ruin, admit it; the docks are destroyed—admit that also; but what is that? Can they not be rebuilt? The city can soon be thrown together again, and as for the docks, a million and a half of dollars would make them as good as new. They say the Black Sea fleet has been sunk; but the last mail also says that Russia is allowed the privilege of raising the Ships and taking them through the Bosphorus to the Baltic. So much for the damage on the Crimea, so much for the results of this famous contest, a patched up peace, and a strange uncertainty enveloping the future. France and Russia seem lately to have a sneaking fondness for each other. Napoleon will probably go up the Neva, and Alexander will have to visit France to kiss the baby. A treaty has been signed, and that which is given to the world looks very plausible. But who can tell us of the secret papers that have passed between the representatives of the nations? Great things are often done on the sly. Lord Palmerston knows a thing or two, and perhaps Russia has got more than the British public and the world is allowed to read.

Remember the secret articles between Alexander and Napoleon at the treaty of Tilsit. May there not be some equally good understanding between their imperial successors? It would almost seem so. Diplomacy at home has been working the oracle, and France and Russia may yet be pitted against Austria and England, their object the division of Turkey. When we remember that the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor Alexander, after Waterloo, walked arm and arm, showing the good will of their respective armies and respective nations, into Paris, and together shed tears at the grave of Josephine

at Fontainebleau, need we be surprised to find France and Russia as firmly allied, the one to revenge his uncle's fate at St. Helena, the other to gratify a long concealed revenge and national hatred and jealousy against the flag of a thousand years? The armies in the Crimea are by no means friendly. The English and Sardinians are more together, but the French keep aloof from John Bull, and Russia never fails to cut his acquaintance. The Russian officers whom I have met occasionally give a low growl at England and Austria, praising the French and abusing the Turks, in fact, all abuse the Sultan's troops. They have forgotten Kars and Silistria and several other important engagements, where Turkey maintained her ancient fame. I can't bear them; yet am willing to give the beggars their due. The world looks at their stampede from the redoubts at Balaklava, and forgets other deeds of unmistakable bravery. I don't think the Turkish army has credit for all it has performed. All in the Crimea abuse the Turks, English, French and Russians; the Russians abuse the English, and the English and French abuse each other.

With Americans, standing on neutral ground, the French open out without reserve. A day or two since I breakfasted in the French camp; fourteen officers of high rank at the *dejeuner*, and several Russians. We were four hours at the table—a regular Parisian entertainment. When the wine began to circulate, England and the English were the text for the jest and the satire. They give them credit for nothing. They say that they have always been a drawback; never up to time, a perfect drag upon the French army. Now, this is all nonsense; but, however, I can only repeat what I heard at the Frenchman's table. To sum up, in the language of the Zouave colonel:—"The English were too late for the Alma; the English

were asleep at Inkermann ; the English were mad at Balaklava ; the English ran from the Redan ; and at the Tchernaya not an Englishman was to be seen." Such, in short, are the views of the French officers regarding their brave allies ; and, on the other hand, no love has been lost. The English officer, in his cold national reserve, says less, and when he does speak, is more guarded ; but you can but notice a cold sneer at the champagne style of the French, a quiet hate as natural as it is national. It is evident they do not like each other. It is the same with the soldiers ; several fights have already occurred, and one or two have been killed. If they should once get at it on a large scale, it would be difficult to check the *émeute*, for discipline, since the peace, is none of the best. The Frenchmen also say that this war has shown them a close view of England's manner of fighting, and by and-by they will profit by it.

There is one thing I have noticed, far and wide. The officers of the French army itself, do not like the Emperor. They are red republican to the back bone, and the moment that wine goes freely round, out comes the "Marsellaise." Napoleon knows this, and hence new expeditions are being formed to keep the disaffected regiments out of France. Several regiments are soon off for Madagascar, and the Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Affrique go to Algiers. Pelissier is not popular with his army, and the French Emperor is silently hated. There must be something looming in the future. A word more and your Crimean correspondent resigns his pen to abler hands. I am glad that I have been one of the men to visit Sebastopol, the great battle stage of the present century, where some five nations have acted their blood thirsty parts before an audience of the world. Thus far few Americans have been here, and unless they get down soon, they will have to come in a private yacht

or make their way down via Moscow and Perekop, for the communication will be shortly stopped.

I had forgotten to mention that the Russians are never tired of showing their friendliness for the Americans. The young Prince before alluded to invited me to the hospitality of the Russian camp at Baalbec, and promised to go with me to Simpheropol, but my time did not permit. He says that the army received 10,000 Colt's revolvers from America, through Prussia, and that there were nearly five hundred engineers and doctors, all Americans, in the Russian ranks. Another officer also observed that there were twelve ships being constructed for Russia in the American dockyards; but of course I don't believe these stories, I only mention what I am told. The English say that we are altogether Russian in our feeling, alluding to the revolver business; but they forget that individuals shipped gunpowder from New York to London, and that American clippers, for a small consideration, were kind enough to take down troops and ammunition for England's august ally.

To-night I embark for Constantinople by a steam transport; and in taking my last glance at the field of battle, I can but again contemplate the fearful loss of life arising from the war.

Directly and indirectly, a million of men have gone, in the awful moment of crime, to meet their Maker. The heads of families numbering five millions have been lopped off, and orphans and widows, beggars and cripples are once again added to the swelling list. Never before has been recorded such terrible mortality. The recital of the facts sickens the heart. So much misery! And what has been accomplished? Nothing. Europe is darker than ever before, and clouds heavy and sombre hang over her convulsing politics, concealing under the deceptive garb of peace the thunderbolt that is ambushed within.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER TO A SIX MONTHS TOUR.

Retrospective glances; Arrival in London—Reflections—Australian remembrances, Melbourne, Sydney and Tasmania—The Spice Islands—China—India and Voyage to Egypt—The Desert—The Delta and the Pyramids—Alexandria and its Old Associations—Joppa to Jerusalem—Bethlehem—Biblical Memories—Port of Asia Minor—Islands of the Levant—Stamboul and the Bosphorus—The Euxine and the Crimea—Modern War—Sebastopol—Kameisch and Balaklava—Return via the Ionian Islands—Landing at Trieste—Austrian Bayonets and Austrian Espionage—Continental tour—No time lost in passing through the Hemisphere.

LONDON, May 22, 1856.

LONDON at last, can it be possible that I am so near my native land! That dear country from which I had been so long away; dearer than ever to me, for now I know its worth. I have seen the world and much that in it moves; but never did I love my mother-land as now. Comparison with other countries, only makes me more boastful of the flag, place them side by side and far above them all you will find my own. The young American, never can appreciate his country till he has been abroad, until he has sailed in distant seas, and slept in foreign climes. I am once again in London, and when I remember the aboriginal races that I have met, I feel even here at home, for what are Americans but Englishmen left to themselves? Islanders, Asiatics, Africans and Europeans, have no community of feeling

with, and all widely different from the children of the Anglo-Saxon father, and I am glad once more to find a similar costume, a similar language, and a similar worship to my own. Meet an Englishman in a foreign soil, where the habits, customs and religion of the native shows absence of civilization, where the mind is even darker than the skin, and the American tourist is sure to hail him as a brother.

Six years have wrought their changes since last I saw this wonderful pivot on which the world has turned for centuries, but London is still the same. A few new streets, a few new buildings, a few new scenes, the removal of the Crystal Palace, may alter a feature in its face, but to me 'tis the same old London which I knew before, with its teeming, restless, riding, walking, writing, thinking, sleeping, dressing, eating, drinking, bustling millions; with its peasants and its palaces, its poverty and its peers, its piety and its pickpockets, its pensioners, its politics, and its press, London is still the same! What a world of history is written every day and every hour in this great city. Even minutes have their eventful dramas, and audiences to see them acted, births, marriages, deaths, all are occurring while I write—from the cradle to the coffin, the scene continually changes, misery and crime are searing, corroding, damning the consciences of the poor, while the rich roll on in endless luxury; perhaps no happier in the romance of their wealth, than those who grind out from day to day the terrible realization of want.

A stranger in London is almost as isolated as a Hermit in a wilderness, no one cares for him, none notice him, he passes on and returns again, at sea with himself for being lonely where all is life, for London is a wilderness, an ocean of Humanity But I am not a stranger, for I am familiar with its features, and yet I almost feel lost in London, for its magnitude startles

and then confounds—equal to three Australias; ten Londons would make another United States in population! But why lose myself in contemplation, why soliloquize, why not hasten home to join my family and friends? Long months of truant travel have been passed, and yet though I have twice circumnavigated the globe in distance, I cannot realize what I have done, where I have been, nor what I have accomplished. Let me review —First, I saw the Australian fleet on the tide of speculation heading for the new discovered goldfield; I saw New York some four years since, passed the line, looked at old Cape Hope and landed in Victoria; then came hard work, hard living, hard times, hard letters, and, commissions. I said Melbourne was to be the center of a mighty nation whose manhood was recognized in its infancy, where power was in its gold and golden lands, and whose progress and rapid growth would soon astonish its manly brother and its noble old father, whose broad domain is divided by the Atlantic Ocean. I saw the gold fields and down I went some one hundred and seventy feet on the Balaarat, deep down in the bowels of the Eureka to find where they got the gold. I looked about me and saw how wide the field, how few the laborers, for half a million may earn a livelihood with the shovel and the pick. I noticed the thriving townships, the squatters and the sheep; I saw agricultural lands waiting for the farmer's industry, and then I went to Sydney and gazed with startled wonder upon its rock bound gateway, its beautiful harbor, its handsome city. I appreciated the hospitality of the Governor General, and Sir Charles Nicholson opened wide his house. I remember with pleasure the trip to Parramatta(and learn with sadness that young Fitzroy, mine host, threw his life away in the trenches of the Redan). Leaving New South Wales, I saw Tasmania, the mountains on its

banks and Hobart Town, I liked the social life I found there, and cannot forget the courtesy of the Governor, Sir Henry Young and his beautiful wife ; for Government House was opened wide by young Britannia ; I entered, and thought how often had Sir John Franklin had the same grand halls ; but now who knew his fate—first in the Southern ocean, and then the North, where he loses himself forever. Through the island country seats of loyal Englishmen, over roads made perfect by the convicts labor to Launceston, where the Tamar guides the shipping to the port of Georgetown—so much have I seen of the Australias. I have seen more, an American clipper is ashore, and a Boston lady is wrecked upon a desolate bit of land in Baso's straits, with a Lascar crew, a shepherd and a convict servant, with snakes, kangaroos, and isolation ; I got the news —I did not like the journey ; but there was a woman to be rescued. And then I saw King's Island, where ship after ship has been driven ashore and where a thousand lives have offered up a prayer for a light house. Yes, I have seen something of New Holland.

Long ago I have seen the several States of my own country, lived at the north, and seen the last of all my family die at the south ; but it was years ago, when I left a mother, father, and three sweet sisters to be eaten up by the Cranship, in a dismal and watery graveyard upon the Mississippi's banks in New Orleans. Several times by steamboat and by rail I looked about my home, and passed some days in all the Canadas, crossed the Atlantic in steam packet and in sailing ship, and lived for months in England, long enough to like the people and appreciate their worth, local prejudices were strong when I landed. But a warm and cordial welcome gave me a taste for England's hospitality. I will never again trust to books to un-

derstand a nation's character. Active in business while there, yet finding time to visit its classic lakes where poets most do congregate, its cities, its grand old castles, its monuments and its works of genius and of fame: and saw something of Ireland, of Scotland and of Wales.

I saw the Queen at Balmoral in the highlands, and Prince Albert in the Kill, just after he had shot a buck; and the Premier presented me to Lady Russell at Braemaer. I saw the Tromocks, Loch Katrine and Melrose Abbey, and still remember the evening passed with the Duke of Devonshire at the George, on the banks of the Menai in Wales. His autograph to visit Chatsworth whenever it might suit my pleasure, is still in my possession. I saw his beautiful Palace and was satisfied, from Aberdeen to Dover, from the Tubular Bridge to the Crystal Palace, I luxuriated in the land, and then I saw the Continent and laughed and lived afresh when I got to Paris. But all this was years ago. Having then seen what I could of America, of England, and of Australia, where our sixty millions of Anglo-Saxons delight in astonishing the eight hundred millions of aboriginals which the world contains. I wished to see something more of human life, and to ascertain if it were possible to find a better place to live and die. I have failed to find one. Well, then, let me see, I was in Melbourne in November last (being entertained at a public dejeuner, by English gentlemen who doubted the propriety of my celebrating our national anniversary by a public dinner some three years since), I was in Melbourne and homeward bound, what should I do? Return around Cape Horn, a three months' voyage by water. No! I can do better, I will go into other countries, look hard at what I see, and listen attentively to what I hear; remember all that is new to me and book it. I have done so, and you must par-

don the egotism that drives a man into print, 'tis a failing of our race, but as I have written all these letters *incog.* I may escape praise, but not censure, or may pass under the table unnoticed. You will perhaps give me credit for industry, as well as vanity, for to write so many pages on board of noisy steamers with half a regiment of sucking babies at your elbow, cannot be the fruit of idleness. I have been the rounds of a six months' trip. At the start I wrote you what I expected to do. Have I not accomplished the task? Let me sum up the records of six months among the natives.

In November, I remember of seeing the woody highlands on the Australian coast, hanging on for days in the face and eyes of a screaming norther, the same that dismasted the Flying Arrow. I have bought spring chickens and plantains at Anjer, eaten mangosteen and drunk ice-water at Batavia, lunched at the kingly palace of the Dutch governor at Buitenzorg in Java, passed through the straits of Sunda to look at the village of Minto, the tin mines of the Island of Banca, and the spice groves of Sumatra; gathered pine-apples at three cents a dozen, walked through nutmeg plantations, and seen the native girls bathe at Singapore—talked opium, missionaries going up the China seas, and wandered through the streets of Hong Kong, surprised at its rapid progress; but I was homesick in the desolation of Macao, and bluer still while gazing at the cheerless burial ground at Whampoa. Promenaded about the Factory gardens in the morning, and in the evening at Canton, and joined in boating, billiards and routs, making the acquaintance of its merchants, its bankers and its ladies; steamed ten knots against the monsoon up the China coast, up that monster River the Yang-tze-Kiang to Woosung, where opium ships use cannon as an argument, still further up this wonderful

river to Shanghae, where silks and green teas, and ships and imports, make active in their season, merchants who live like princes, and appear to relish life in China. Disappointed in paying my respects to the Emperor of Japan by the non-arrival of the "Greta," a stateroom is offered me by a Canton merchant whose clipper is bound down the coast, so in company with the Boston boys, Heard and Gray, we came down fluking; saw Ningpo in the distance, passed up the River Min without meeting the "Orientals" fate, and anchored at the Pagoda. No pirates crossed our track, but the Tartar Viceroy of Foo-chow-foo, whose beggarly aid struck down my coolie boy. This is where I saw the Black Tea shipments, the Commandant Fishing, and the huge spittoon of our Consul (like that long necked jar of the crane in the fable). Did not stop at Amoy, but saw the Swatau fleet loading slaves, who embark as passengers, but do not find the mistake till they land in Cuba and South America.

I looked again at Hong Kong and hurried down at Singapore in an opium clipper steamer, sailed past Penang, up the Bay of Bengal, into the Hoogly, and then I saw Calcutta. An Indian life, and watched the Indian's customs, while I lived and mixed with Europeans, who opened for me the rooms of the Bengal Club. I saw that most unusual sight two live Governor Generals at one time in India, and there were Indian Princes, and Indian Kings at Lady Canning's ball, whose wealthy domains England has kindly relieved them of, a philanthropy peculiar to our Anglo-Saxon mother. I boated up the river to the Government Palace, and saw the government park, and the governor's menagerie, and in Calcutta saw the disgusting forms of Hindoo worship. Continuing my journey I saw Madras and stopped long enough to be disgusted, but not sufficient time to

see its many beautiful residences back of the wide and uninviting seaport. Bought indian jewelry from Trichinonopoly, and was amazed at the sight of a Catamaran, hurried on to Ceylon, and killed musquitoes as big as an ink bottle, at the mansion house at Point de Galle, but did not think much of the Cinnamon groves, a standing sell to the overland passenger. Spent forty dollars in singular bracelets made of amber and tortoise shell, talked East Indian, when the Nubia's party spoke of American slavery, and argued the point of annexation in India a blessing, in America, a crime! My fellow passengers all considering the political fillibustering seizure of Oude a master stroke of policy with the late Lord Dalhousie. Slept four in a room all the way to Aden, having a son of the Parliamentary debater, the late Lord Erskine as a chum. Stopped a day on the Arab's shore to coal, and saw the natives dive for sixpence, and the encampment where the Sepoy Regiment guard the sterile rocks of Aden against the Arabs.

Quicker and faster we are moving on, up the Red Sea's hot waters, but saw no foot prints of Pharaoh or his hosts, no chariot wheels, no ancient Colt's revolver or Minnie rifle in the sand; watched with singular interest the Arab caravan as the Pilgrims prayed and resumed their march to Mecca, and counted a thousand Camels going between Suez and Cairo; am not surprised at the mutinous behavior of Napoleon's army, for the desert ride is terrible to the nerves. Passed through the land of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, and gazed on Ali's tomb. All this I saw, and then those other wonders of the world, so dark with age and mystery, *the* Pyramids of Egypt more astonished me than anything yet which I have seen; but I hastened on, leaving the Nile, lower Egypt and Cairo, through the fertile valley of the Delta, through the inland towns of mud and filth,

disgusted with sore eyes, sand and fleas, the humbug and tinsel of the land, till we got to Alexandria, where Cleopatra's needles reminded me of Cæsar's amours, and Catacombs and Pompey's pillar covered another historic era. Once more I am off, and this time for Syria and Palestine; I saw Joppa and Ramlah, and Jerusalem, plucked thorns from off the bush, where Pontius Pilate crucified Christ, gathered fruit upon the Mount of Olives, and flowers in the garden Gethsemane. I saw the Holy Sepulchre on Mount Calvary, and the tombs of David and of Absalom and of the Judges—the Brook Kedron, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the tomb of Lazarus and Mary's Well, and walked through the Via Dolorosa, and saw the site of Solomon's temple. And then I rode to Bethlehem and saw stars still shining brightly over the shepherds of Judea, and beautiful women with simple attire were there, and further on was Jordan and its memories, the Dead Sea, and Jericho and Gallilee; I saw the Manger Cradle in the Sepulchre, but did not profit by the mummery of the Priest. I went again to Ramlah and plucked lilies in Sharon's valley, and oranges in the groves of Joppa. Then I tried the Austrian steamer and found an Italian Prince, an Irish Peer and a nobleman of France at our table. I saw Mount Carmel, Napoleon's Hospital, and Acre and Beyrout; was entertained by an Egyptian sovereign in European style, and caught a glimpse of the Harem's inmates, peering down upon the dancers. With Arab horses in company with a London banker I rode o'er hill and valley, and there were the cedars of Lebanon, and beyond them was Damascus; then we visited Lattakia and Larnarca in the Island of Cyprus, and went to Alexandretta, and Messina, and then to Rhodes where the Templar Knights were once and all powerful, and anchored at Lucyrna a claimant for the nativity of Homer—went over

to Bornabat, and picked oranges out of the parlor windows of my friend, ordered some fifty boxes of figs as presents for home consumption.

I hope you are not fatigued for there's more ground yet to cover, for continually, we are passing new scenes, island after island filled with history, wild and terrible history. There was Patmos, and I forget the name, but the place is memorable for the brutal slaughter of the Greeks, 120,000, not forty years ago were scattered by the Turk ; one thousand only escaped to tell the damning tale ! And this is that Turkey for which the allied armies have dressed themselves in a mourning garb. Other lands of note I passed, islands of which the Levant is full, covered with foliage, bandits and windmills, and then to Tripoli, Gallippoli and the Dardanelles, and after the Sea of Marmora. I saw the mosques and university and all that makes the picturesque in old Stamboul, and there was Constantinople and Pera and the Bosphorus, that dark and silent river, that covers the ruin of many a fair and lovely maid ; and I saw the villages on either side, and the transport fleet, and Scutari's hospital, all was strange, all was novel ; but not as strange as represented in the books, not as beautiful as writers would make us believe, the real features are swallowed in fancy. Why don't tourists stick to truth, for exaggeration spoils the effect ? From the capital of the Turk, I steamed through the Black sea, and landed in the Crimea, to be astonished at the magnitude of modern warfare.

There were five monster armies, and all that gives them strength. How different from a land at peace. Kamiesch, with its army, fleet, and its village of huts, and Balaklava, a little mountain lake, uncomfortably packed with shipping ; Balaklava, where a nation went to war by railway, and Sebastopol

in its horrible desolation, and the Redan with its sickening memories, and the Malakoff, and then there was Inkermann, and the Alma, and the plunge of the last of the Cardigan's, and the Tchernaya, and Baalbec and Simpheropol—all these, and then the return through the Moslem pass; through the Ionian islands, where we saw Scio with its quaint old city, and Corfu, with its frowning cannon, pointed by an English garrison—past Athens, immortal Athens, the land of fable and of fame, the home of renegade Greeks, of robber hordes; for law continued against a long sojourn, past Lord Byron's grave where he wrote his own requiem. Up the Adriatic, near the classic grounds of Italy, till we saw Trieste and shuddered at the Austrian's despotic sway. We anchored, and Austrian officers waited upon us ashore under Austrian bayonets, examining our baggage with an Austrian incivility, and watching us as though we had been guilty of some political crime; from the hour I landed till I left the frontier, passing on through Gratz to Vienna, and from Vienna into Germany, I was never at liberty; I knew that Austrian police were ever near, and the never ceasing checking and counter checking, signing and counter signing of my passport, told of their damnable system of espionage, by which thank God, England, and my own country have never been cursed. From Austria, through German states, into Brunelly, and then to France, through continental cities full of paintings and sculpture, with history written in blood, till we reach a free air, and land at Dover; and here I am, in London, in time for the peace illuminations and the Derby.

I have thus run through the way stations of a six months tour. This will show you what can be accomplished by the clipper ship, the steamboat, the railway car and the Arab's horse. 'Tis a long journey, expensive and fatiguing, but most

instructive ; though whirling along so rapidly, I have daguereotyped upon the memory, what I have seen of the singular customs and manners of aboriginal tribes ; all of them are taught to worship a supreme being, but 'tis the heathen homage of unenlightened intellect. Wherever I go, money is the ruling power, the passion giving birth to all the forms of crime. In this respect there is a wonderful resemblance. The New Hollander, the Javanese, the Malay tribes of Borneo, the Japanese, the Klings from Coromandel, the Chinese, the Siamese, the natives of Manilla, the Bengalee, the Hindostanee, the Burmese, and the many tribes of India ; the natives of Ceylon, the Bedouin Arab, the Egyptian, the Nubian and the Syrian, the Armenian and the Turk, the Russian, the Persian and the Greek, and the many natives of the continent, are not unlike the Englishman and the American in this respect ; all seem to look out for self, number one, before the million ; the Jew and the Gentile, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Christian and the Infidel, the Greek, the Turk and the followers of Bhudah and Confucius, are not so different as one might suppose, for in self-preservation and love of money, there's a wonderful likeness to us all. I have seen them on their own soil in their many colored garments, and heard them talk their tower of Babel languages.

In all these lands there's a wonderful respect for England, her army and her navy is everywhere, notwithstanding the Baltic and the Black sea fleet, she seems to have a man-of-war at every port. No wonder Englishmen are so proud of their country, for no other nation has done what she has done ; a little Island by itself, England sends her martial airs into every corner of the world. Go through the Oriental sea and you will find English charts and English surveys, of every harbor, every bay, every river, every channel, every port of water, where commerce

could be introduced. On land it is the same, her geographical knowledge is wonderful. With credit, with capital and with steam, she has for a long time ruled the finances of the world; but she has given birth to a powerful rival, America is still at full speed, while England has stopped to coal! We are now neck and neck in commerce. Where shall we be thirty years hence? In going from land to land, one prominent fact the tourist is sure to note; wherever you find an English man-of war, you will most likely see an American clipper merchantman, and wherever you see an English Consulate, there you will find an American merchant. England knocks down the gates of stubborn nations, as in China, and America walks in and takes the toll of commerce. John Bull fights, Jonathan negotiates, but will fight if occasion demands it.

But 'tis bad taste to provoke each other to another trial of strength. Just now diplomacy seems of war, and Palmerston is disgusted with Marcy. The horizon is as black as an ink bottle. I don't know which is to blame, my sentiments have always been "my country *right.*" I will now amend them, and say "*right or wrong, my* country!" I hope that all may yet be well, for self-destruction is terrible.

"Though oceans roll between us, our lands are far apart,
Though rival mothers bore us, we are brothers still at heart;
Let us think upon the ancients blood, that circles in our veins,
And drain the cup of fellowship, while yet a drop remains.

So here's a health to hallowed Albion, the jewel of the sea,
And her daughter, fair Columbia, the happy and the free;
Long may their sons their praises sing, in friendship's jovial strains,
And drain the cup of fellowship while yet a drop remains."

PART II.

AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE

BOSTON POST, THE LIVERPOOL TIMES,

Hunt's Merchants Magazine, &c.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE TRADE OF

AUSTRALIA.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

OFF PORT PHILIP, ON BOARD SHIP BAVARIA, May 21, 1853.

MY DEAR COLONEL :—The promises of the past and the inclinations of the present prompt me to give you a digest of an Australian voyage. Stale and unprofitable as is the subject of an ocean letter, it may be worth the perusal of those who have a touch of the "yellow fever," and are about expatriating themselves to the "land of promise."

Some four months ago, having made up my mind to step out of Broadway into Five Points—or in other words to leave a "bed of roses," perchance, for a "couch of thorns,"—I voluntarily laid upon the altar of youth's desire for change the many sacrifices of all the happy associations of my boyhood's home to seek my fortune under the golden rays of Albion's brightest star. So, full of adventure and the novelty of the enterprise, I surrendered myself to the excitement of preparation. Counting-house "fixins" were purchased, clerks engaged, circulars

distributed, trunks packed, and, what was most important, *bills were paid*, before I took my last dinner at the Winthrop! when, with a light heart, I gave a farewell look at my native city, received a parting "God bless you" from many kind friends and well wishers, (which I shall cherish in kind remembrance with the hope that the cordial grasp of the hand at my departure, *Deo volente*, I may feel again on my return) bade one more long good bye to those I love, secured a late copy of the Post, got into the cars just as the *Train* was leaving, jumped on board the Bavaria ✠ New York, stopped two days at quarantine windbound, weighed our anchor, spread our canvas, and notwithstanding a full ship, drawing twenty-eight feet, here we are off Port Philip in 92 days.

Fortune has favored us with good winds, and we have made the most of them. We drove a capital bargain out of the trades, twenty-three days the north easters gave us to the line, thirty-five of the south-easters carried us to the Cape, when the variables took us in clipper time. The weather was "*n-e-v-e-r b-e-t-t-e-r*," save in the first week out, when we had it so "rough" 'twas fortunate it found us "ready." This was the only gale that made our acquaintance, and we had so much of it that we did not wish an introduction to another. It was of the kind that drives a landsman to the conclusion that a sailor earns his wages.

Hardly had the excitement of departure darkened into the simple fact of our being fairly out at sea, and the thousand incidents of the shore been reproduced on the brain, when the winds did blow, the snow descended, the waves did roll and beat upon our gallant ship, and, I do assure you, great was the motion thereof!

Oh that awful storm! how well I do remember it. From Saturday night till Monday morning wrapt in the entangle

sheets of a stateroom bedstead, I brooded upon the "change that come over the spirit of my dreams." Yesterday, luxuriating upon the pleasures of anticipation at home; to-day, dying while ringing the changes of a villainous realization in mid ocean. Early in the evening we heard the order given to take in sail. Would to God, we thought, that they could reduce the motion also! but it was not so "nominated in the bond." We could only put our trust in Him, to use a Cromwellism, and keep our staterooms dry. There we were lying to in a heavy cross sea, momentarily expecting an affectionate embrace. Nature's sweet restorer fled our presence, although we all would have consigned ourselves to Morpheus at a high commission, but sleep was not to be had at any price. Good gracious! Look at our position. The maddened winds were blowing wild cats through the riggings, and we heard nothing but the dismal howlings of the frightened waves, the hoarse creaking of the shaking masts, the rubbing of the chafing gear, the trumped-toned orders of the fatigued officers, and the faint "aye, aye, sir," of the half drowned seamen, the booming of some intoxicated sea against ourside light, determined to come in whether good looking or not, the hollow death rattle that told in living language the sad mortality of the poultry cages, (for like dead pill makers, many of our ducks had ceased to quack, and the geese whose patriotic ancestors did so much for Rome, were not equal to their own salvation. The staving of watercasks, and the smashing of crockery, the shipping of seas, and the unshipping of cargo, all reminded me of the friends I had left behind me, in particular, and of the mutability of human life in general. Sacrilegious as was the thought at such a moment, the Irishman's prayer came into my mind, when in a similar predicament, where he appealed to all the powers above and below, separately and all together, for

aid, saying he had never troubled 'em much, and if they would let him off aisy this time he would never trouble 'em again, and I could not help laughing heartily at the remembrance. As I lay in my figure of four attitude, I speculated upon the chances of my little bedstead outliving the storm! A most amusing cotillion occurred between trunks, bandboxes, bathing tubs, washboards, pitchers, &c., all moving under some mysterious impulse. Here a small delicate Chinese workbox proposed a polka with the valise, and the clothes bag led off the hatbox in a Schottische! Trunks—forward and back—pitchers cross over—change partners—back to places—bathing-tub and bandbox lead to the right—balance—washbowls ditto—tip over, smash up and change hands with the pitchers—all promenade—grand right and left! Next, two trunks cross over and pitch into the bedstead—leave one of them on the top of madam's best bonnet—right and left with the other—change with the broken washbowl—all back to places—all belay—luff and bear off! Scene closes with a grand tableaux of delightful confusion!

After some thirty-six hours of uncompromising nightmare and unconquerable sea sickness, I followed the Defenders advice to Col. Hayne and took an observation! Behold a miracle! my bed was standing! No Roman wall could have withstood such a furious battery. I got a peep at the sky; the clouds had disappeared. I saw the ocean; the waves were trembling with their last night's spree; and cutting up a swell that would have disgusted a Broadway dandy. The winds had bottled up, in part their bellowing. The ship had found her natural position, and was ploughing through the water something like a harpooned whale. I looked about the room. Had all the imps of Pandemonium joined in the dance of the preceding night it could not have looked in a more disordered state. The lu

was covered with the spoils; my best beaver, a five dollar castor from Rhodes'—was as flat as your hand; one of my boots only hove in sight, and that was filled with small pieces of lemon peel, bits of apple, cracker, etc., which I could have sworn I had eaten a day or two before; my inexpressibles were shoved between two trunks; my coat I extricated from the washstand, and finally, Herculean as was the task, I completed my toilet! Although not a spiritual medium, I am somewhat fond of my glass, so I gave one look, it was enough, Tittlebat Titmouse could not have looked worse after his third trial of the hair dye. My delicate Indian complexion had been transformed into a villainous Chinese. A settled disgust was painted over our features, but an unsettled state of things was still upon my stomach. The "capillary substance on the summit of my cranium" flared out like a chesnut burr. In the language of the immortal Christy, "each particular hair stood on end—

Like *squills* upon the speckled turpentine."

I went into cabin and there met with other spectral forms, who did stare, and gape and yawn, but none laughed. Out of three and twenty passengers there were but two at the breakfast table, one at each end. The captain gave orders to close up. Nuf zed. I was bold enough to swallow a bowl of mush and milk, which could not have found its way back again quicker if it had been shot out of a gun.

Some days passed before "Richard was himself again," and having no desire to tax our patience further to-day, would most respectfully request permission in the morning to resume my homely journal.

CHAPTER II.

Off Port Philip, on board Ship Bavaria, May 22, 1853.

I gave you yesterday the Alpha of my voyage, but find little worth recording in the Omega. Had we overhauled some dismasted ship; or even had our own misfortunes obliged us to make some foreign port, I would have pledged myself for a thousand incidents that might have arrested your attention. But, thank God, no such painful duty awaits me. A long voyage furnishes but few items worth "making a note on." An occasional sail on the horizon's verge, a school of porpoises, hopping up like "baby jumpers," under the bow, the parvenu ugliness of the pupils of a blackfish school, in comparison with the beautiful symmetry and more patrician aspect of the many colored dolphin, as unlike as cloud and sunshine, the whizzing past of a flying fish in the calm latitudes, or a whale spouting in the distance, the scooping of a gull, the heavy roll of an albatross, or the more graceful flight of a stormy petrel, is all we have at sea to relieve its monotony. There seems to be as many species of birds on the ocean as there are kinds of heather in the moors of Caledonia.

One hundred days is a long while for those who have led an active life to be cooped up in the limited space of a poop deck. No matter how agreeable our companions, we manage to get heartily tired of them before we land. They wear like new

coat for a little while, but soon become threadbare. The only thing that is not monotonous is the setting of the sun. Had I any poetry in my composition I would try and *paint* the picture, but I should find it as difficult, I fear, as it was for Copperfield to sleep with "one eye open!" There can be but one thing that will bear comparison with such a flood of beauty, and that is when it rises. It may be my imagination, but I fancy that the view is more gorgeous in the Southern Ocean than in the North Atlantic. Night after night I have watched his disappearance below the horizon, and wondered how an atheist could gaze upon such a picture and doubt the existence of a God! No two evenings does it appear to me the same—one day we have all the landscape scenery that ornaments the Hudson, commingled with the stalactite beauty of a Kentucky cave by candle light, while the next resembles more the indescribable richness of a myriad of rainbows, connected together by the most enchanting scenes that the fancy can furnish.

The resolutions made in good faith on shore to follow some particular study, or learn another language, or in carrying out any definite project, soon fall through. The mind will not be burdened with too much matter of fact.

Perseverance will assist you for a while, but that soon slacks the rein. Books I found the best time-killer. Let me advise those who are not contented with the pleasures of home, but must needs wander off to unknown lands, caring more for the "bird in the bush" than "in the hand"—to provide themselves with a spare trunk full of such companions. A judicious selection of standard works are a luxury on shipboard, that bear a priceless value to the lover of reading. Works of the lighter sort are the most palatable. Seldom will the most enthusiastic stu-

dent care about diving far into the mysteries of "Butler's Analogy" or "Smith's Wealth of Nations" when on the ocean.

Arguing with "John Bull" that it is as essential to look after the physical as well as the mental appetite, let me suggest to the Australian voyager the propriety of packing up a few luxuries to be opened after he has passed the Rubicon of sea-sickness! A few drums of figs, a jar or two of prunes, a good assortment of jellies and preserves, some sardines and cider, a dozen or so of soda water, some oranges and lemons, and a package of that thin home-made gingerbread will never come out of place, no matter how well the ship is furnished. There is a peculiar taste to such delicacies between meals that you cannot appreciate at home. Then having provided yourself with what ye shall *eat* and what ye shall drink, 'tis well to get that wherewithal ye shall be clothed! You will find that a few dozen of seventy-five cent shirts and some Oak Hall thin coats and pants will *suit* the *outer*, as well as the above luxuries will the *inner* man!

The entertaining resources of the most prolific passenger are soon exhausted. Before we lose the northern trades, every man has discharged the anecdotes with which his memory is loaded, and sung his last song, and waits patiently with Mr. Micawber for "something to turn up!" Our amusements are easily enumerated. Shuffleboard was most resorted to—a game combining exercise with pleasure, played with quoits and que on a chalked plan like children's "tit tat too," counting fifteen each way—familiar to most sea-going travelers. The fish lines were frequently thrown over for dolphin and other bipeds, but one shark, an ugly looking customer, was the only trophy taken. We were more successful, however, with the feathered tribe, having several alabatross on the deck at a time, some of which

measured twelve feet from wing to wing. The captain says he has seen them twenty, They are a queer looking bird, *having a bill* as long as a French innkeeper, and a foot like a cabbage leaf! The first officer also threw the harpoon into a porpoise, which we soon hauled on board, and a day passed quickly off with the excitement, like Paddy's Bullfrog it seemed the *four* kinds of meat, *fish, flesh fowl* and *mackerel!* I thought it quite palatable, resembling venison more than anything else.

In the hot latitudes most of us luxuriated in a salt water bath under the bow-pump, a treat which we imagined threw Newport and Cape May entirely in the shade, some of the venturesome went overboard before the shark was hooked, but after that they were contented with the *pump* ablutions! Some of the Buckeyes were ambitious to make exploring expeditions in the rigging, and by constant practice, one of the most resolute, up to the time of my writing, has got as far as the maintop! A paper was started devoted to literature, politics, religion, the arts and sciences, ethics and the incidents of the passage, and flourished under the *soubriquet* of the Bavarian Journal; but just as we had added the Post to our exchange list, after three gasps, (as the butcher's boy remarked about some suspicious looking veal,) "*It did n't die zactly but kinder gin aeout.*"

One day our sympathy was aroused by discovering a pig wedged in between two water casks, where he had been shoved during the storm—a fortnight fasting had reduced him to a perfect Calvin Edson, and the moment his companions got a glimpse of the stranger, so disgusted were they with his skeleton appearance, they gave one yell, and pitched into him on every tack, and had not the sailors come to his assistance they would have soon annihilated what remained of the poor shipwrecked porker! I may not be accused of casting pearls before swine if I

remark (now I have got past the aforesaid quadrupeds,) that I could but look upon the scene as a fair type of the mutability of mankind. "Friendship, in common parlance, is a hollow hearted term, but in its true garb, is a messenger sent from heaven."

After tea, conversation usually settled into whist; and to show how uniformly the cards will run, let me say that out of five hundred games played at our table we only led our opponents ten games.

But the most delectable bit of sport which we had was the "crossing of the line." Whether they have as much fun on other ships I cannot say; I can only testify as to my own experience in the "Bavaria." It was understood among the passengers, during the afternoon, that the sailors were preparing their "fixins," and about the deck we were all on the qui vive for the appearance of the "*Ocean Monarch*," when we heard a most unearthly noise proceeding from the forecastle, which the mate informed us was his majesty's sheet iron band, playing, "see the conquering hero comes."

This concord of sweet sounds having ceased, a grim looking monster with a large trumpet was seen protruding his head above the main chains, and our ears were again besieged by his stentorian majesty asking "if there were any passengers on board the Bavaria who had never before entered Neptune's dominions? if so, he should demand of them the customary tribute." The words had hardly found an echo when his minions pounced in upon us from all quarters—some from aloft, some over the ship's side; some clambered down the bowsprit, and all dressed in the most fantastic garb; and really their costumes were most ingeniously contrived. One bore a mammoth quadrant; another carried a Munchausen compass; a third was provided with a

monster razor, constructed out of an old saw ; a fourth a tar bucket ; a fifth seemed to be a walking barber's shop, in short, they were all furnished with some emblematic device. Neptune's dress fairly out-Heroded Herod. He looked hideous enough to frighten a dog out of a tanyard ; and as the glare of the lantern shone on his sturdy followers, with their masks, and blackened faces, and uncouth apparel, one could hardly help feeling that he was in the courtly presence of his Satanic Highness. Neptune bade his clerk call the names of the passengers in rotation, and requested each one to write down opposite his name the sum that he was disposed to pay. We all came forward, and the result showed a fair amount of tobacco-money. "*Tom Tit*" was then seized, and, in less time than I can relate it, was lathered from the tar-bucket, shaved with the saw, and plunged into a tub of salt water several times in the most reckless manner, amid the shouts of both forecastle and cabin. The sport was at its height, and we were all (with the exception of the ladies, who somehow were in the secret) huddled together, laughing and cracking jokes upon poor "Tom," possibly thinking who might be the next victim, when, *mirabile dictu!* we heard a strange noise in the rigging, and, turning to ascertain the cause, we were all completely deluged with salt water, which caused such a scampering and yelling as would have frightened from his stoicism a Camanche Indian. It seems that Jack had during the day carried several buckets of water into the maintop, and, at a given signal, so adroitly was the thing managed, we all got drenched! The shaving of Tom Tit was only a decoy to get us together. The tables were fairly turned. One moment we were bursting with merriment at his discomfiture, but the next the laugh was turned upon us.

The sailors ended the festivities with a dance, after which we

thought it best to "make a night of it," and five bells in the morning watch had struck before we thought of sleep. I never expect to enjoy such another carnival till I get to Rome. Like Pleydell in Guy Mannering, we threw off our dignity, and entered into competition to see who would produce the loudest laugh. The principal fear amongst us all was that some one would escape his share of salt water. For my part, if I had been thrown overboard I could not have been more thoroughly drenched.

Here we are in sight of Point Nepean, and wishing you every prosperity, promising to send you my impressions of the republic in embryo.

CHAPTER III.

"PRINCE OF WALES" HOTEL,
MELBOURNE, June 29, 1853.

WHEN I gave you from off Port Phillip a pen and ink sketch of "life on the ocean wave" I intimated that my impressions of this mushroom city should be forthcoming at an early day. We dropped our best bower in Hobson's Bay on the 23d ultimo —so you see I have had some little time to look about me; and you must not shrug your shoulder at what I may say, for believe me, I've seen some things that your landsmen only read of, and this is the conclusion that I have *not* "jumped at"— that within the short space of ten years Melbourne will be the great commercial emporium of this part of the world.

Some of the new comers I've no doubt will send home shocking accounts of matters here before they get well acquainted, and well they may, for they hear a thousand reports and see some queer looking sights to warrant their dislike. Like Punch on purchasing his weekly allowance of tea, they hope for the best, but are hardly prepared for the worst. On leaving home they have made up their minds to find a different state of things and are consequently all anxiety to make the discovery long ere they are fairly housed.

The pilot is besieged at the Heads, the custom house officer is held by the button, the emigration agent is overloaded with questions, and the newsmen are taken by storm by importunate adventurers who are desirous of anticipating fortune. Says one

who has staked his all in the article, with a most anxious look and impatient gesture, "what's the price of flour?" Another, with his family at his back, talks of the "chance of getting board." A third, with a revolver in each pocket and a brandy bottle in his hand, touches on the state of society! Another begs to know what are the latest dates from home. A fifth "expects the miners are doing well." And so they go till answerer and questioner are completely exhausted. The tub is washed, the pump refuses to act!

The passenger then having discharged his last shot, gets his trunks together, all of which were packed before he saw Cape Otway, talks with an important air of respect and self-admiration of his future prospects, makes patronizing remarks to the stewards, and thinks he shall make the officers, with whom he has not been on speaking terms since he left the Cape, a present!—is perfectly enchanted with the beautiful Bay of Port Philip, and swears the scenery beats anything he ever saw—opens very wide his eyes when the shipping, covering so many acres of water, bursts upon his view, asks the pilot, looking towards St. Kilda, "if that are place aint Melburn?"—shakes hands with the captain and his fellow passengers, with whom he has become as much disgusted as they are with him, (for it seems to be the same stereotyped thing on board of every passenger ship, this story of "wrongs endured and afflictions borne"—the one party swearing it an utter impossibility to find another such a lot of rowdies!—while the other affirms that the captain is no gentleman, and only fit to command a whaler,) steps with a light heart and a quick movement on board the little thirty horse power side wheel steamer, paying five shillings for the privilege, and groans when he learns that the captain and supercargo get off with one, passes the convict

hulks with a shudder, jumps ashore at Williamstown where the steamer stops for passengers, and walks up and down the pier, looking at the thousand and one boats at the landing and coming in from every direction, manned by Lascars, Manilla men, Chinese and sailors of every nation and color, starts again with a half a hundred "master mariners" who are jabbering in every language about his ears, wonders if the *bills* of Melbourne will be as *long* as those of the *pelicans* feeding on the beach, and is surprised to see hundreds of sea birds of every possible kind as tame as barnyard fowls, along the river's mouth, and says "yes," (interrogatively) when told that they are as tame as the stork in Germany or the "adjutant" in Calcutta, and that the authorities will not allow even a pistol to be discharged in the bay on account of the shipping.

A short time since Melbourne was sufficiently large for its commerce, and the accommodations were fully *equal* to the wants of the city, but, presto! a speck of gold dust is picked up by some shepherd while watering his flocks, which he soon discovers to be the sentinel of a golden land,—more are found—nugget after nugget is spread before his astonished senses! The news like wildfire is carried over the world, and adventurers of every land are drawn hither by the powerful magnet. The word goes from mouth to mouth, "what a place this will be if the gold holds out!" Months and months have gone by and new mines have been daily discovered, and it is now a settled belief with the practical men in this region that the gold fields are almost illimitable, covering thousands of square miles, and now they say instead of what a place it will be,—"what a city it has already become."

No, the new comer must not be disappointed with his first experience; industry and enterprise will insure him his heap;

things will mend in due time. Let him get an office, even if he does pay fifty dollars per week for a place not half so desirable as your editorial sanctum; let him note the lay of the land, and find a satisfactory boarding house, even at five dollars a day. Let him go up on the hill by St. Peters' church and see how large the streets are, and how regularly they are laid out, cutting each other at right angles as in the newly built portion of New York. Let him cast his eye over the broad common, over the beautiful valley, over the green hills, over the *gum*-tree forest, over the "village of tents," over the numberless ships in the bay, and over the suburban towns. Let him arise at early dawn and observe the sun shed its indescribable beauty over the heavens, differing entirely in appearance from our part of the world. Let him make up his mind that, "*I can't do it never accomplished* anything," and "*that I will try has wrought wonders.*" Let him decide to look upon the bright side of every thing, and my word for it he is certain to develope his "gold field"—he is sure to be satisfied that he was induced to try his fortune in this distant land.

CHAPTER IV.

"PRINCE OF WALES" HOTEL,
MELBOURNE, June 28, 1853.

I HAVE already addressed you by this mail, giving the new comer's first experience, and as I am aware how anxious your readers must be to get hold of every information about this golden country, I will jot down something a little more practical.

I have said that I am agreeably surprised with the general appearance of Melbourne. The city could not have been better planned and located for residences, but not for business. Collins street is the Broadway, and Flinders lane is Wall street, the one having several respectable looking dry goods stores, the other lined with counting houses and brokers' offices. The merchants mostly reside in the suburbs, and drive in their dog carts or come on the saddle into town. I say the city is well located for residences, but not at all well situated for business—Williamstown having decidedly the preference, on account of its proximity to the shipping. I can see no reason why piers could not be built out from this latter place for vessels to discharge, instead of this odious system of lighterage. All that is required is a little of the San Francisco style of doing things. Wharves need not be run out so far here to find a deep water berth as there, and the only objection that can arise is the want of high land to fill in with, and the scarcity of timber. There are now some one hundred and fifty small one story buildings, in the

town, which I hope will soon give way to warehouses. If the new houses would say the word and start the project, we could quickly accomplish a change. At so late a day it may be difficult to turn the current.

Lord Melbourne pitched his tent nine miles from the Yarra's mouth on account of better water, and where the town first started I suppose will be its centre. But, like dropping a pebble in the water, the place will continue to widen till it has swallowed up Collingwood, Richmond, St. Kilda, Sandridge and all the adjoining towns. Should nothing be done at Williamstown, Sandridge is the next desirable place for wharves. The principal difficulty here is the southwest winds, which sometimes sweep over the place at a fearful rate, the trees all bending to its influence as in the north of England. A substantial breakwater after the manner of the western lakes would be a good shelter for the shipping, and then piers could be run out as on the other side. One or two have already been built, and, if found practicable, more will follow. This, however must be the work of government—the owner of the property. Individuals will not embark in any new enterprise. Many came here with nothing, who are now the wealthiest men of the place, but they will not invest their money in improvements; they simply place it where they realize pound for pound, and go home to England to buy a position and a name! Sandridge is but two miles from the city, and is connected by a macadamized road, which, in fair weather, is the most desirable way of getting up. As soon as the railroad is completed, about two years, this route in a great measure will supersede the Yarra-Yarra. There is very little grading for the track, the sleepers are already in the ground, and we are now waiting for the rails and cars, which were ordered last January by the "Chusan." Even now many

prefer to land on this side and walk up, rather than take steam on the river.

Melbourne, though situated so far out of the way, cannot fail to be a great city. All we require is a little energy and a good deal of money to make the wheel turn rapidly. The "old chums" will not budge from the office, and take as little pride about putting things in shape as we should in fencing in Timbuctoo. We must introduce a sprinkling of Yankeeism here and show the residents the meaning of despatch! Send us out fifty or a hundred thousand good mechanics, and we will soon find something for them to do. Let them go down to St. Johns N. B., for some working material, and I will guarantee, if the gold holds out, which is beyond the possibility of a doubt, that they will soon better their own condition as well as the appearance of the city.

Put timber, bricks and cement in the hold, and fill up your cabin and between decks with able-bodied laborers, and you will have a cargo that will be of great value. I cannot learn that there is any considerable timber growing in the colony. I am told there is nothing of consequence here but the gum tree—a knotty, crooked growth, resembling somewhat the wild apple. The nearest large supply of timber to Victoria is New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land, (now called Tasmania) but they have not the saw mills to work with. The Kauri pine is a splendid wood, and suitable for spars of 100 feet. It planes well, is a little harder than our white pine, and can be had in great quantities. I am told that there are also some superior furniture woods in the islands. I hardly think, however, that it can be laid down here so cheap as it can be sent from the States or the North American provinces.

As before remarked, we have an enormous capital here, but

lack the spirit that builds the railroad across the Isthmus or starts one to the Pacific—the hidden spring of New England's prosperity. Look at Lawrence, and Chicago, and Cincinnati, and San Francisco! Babes in the wood in the morning, but full grown men at night! So rich are they in this place, that the banks are all working on deposits for which they allow no interest, not having any of their capital employed, and the revenue is beyond my calculation; and yet we have no railroad, no lightning wires, no gas lamps, no marine communication by telegraph to the heads, no water works, no Yankee inventions of any kind, no saw mills, no steam engines worth mentioning, no planing machines, no paint mills, no hotels that can compare with the Waterloo, not even a wharf that deserves the name, or sufficient accommodations for the immense quantity of merchandise that is tumbling in upon us from all parts of the world! The unprecedented immigration has swelled the limits of the city almost to bursting, but no energetic men step forward for its relief. Government holds on to the land with a Shylock's grasp, and puts off purchasers with the humdrum story that they are waiting for the colonial surveyor to come from England. The true reason I surmise is, they are fearful of a decline in prices if they shove too much upon the market at once. All the unoccupied lands within and without the city, save what are in the hands of a few wealthy men are clutched as with a miser's avarice.

CHAPTER V.

"Prince of Wales" Hotel,
Melbourne, Aug. 1, 1853.

Four weeks' time has produced a magic change in our facilities for doing business. Our squatter governor could not resist the tremendous force of the merchants' indignation meeting, regarding the horrid condition of the wharves, and so he immediately marshalled his energies to the task of cleansing the Augean stables of Melbourne commerce; and such an improvement as has been made we seldom see in so short a time. Heavy timber was placed on a stone foundation and then covered with thick plank on the banks of the river, and the deep gullies and stagnant pools, which for so long a period was called a road, were filled in some two feet deep with stone and gravel, and now we have a nice macadamized thoroughfare the whole length of the quay, and a raised foot-path for pedestrians. Some two hundred carts have been kept constantly at work carting gravel and metal (as they call broken stone,) at the rate of *one thousand loads* a day! and all the laborers that could work to advantage have been hard at it since last I wrote you.

Other changes are rapidly taking place, and should we ever be so fortunate as to get that valuable and long promised consignment from England, "The Colonial Engineer," we may possibly have some docks built—a ship canal to Sandridge, and a thousand and one other "river and harbor improve-

ments," which the wants of the place so much require. The legion of new comers, real Simon Pure Yankees—solid go-a-head Englishmen, hard-working, quick-witted, close-fisted Germans, etc., etc., that are flocking into Melbourne act as leaven upon the residents who never before dreamed of the possibility of going beyond their own office to transact business! When I was coming ashore, some eight or ten weeks since, I naturally enough asked the boatman if there was any news-room at Melbourne? "What?" said he, with a broad Yorkshire accent—"Is there any exchange room up town," I repeated. "I rather think not unless she arrived yesterday," was the satisfactory reply. But I cannot wonder that the poor boatman consider a vessel the true meaning of the term, when asked the question of the two or three Americans in port and found my query answered in the negative—I saw some of the old houses of the place and wandered from man to man to get the required information, but alas no one I met ever heard of such a singular place as a news-room in Melbourne.

Determined to trace something in that line I steered for the newspapers, and ascertained that they got their ship news from their own agent whom they kept constantly in the bay to board ships as they came in, and that one of them had a "commercial reporter at a hall called Lloyds Room, back of the Royal Hotel." Off I went, and after winding my way through a noisy bar full of hard drinkers, and sundry tortuous passages, I found the place. No wonder no one could tell me of its location. I should as soon have thought of finding Father Taylor at the Liverpool amphitheatre, or a church in "five points," as a commercial exchange in the rear of a Slopshop Inn!

I looked about me, not a soul to be seen, nothing but a few Australian papers on one table, some Government Gazettes on

another, and one man at a third, whom I accidently happened to notice. I saw the manager of the room, Mr. Wilson, and he told me the use of the place, and showed me the book of arrivals and clearances which he had kept since January 1st. That was all—nothing else to be seen; no book for imports; none for exports; no commercial record; no report of the brokers' board; no statistics whatever; not one single fact to show the commerce of this young but flourishing city! The gentleman kindly told me that a board of underwriters occasionally met there, and that the committee of the chamber of commerce met in one of the rooms in the hotel. He said that he had tried to get the merchants to meet together, but they would never think of leaving their business to listen to the "talk on 'change." "Too busy" was invariably the answer. Only think of it; a city with such a maritime fleet, and yet no place where merchants could meet at a certain hour of the day to get an exchange of ideas! How odd it would seem not to go on 'change in Liverpool, or London, or Glasgow, or New York, Boston, San Francisco, or any other large commercial port, no matter how new the place? I felt almost lost, and resolved if I could not bring in the old that I would get together the new chums. I suggested it to Mr. Wilson; he was ready to meet me. I paid my first subscription of three guineas, and by pinning every American who arrived to establish a house, and taking in the Yankee captains, we soon got a respectable body to meet at two o'clock. Some of the old chums followed our example, and in a very short time it really reminded me of home. By meeting in this way we were enabled to compare notes regarding the markets, and the result was, a price current was started under the patronage of some fifty houses—the first public one I believe ever issued in this city. We were getting along

swimmingly, when, presto! a Yankee hotel was on the tapis, and the first notice we had, the news-room was closed. A Mr. Moss, of the Metropolitan Restaurant, had bought the lease of the premises for fifty thousand dollars, and was going to erect a Burnet House to astonish the natives! and, disregarding Mr. Wilson and his supporters, he sent us all flying. We were glad to see a splendid American hotel going up, but sorry to lose our place of meeting till a new one was provided. However, we were turned out without the least ceremony, which I believe will result favorably; for a simple taste of the many advantages of an exchange so increased the appetite that a proper building was mooted, and Mr. Kuhl, with praise-worthy energy has been successful with his subscription paper.

A Committee was appointed to wait upon his excellency for a suitable piece of land for the building, and your obedient servant, as one of them, had the opportunity of seeing the governor for the first time. He was very polite, but decidedly non-committal. He bowed to the delegation, talked with the chairman, referred to his council, said there was very little land in town that was not already disposed of, intimated that the cause was a glorious one, promised to give it his distinguished consideration, was glad to see the matter in the hands of such intelligent men, hoped that our views would be carried out, did not speak of the colonial engineer! bowed once more to us collectively, made a slight movement towards the door, when it accidently happened to strike us that it was time to go. Some left the executive mansion, I for one, thinking that when the government gave us land for an Exchange the stock would be at a premium! But as it is in strong hands, I think we shall have one erected whether the governor helps us or not. At a preliminary meeting of the subscribers it was suggested that a suit-

able statue of Queen Victoria should be placed in front of the building. Of course it would have been bad taste for me to have intimated that they had better get their cage before, &c, ; or, as there were so many Americans on the spot, to move an amendment that another statue of Washington should also be erected there !

Stone buildings are shooting up on every street, and lumber and brick are bought up at great profits to the shipper as soon as arrived. The corporation are doing everything in their power to put the streets in shape, and if they continue improving the appearance of things in the same ratio, that *stereotyped* slander, which every book quoted, and to which even Meagher alluded in his lecture on Australia, of "another child lost in the streets of Melbourne," will be entirely obsolete ! If the government and the corporation and the citizens would all pull together, we would soon have Melbourne looking as trim as your housewife s pantry. When "Barkis is willin'," you can do anything.

Notwithstanding the numerous new erections, rents are some *thirty per cent,* above the value of money. Can such an unhealthy position of things last ? I fancy not. Who pay these enormous rents ? The old chums ? No ; they came before the mines opened their treasures, and the buildings they now occupy were put up two years and more ago for about the same sum as they now charge new comers for one year's rental ! The question naturally arises, if young houses who start with the consignments of merchandise for their capital (which they are obliged to force off through mock auctions to raise money to pay the freight, at a great sacrifice), pay these unheard of rents, (beating San Francisco fairly off the track) for offices and warehouses, and their personal expenses being in proportion, will the

goods bear it? It strikes me not. What is the consequence? We must wait and let time answer the query.

I saw a small one story house rented on a five years lease at $3500 per annum. We could build at home three such tenements for that figure. This was out at Collingwood. On applying at another place on the strength of a flowery advertisement of four stylish houses at fifty dollars per week, we found it in a very bad street, but it had but three —— attic! cellar! and yard! I advertised for "board for a gentleman and his wife in a desirable location in a *genteel family—none but the highest respectability need apply.*" Well, the office the next morning was crowded, butchers, bakers, blacksmiths, and a battalion of others had the desired rooms, but they did not exactly suit me, till a good looking "widder" came in, and I was so prepossessed in her favor that I was about closing for her apartments on her recommendation, when she happened to drop a word or two, which soon discouraged me from attempting to get board in a "genteel family!" The rooms that we were to have were entered through a small grog shop of which she was the proprietress! So here I am and intend to remain at the "Prince of Wales" Hotel, the very best in Melbourne, large rooms, good location, and satisfactory fare for only $75 per week!

There are only two daily papers in the city, the Argus and the Herald. The former is a paper of the progressive stamp. The Herald is more conservative, and bristles up and gets choleric, and acts like a very naughty child when a fourth of July dinner is suggested.

The Express is a weekly, having a small circulation, and is somewhat radical. A prospectus is out for a new Catholic journal—daily I think. I have not yet seen the paper that Wilkins

Micawber so ably edited, although I thought I recognized the gentleman a few days since going out of town on a stage coach with his eye-glass in his hand. This is the place for his economical maxim of living within your means.

CHAPTER VI.

MELBOURNE, August 26, 1853.

GENTLEMEN—The Bavaria's detention gives me the chance of adding a postscript to what I have already said by this mail. This ship would have got away some days since, but no sailors were to be had. The captain pays fifty pounds sterling for the run to New York! The excitement occasioned by the new diggings at Goulburn and the approach of summer has made Jack altogether too independent of the trade.

In my last I anticipated trouble among the miners, and sure enough it has come in good earnest. The impolite reply of the lieutenant governor to the delegates from the gold fields created a strong feeling among the diggers, who for a long time have been all ready for anything. Their leaders are young aspirants for fame; many of them are chartist orators who are blowing themselves into notice, without looking at the consequences.

As soon as Mr. Latrobe's sentiments were made known, of abiding by the law to the last issue, meetings were held at the several mines, and measures taken to resist paying the license fee; passing resolutions to resort to arms if necessary, and quoting our movements in Boston at the time of the Revolution as a praiseworthy example of tyrannical governors.

The last mail brings down intelligence that a party numbering some thousands waited upon the commissioners and requested the immediate release of several prisoners who had been ar-

rested for the non-payment of the fee. After some shuffling on the part of the officials, they were set at liberty, thus making a virtue of necessity. The 40th regiment and the mounted police were immediately ordered up, and the barracks and treasury have now nothing but the police for a guard. I have not yet heard of the proceedings. The mails between the gold fields and this place are as irregular and as long in coming as they formerly were by the old stage coach system between New York and Boston.

It is well known that there are many revolutionists here who, for excitement's sake alone, would rush into a civil war at any moment; but there are also a large proportion of the people who will take the side of order. Should the authorties fire into the crowd, look out for breakers! The Americans are very quiet, which I am very glad to learn for our country's sake; but the Germans are rather loud in their complaints of the shabby manner with which his excellency has treated them.

Thirty shillings may seem a large sum to pay per month; but when we remember that this purchases for them wood and water, improved roads, government escorts for their gold, policemen to protect them against the hundreds of Joachims who infest the country, (importations from V. D. L.) as well as a place to pitch their tent, and the privilege of putting their spade down for their share of the "nuggets," it does not seem so far out of the way. Were they in Melbourne that sum would be required per week almost, and no chance of a fortune at the point of the shovel. Many say they have to pay the fee whether successful or not in finding gold. One man may work a month and starve, while the next finds "the £134 nugget," and yet both pay the same. I see no way to remedy the evil. If they paid a certain per centage on all deposited with the escort, it would not

work well, as many would keep their earnings to themselves, and thus the government would be defrauded.

Where the matter will end no one can tell. The diggers have taken a position ; so have the government ; who will retreat ?—that is the question. I fancy not the diggers. They are so numerous, at a given signal, if properly organized, they could oust all the red coats and Charleys in the Colony!

But what then can the governor do ? He cannot move without the legislative council, he says—which I believe is the case, but that council is a mere burlesque on free representation. Out of 54 members who represent the 250,000 people in Victoria, 18 are government nominees ! all voting at the wink of their prompter! and the balance of the members cannot be called representatives, as many were elected in the squatter districts with only *two or three electors at the polls !* In two instances there was but one voter at the hustings ! Or perhaps to give a better idea of *Victoria mis*-representation, I should mention that only 28,000 votes were cast out of the whole population of one quarter of a million souls !

The consequence is, the assembly is worse than nothing, there being few talented men among them. Many are without any legislative experience, and as they intend framing a new constitution, all hands are inquiring for Bancroft's History of the United States, Massachusetts state papers, Franklin's works, the constitution, and all the documents that were printed at the dawn of liberty in *la belle* America. I had two copies of the constitution, both of which are now in the possession of M. I. C.'s.

I say the governor cannot move without the council, and the council are nearly all his squatter friends, not one representative from the gold fields ! This will show the absurdity of the

miners getting justice, where so many other interests are at work and no one to say a word in their behalf.

There has been lately quite a touch of intellectual sparring between the Argus and the Herald, regarding the license fee. It has been a notorious fact that the Argus has been the chief organ of the diggers, and Wilson, the editor, is considered a little god among them ; but now the Herald says after he has done the mischief he turns round, and leaves them to get out of the scrape as they can.

Since writing the foregoing we have had late dates inland. The meeting of the Ovens was stormy, several thousand on the spot, speeches decidedly spicy, some of them didn't care whether school kept or not, just as willing to have quarter of a dollar as ninepence, ready to pitch the government overboard at a moment's notice, said they must be represented, that they would not pay the fee, etc. etc. Some of the banners were very neat, one of them in large letters had these memorable words, so familiar to our forefathers—"*Taxation without representation is robbery.*"

Mr. Latrobe's *written* answer to the delegation may allay in part the excitement. 'Tis a pity that he attempted to answer them verbally. The document is said to be written by the attorney general, being too able a paper for the weak-minded governor.

CHAPTER VII.

MELBOURNE, Sept. 27, 1853.

GENTLEMEN.—The life and fortunes of John Mitchel during his exile in Van Diemen's land are somewhat excentric. I know how deep an interest some of my countrymen take in the fate of the Irish state prisoners. Meagher is already a citizen of the United States, and ere long we shall expect to see him in the congressional arena. His eloquence has thrilled through our land, and his patriotism is the subject of remark. Now we are to have another of the exiled band in eloquence the greatest of them all. Mitchel will be with you when this comes to hand, and his burning eloquence will have stirred the nation's heart. Meagher writes and then delivers, a little nervous in his eloquence, but Mitchel is extemporaneous and full of fire, so much so I fear that he will make more mistakes than Kossuth. Both are orators, but Mitchel I fancy the superior. He is a fine looking man, and I know you will be interested in knowing something more of the circumstances of his escape than the papers have told you of.

It has been my good fortune to meet at the social board one whose deep interest in the fate of these unfortunate Irishmen has been to a certain degree the means of two of them escaping. Meagher and Mitchel are away, Smith O'Brien, Doherty and Martin remain; the former attempted to escape some time since, but was detected. Doherty is practicing medicine in the Hobart Town hospital, and Martin is occupying the house that

Mitchel resided in at Bothwell. All of them have strong and influential friends who are on the alert. Some day, not far distant, I predict the authorities will find the cage empty—that the birds have flown. It is said that Doherty prefers remaining, as he has a fine opportunity to study his profession. This, I have no doubt, is a mark to hood-wink the government. From what I learn none of these men compare in talent with the pioneer patriot, the brave soldier, the eloquent orator, the champion of liberty, John Mitchel. He was the first to fall, and he went down with the laurel on his brow.

Several attempts had been made to take him off, all without success. Vessel after vessel was despatched on coasting expeditions, but failed to accomplish their object. Smyth was sent out with plenty of cash from the Irish Confederacy of New York, and with my dinner table acquaintance has been pulling his wires to liberate Mitchel. At one time the "Water Lily" was at Spring Bay, all manned and fitted for a secret voyage; signals were passed from the shore; but the "coo-eg-ing" was heard and Smyth was arrested. Then came an inland march, plenty of romance about it, innocent people arrested, Smyth set at liberty, his assistant and friend pursued, etc. etc. Another time the "Don Juan" was cruising off Hobart Town on a potato and wheat voyage,(?) and all arrangements were complete; but here again the stupidity of Mitchel's servant or the man that was to accompany him made a botch of it. He was so elated at the prospect of escaping he could not contain himself. Of course he must get drunk; but that was not all;—he had to sit down and write his workshop friend a letter something like this:—

"Teddy, my boy, God bless ye! How is the family entire, and Biddy, and the baby? Good bye to ye. I am full of es-

caping with Mitchel—mysilf and the whole of us—all after being off immediately. Hurrah ! boys. God bless ye again. Good bye. Ye will hear from me all safe in Ameriky. Don't ye wish ye was after for coming ?"

Now this would have been all very well if Teddy had known how to read. But it was all Greek to him ; so he took it for translation to his employer, who being unfortunately a government officer, jumped upon his horse and rode post haste to Hobart Town, and Mitchel's escape looked more dubious than ever. He had not thrown up his parole of honor, and nothing could be proved against him ; and after putting a closer watch upon his movements, which was soon removed at his own suggestion, the excitement died away and the letter was supposed to be a hoax. Thus twice were the efforts of his friends frustrated, fate seemed against him, when lo and behold, he one day very cooly walked into the police office with an open letter addressed to Sir Wm. Dennison, the governor, throwing up his parole, and requested the dismayed official to read it ! The boldness of the movement and the perfect coolness of Mitchel so astonished the magistrate that before he could stammer out an order to the constable for his arrest, Mitchel had walked out of the door, mounted a horse, (the very one bought of the magistrate a few days before for £80) and galloped off up the road to the utter amazement of those present. Smyth accompanied him a short distance and then Mitchel plunged into the bush.

A close search was made but to no avail, all thought he had left the country in some coaster and the chase was given up. All this while Mitchel was buried in the bush, living on God knows what. His sufferings here were terrible. No one but himself can tell of the hardships he went through ; for over a

month he was wandering about in disguise, seeking some opportunity to get away. He traveled from Launceston to Hobart Town dressed as a clergyman, and embarked with fourteen other passengers in broad daylight in the "Emma" for Sidney, under the name of Warren. His disguise was complete, none recognized in the dignified minister the jolly Irishman Mitchel. He carried his *incognito* all the way, and joined oftentimes in an argument *for or against himself*, with his fellow passengers. Some believed he ought to be set at liberty, while Mitchel *alias* Warren, advanced the argument that the government served him right, you may rest assured he was a happy man to find sitting with him at the same table his wife and family. What a strange picture. The exile and the partner of his bosom both fleeing from the *prison* land. Of course he was introduced to Mrs Mitchel as Mr Warren, and he was observed to be very attentive to the lady! But I must be brief, the mail is closing and my story is getting prosy.

Mitchel arrived safely in Sydney, spent a few days, still in disguise—with Mr. ——, a hospitable friend—and left in the "Orkney Lass" for San Francisco about six weeks since. His family, as a matter of precaution, took passage in the "Julia n" for the same destination, from Sydney, about a week after.

his time you may have seen him, and I know you will extend to him the right hand of fellowship. His career I know will be a brilliant one. He is a gentleman and a soldier, combining all the elements of a patriot. As a lover of liberty and true merit I take a lively interest in these warm hearted men who were banished from all the sweet allurements of home, simply because they dared to hope that their poor priest-ridden country might be free from the wretchedness that England's pol-

icy had plunged her in. Poor Ireland! what has she done to deserve such a fate? Why are her sons cast off like so many murderers and burglars for nothing but their love of their own native land? Had I the time and space I would tell you more of Mitchel's colonial life. There is romance enough in it for fifty works of fiction.

CHAPTER VIII.

MELBOURNE, Sept. 1853.

IT is past, the great event is over, the imposing ceremony has taken place, the deed is done, and nothing remains for your correspondent to do but to faithfully chronicle his impressions of the gorgeous spectacle of opening the legislative council of the colony of Victoria ! !

After writing you per Bavaria regarding Melbourne legislation, curiosity prompted me to witness the ceremony of the "opening of the council," as one of the members informed me that it was something worth seeing, so having been furnished with a permit *a la* parliamentary style, through the politeness of Mr. Winter, one of the newly elected representatives, I started off up Bourke street for the council chamber, and arrived just in time to see the procession. What a magnificent display ! The opening of parliament, the meeting of congress, the convening of state legislatures. Pshaw ! what are they all in comparison ? Words fail to describe the picture. Look at that dense mass of upturned faces that line the street on every side for nearly *two rods*—full one hundred and fifty people—men, women and children—all gathered together, regardless of wind and weather, to see the brilliant pageant ! How anxiously all wait the approach of the head column. Even the fourteen members of the 40th (the receiving corps) are getting impatient. Here they come, surrounded by the mounted police. Carriage behind carriage, three in all ! The one drawn by that proud

pair of city hacks has the distinguished honor of carrying the chief magistrate of the colony and his aid, the next carriage holds the foreign consuls, and the next the other dignitaries of the land. How I wish you could stand with me on the steps of the council chamber to see this commencement of an Australian parliament; but as you are not, I can only tell you that the escort, the military band, the immense length of the procession, in short the *tout ensemble* was a picture for an artist. Never in my life have I seen so little enthusiasm on such an occasion—

> Not a cheer was raised, not a welcoming note,
> As his grace to the council they hurried;
> Not a soldier displayed his loyal shout,
> O'er the place where the hero was carried!

There was no touching of the castor, no shaking of handkerchiefs, no loud hurrahs, no anything to show the popularity of the governor. Surely this is not an enthusiastic people, or his excellency is not the most beloved of men.

It was most amusing to watch the proceedings within the chamber from the little *henroost* of a gallery in St. Patrick's Hall. (Why is it that legislative halls are always provided with such niggardly accommodations for spectators?) This place was owned by the St. Patrick Society, and I am informed that the government rent it at £500 a year for the assembly. It is hardly suitable for its object, being altogether too small. It does not seem much larger than our committee rooms at the capitol. The platform owns one solitary chair for the speaker, and on this important occasion was occupied by Gov. Latrobe. In front was a table for the clerk, whose powdered wig was only eclipsed by that worn by the attorney general. (How nonsensical these hollow forms. How absurd to see a man with really good sense, wearing a cat skin curled to order in an august

body in this enlightened age!) A long table with the colonial and home law books, stands in the centre of the hall, and two rows of hair seated benches encircle the chamber for the members; but they have nothing more—no desk for writing, nor any place to put their papers and their books. Perhaps they don't have any. The governor was dressed in his robes of office, and read his speech from a printed document, copies of which had been circulated previously among the members, while sitting in the chair. I wonder if colonial governors always *sit* on such occasions!

There was no feeling expressed by the audience during the recital, neither for or against, notwithstanding he proposed some important changes, among which was the total abolition of the license fee? and a revision of the tariff—assessing a duty on sugar and an export duty on gold. These were the chief points. He promised everything. We shall see how he will carry out his plans. After finishing his oration he left the hall without the least show of approbation or regard. Some of the new members were then promenaded across the gaudy looking tapestry carpet and sworn in in the usual way—Testament in hand, producing qualifications, promising to notify her most gracious majesty in case of treason, etc., etc. How bashful they appear; how diffident; white kids and white vest, and pants strapped within an inch of their life over high heeled-boots, Oh Cobden, oh Brougham, blush for your newly elected Victorian brethern!

The ministerial benches were filled by the nominees—official and as many not in office. The *premier*, Mr. Foster, heads the former, backed by the attorney general, Mr. A. Becket, &c.

Melbourne is full of churches of every denomination—Episcopal, Catholic, Baptist, Unitarian, Scotch, and all the branches.

The trim chapel of the Trinity worshippers, the ponderous cathedral of the *holy see*, the ornamental architecture of the Church of England, and the peculiar design of the Jewish Sanhedrim, are all within a stone's throw of Collins street. The denizens of Melbourne are a church-going people. Sunday is as quiet as in a country town at home, and the order observed on every hand shows most forcibly the absurdity of our bringing out so many revolvers.

Last Sabbath I attended the Church of England, and never in my life was I so wearied with a morning service. And you will not be surprised when I tell you that it was over two hours in length. I could but think how widely different are the proceedings of a Sunday morning in a quiet New England village, where one good man, for $300 per annum, officiates as clerk, rector, curate, preacher, everything, and who, in his unassuming prayer instead of selecting the chief dignitaries of his own land, remembers the whole world, "from the north to the south," "from the highest character in office to the lowest subject." I never left such a meeting without a holier and purer feeling. Everything so simple and all so true—"whose religion is the right —whose only creed is love." The church is built of stone, and was about two thirds completed when the discovery of the mines scattered the workmen, and the high price of labor and building material since, I am told, has prevented its being finished. It seems very strange to me to find in an old decayed tree adjoining the church here, the only belfry which Melbourne can furnish for their small fire-engine bell!

There was one thing that I was pleased to observe, and that was the orderly and quiet manner with which all left the church —none covering their heads till fairly across the threshold, and I could but strike the balance decidedly in their favor when I

remembered that long before grace is said we usually have our gloves on, our coat buttoned, our pew door opened, and our cane and hat in hand, all ready for a grand rush to see who should be the first out.

I am sorry not to see more "shooting galleries" here, as they term school houses in the west. Education is sadly neglected. I believe there are no public institutions for children in the place, and only a few private ones. Many are obliged to take their children to England, or employ a governess. I sincerely hope that the first move the new governor and council make will be to carry out some practical plan for national education.

There are very few societies in the place. The "Mechanics' Institution" is the best, having a well assorted library and good collection of periodicals. Among the paper files I saw none from that uncivilized nation, the United States, although the librarian informed me that two or three journals from New York were ordered last January, but they have never received any of them. Lectures are occasionally given in this building on scientific and local subjects, some of them worthy of note.

Theatricals are *minus*. Second-rate entertainments are all we have; cheap concerts, tipped off with a promiscuous ball, and an American circus is the sum total, unless I except an occasional treat at the Institute above mentioned, where the ladies wear bonnets, and the gentlemen top boots and great coats!

I was much pleased with Geelong. The scenery for miles about it is most beautiful. Its proximity to the new diggings at Balaarat has lately given the place a most business like appearance. The population is rapidly increasing, at present estimated at about 30,000.

The new temporary license fee thus far works well. The dig-

gers, one and all, pay the £2 for three months without a murmur. All they want now is to have the land "unlocked" about the "diggins" and representation in council.

You may not have seen a copy of the license. I obtained one a few days since from a digger, and the following is the way it reads under the old *regime*:—

Victoria ———.

Gold ——— License.

No. 95. 1853.

The bearer, John Smith, having paid the sum of one pound ten shillings, on account of the general revenue of the colony, I hereby license him to mine or dig for gold, or exercise or carry on any other trade or calling on such crown lands within the Colony of Victoria, as shall be assigned to him for these purposes by any one duly authorized in that behalf.

This license to be in force until and during the month of——, and no longer.

Signed, JOHN JONES.
Commissioner.

Regulations to be observed by the persons digging for gold or otherwise employed at the gold fields:—

1. This license is to be carried on the person, to be produced whenever demanded by any commissioner, peace officer, or other duly authorized person, and is not transferable.

2. No mining will be permitted where it would be destructive of any line of road which it is necessary to maintain, and which shall be determined by any commissioner, nor within such distance around any store as it may be necessary to reserve for access to it.

3. It is enjoined that all persons on the gold fields maintain a due and proper observance of Sundays.

4. The extent of claim allowed to each licensed miner is twelve feet square, or 144 square feet.

5. To a party consisting of two miners, twelve feet by twenty-four, or 288 square feet.

6. To a party consisting of three miners, eighteeen feet by twenty-four, or 432 square feet.

7. To a party consisting of four miners, twenty-four feet by twenty four, or 576 square feet; beyond which no greater area will be allowed in one claim.

The digger's life is a most laborious one. No one can tell of their many hardships. You must go to Balaarat or Bendigo to paint the scene. At the latter place there are several hundred stores, tents, &c., all laid out in regular streets—of course nothing over one story. There are two *canvas* meeting *houses*, and a hospital and several hotels—all on the *ground* floor. In Melbourne they have only *three feet to a yard*, in Bendigo the whole country is fenced in! The storekeepers have to pay a license as well as the diggers, but no one can sell liquor; yet everybody sells it *sub rosa*. 'Tis not an unusual thing to find a dead body in some neglected hole. I have no doubt but many poor creatures meet with an early death by the "hand of violence." They go to the diggings friendless and alone. If murdered, who is there to tell the story? No anxious wife, no dear sister, no any one, to make the inquiry. They came friendless into the country, they leave it as they came. The moment the sun goes down you have a perfect bedlam in the camp—screeching, swearing, and singing, pistol shots and barking dogs, all mixed up together. My informant tells me the night before he came down, two pistol balls went through his tent! If prudent, a man is sure to have good health in the Bush. The rugged life he leads will make him strong and active. Candles are used

under ground. After sinking to a great depth, they undermine, laying on the belly, and pulling the washing stuff out under them. Sometimes their next door neighbor breaks through his claim on to them, in which case there is a compromise. During the day they have three meals at the diggings, the same as at home. The provisions are generally poor, but very expensive.

There are any quantities of parrots, possums and "native dogs" in the vicinity of the mines, the former making the forest ring with their uncouth music. They have a a slang language at the gold fields peculiar to that district. Tea and coffee are "slingings," "swags" is the term for luggage and, "shiser" for an unprofitable hole. I believe "nuggett" is peculiarly Australian—"kyottering" is undermining, and "fossicking" is where they use a knife on the surface. "Bloody" is a term they apply to almost everything, such as a "bloody good hole," or a "bloody nice woman," a "bloody fine tent," or a "bloody good sermon!" "Lags" is the term for convicts, "billy" for tea-kettle. Bread is called "damper," and so on throughout all their mysterious language. The roads to the mines are strewn with broken carts, old drays, dead bullocks and horses in all stages of decay, and everything that is sickening to the sight. The "black forest" is twelve miles long, and full of bandits. 'Tis a dismal place to go through. The escorts always have in passing it an additional troop of soldiers.

I suppose there is no place in the world where there is so much cruelty to animals as here, the poor bullocks in their *iron* bowed yokes being the great sufferers. The driver's whip is as long as a fishing pole, and the crack of it is as loud as a pistol.

CHAPTER IX.

EASTERN HILL, MELBOURNE,
October 8, 1853.

NEVER till within the past few weeks have I actually realized that I am living in Britain's monster Newgate, that I am a resident in England's largest prison house! Before leaving home I often thought that I was migrating to a convict land, but never until now have I felt the racking honors of a penal colony. It is all very beautiful for Mr Tupper to write spirited ballad's about Australia's emancipation, and for the journalists of the country to echo back the rejoicing song, but like the blood of the murdered Rizzio in Holyrood Palace, the stain of crime remains deep rooted in the soil.

A short time since the august legislature of New South Wales, led off by Mr. Wentworth, the Brougham of the council, were preparing their capacious minds to pass an act for the establishment of a "colonial peerage!" What a "*stoo*pendous idea!" What a startling project! Just for a moment run your eye along the brilliant list of peers that I can imagine Punch has already peopled the place with, (for Punch does not spare the colonists) and anticipate the emblematic designs of Doyle or Cruikshank, or Thackeray, when classifying their respective ranks. One heralded with a huge pile of forged notes on the Union Bank, another introducing a slow match into the safe of some provincial bank; a third with a large butcher's knife reeking with the blood of some new slain victim of passion

or revenge! all of them to be pictured by the great London satirist, with hand-cuffs and policemen with loaded carbines in the back ground.

Thank God! the public most respectfully declined swallowing the gilt edged pill that the aspirants for nobility of our sister colony had so ingeniously prepared, and consequently the only titles the civilian is permitted to wear in Australia are, his excellency, his worship, the honorable and the esquire.

I say I have never before realized the startling truth that I am living in a country filled with the scum of all the jails in England, meeting no doubt in my daily walks to the counting-house with some of the pardoned repentant friends of Sir William Dennison! The homicide, the burglar, the forger, and the blackest villains that the world can produce; men so hardened in their damnable crimes that it were folly to believe for a moment that they were ever touched with the celestial want of repentance.

I have not thought it worth my while when writing you to notice the occasional "sticking up" of some unfortunate traveler, or the brutal murder of a poor digger, so many instances of which occur, but never come to light, and even passed by without remark; the bloody attack upon the escort, where with more than Indian treachery a volley was fired from an ambush into the troop, cutting down men and horses like so many forest trees. But when the events of the last fortnight come up before me I am forced to tell you of "tales that send a thrill of terror through the blood."

Let me sum up in as few words as possible one week's history of the most depraved scamps that ever left the *demon*-land. The events that have come piecemeal to the public I will try and give you in regular order.

While the schooner "Sophia" was anchored in the river at Circular Head, a gentleman by the name of Wigmore requested the schooner's boat to ferry him across, which the captain cheerfully complied with, but while doing this neighborly act two prisoners of the crown jumped into the boat, armed to the teeth, and bound hand and foot the five persons therein, including Wigmore and the captain. After they boarded the schooner they destroyed the arms in the cabin, frightened the crew into obeying their slightest wish at the point of the carbine, made Wigmore write ashore stating *verbatim* what had happened—threatening instant death to those on board should an attempt from the shore be made to take them, ordered the captain to get underway for Port Philip, impressed three men who happened to pass alongside in a small boat, making about fifteen in all, whom they kept in constant fear by continually cocking their pistols before their eyes, and kept watch and watch all the way until they got inside the Heads, when they were landed by the schooner's boat; but the poor sailors who rowed them ashore have never been heard from. The next we hear of these desperate men is at Brighton, where they asked a man ploughing for his horses; but as he was rather dilatory in complying with their demands, one of them deliberately aimed his rifle at his breast and fired, the poor man dropping down, faintly articulating in his dying groans—

"My God—what have you shot me for?"

They then mounted the horses and started for the Bush, slaying and killing everything that opposed them. They waylaid a Mr. Clark on his station and shot down his gardener who came to his rescue, adding one more corpse to their list of victims. The mounted police took the scent at Brighton, and scoured the country, tracking the murderers by a bloody trail. In the hol-

low of an old tree, just off the road, they found the body of a man just killed, his hands tied, his ears cut off, and his face horribly mutilated. A little further on a hut had been robbed of provisions, and the inmates were too terrified to tell of the dreadful vision of the previous night. Onward pushed the troopers, the villains changing horses whenever they met with better steeds, still keeping ahead, and for a time they lost the trail, till coming up with an old house apparently deserted, you may imagine their surprise at finding therein *fourteen able bodied men bound hand and foot!* While releasing them and listening to the story of bloody threats thrown out by the convicts, a shot was heard out side, accompanied with a shrill cry, "the robbers are coming." Out rushed the police just in time to see Cadet Thompson shot through the lungs by a rifle ball. Not at all intimidated by the numbers of the police, these reckless bandits sprung boldly among them, striking and shooting right and left, and not until their ammunition failed them, after a most bloody encounter were they taken. One of them had four discharged revolvers on his person, besides his rifle!

After the capture, and while they were being brought down to Melbourne, they boasted of their past crimes. The catalogue is too frightful for belief. They stated that they had killed five men before leaving Van Diemen's Land, and, since that time, of murdering some ten or fifteen more! Their sole object seems to have been murder—or, in their own words, to make a "clean path." The least opposition to their demands resulted in the death of a human being.

The foregoing account of these desperate cut throats you will hardly credit, and I must say that had I not had a sight of them as they were taken to jail, and perused the records of the police court, I myself could hardly have credited the newspa-

per accounts. Their exploits go ahead of Dick Turpin in his palmiest days, and the romantic career of German and Italian bandits seems comparatively tame in connection with them. This subject has been and is now the principal topic of conversation. Many think the captain of the schooner was in the plot to get them off, that it were impossible for two men to take a vessel with a crew of *nine* sailors and five passengers, and keep so many people on the shore at bay. Many wish them to hang in chains, and others would torture them, in their indignation. Joachim in all his glory cannot equal the foolhardiness of such men, and fiction is exhausted by this tragedy of real life!

On Monday morning last three of the "lags" who shot into the escort were hung at the Melbourne jail, in the presence of thousands of the lower classes, making some eight or nine individuals that have been strung up since I have been in the colony, less than five months!

A short time after the execution on Monday, while passing down Great Bank street, what should I see but one of the dead bodies in the show window of a drinking saloon, decorated with flowers and ribbons!! What a disgusting sight! No wonder that the indignant legislature of this colony have hurled back the "convicts act amendment bill," which her majesty has once returned, believing in the supreme power of her prerogative. Mr. Latrobe will hardly dare to use the veto, when the feeling is so unanimous.

CHAPTER X.

MELBOURNE, November 7, 1853.

"LAST night the peaceful inhabitants of our quiet village were aroused from their midnight slumbers by the appalling cry of fire."

The above slip from a backwoods paper will exactly show you the peculiar position that our good people were placed in a few nights since. The fire was in Collins street, and in a very short time several worshippers at the synagogue were relieved of their heavy stock of goods. Some six or eight buildings were burnt and about half a million dollars worth of property destroyed. I mention this simply because it is the first fire we had since my arrival in the colony. It was exceedingly saddening to see the hard earned gains of the poor Jews so quickly scattered to the four winds of Heaven—but no looker-on from Brother Jonathan's domains was expected to control his mirth when watching the clumsy movements and puny efforts of the two or three *asthmatic* fire engines that were clustered together through the influence of the little *hand* alarm bell. It would have amused any one who has an appreciation of the ludicrous, to have been a spectator of the scene. Of course such an event as a fire in Melbourne must occasion a universal turnout. On the one side, all arranged with military exactness, were the governor and suite ; on the other you had the mayor and the whole corporation, while the mounted police were continually moving to and fro.

The machines were placed after much delay before the burning buildings, preparatory to the arrival of that most important element, the water—which was brought *in one or two water carts all the way from the river, each taking about two hundred gallons!* To empty and return again was their duty, while the engines in dispensing over the burning mass their quart pot full of Yarra, accomplished theirs!

I have seen a little boy's engine, which we used to have in Waltham, manned by a few "ten year olds," that would throw more water in one hour than they did here in the forenoon. Had there been any mud the whole street must have gone by the board, before these poor wretched insurance office concerns could wet their whistle. By and bye look out for a regular San Francisco leveler. The city is full of old tinder boxes, put up before the passing of the building act, and as the winds are sometimes perfectly fearful, and not an engine worthy the name in the whole place, nor a hook and ladder company, what is there to prevent our having a regular San Francisco fire? Some of the colonists present were completely thunder-struck when I told them how we should have managed on a similiar occasion. They could not understand the suction hose principle. This taking the water directly out of the river, and passing it along from one engine to another until it deluges the flames! Hunniman would do well, I have no doubt, to send out on spec, a couple of his far-famed tubs, two that were never "washed," calling one "Yarra Yarra"—the other the "Melbourne," coupled with some appropriate Yankee motto. If the authorities did not take them, it would be an easy matter to start volunteer companies among the Americans, who would quickly raise the needful, where there is such a fine opportunity of displaying

their talents of managing the "machines"—and knowing that the chocolate and coffee on such occasions are excellent!

The grand fancy ball came off with distinguished *eclat*. It was most creditable to the mayor, and will no doubt be the means of re-electing him. A few thousands judiciously spent on such occasions will do more to keep in office than all the speech-making in christendom! Some of the dresses were truly magnificent. Newport and Saratoga, or even the continent, would not be ashamed to admit them. Every possible nation, every distinguished character in history, every conceivable dress, was represented. I saw several beautiful military costumes, and in the morning report I observed that "Mr. and Mrs. Saunders appeared as a lady and gentleman of the *nineteenth century!*" while two or three were mentioned as being in the "anti-Bloomer costume." Now the aforementioned characters are all Greek to me; but will give you a good idea of Melbourne newspaper descriptions. There were but two American ladies present, Mrs. —— of Boston, and Mrs. —— of Cincinnati; the former as *Lady Rowena*, the latter as *Zuleika* in *Don Giovanni*. His excellency, who was present in full uniform, was exceedingly complimentary, and gave them the credit of being the belles of the room. As Mr. Latrobe is an old courtier, and consequently a ladies' man, he very likely told some forty others the same! Your correspondent appeared as Parthenia's friend and you can imagine how majestic he must have looked with his formidable whiskers and flowing locks, completely buried in skins and mail, as *Ingomar*, the barbarian.

CHAPTER XI.

MELBOURNE, December 6, 1853.

SINCE my last the Chusan has made her appearance with the September mail and sailed again. She made good time. Her news, to September 8, together with that brought by the Fly-away from New York, to August 21, has completely disheartened us. Since my arrival, the 20th May, our markets have been sick; but the fair prospect of a cessation in shipments has kept our spirits buoyant, and, by mutual consent, holders of goods *talked up* prices to a fair *nominal* figure, merely nominal, I must allow, for when there is no purchaser 'tis *rather* difficult to effect a sale. The business men in Melbourne have been living on hope, but the late advices from America and the mother country have made them all look as black as a thunder cloud! No wonder. Who could have believed it? Who for a moment could have thought of our far-sighted merchants sending goods enough here for a population of ten times ours? I sincerely believe that the whole shipping world is mad; for it does really seem stark lunacy the way they are going on in England, and I cannot say much more for the United States! With a population not exceeding 800,000 in all the colonies, we have been, are still receiving, and shall continue to receive goods for the next three months, for at least five millions of people! I believe that nothing will stop shipments to this country but a lithographic sketch of the Melbourne market in the shape of a Melbourne *account sales!* Nothing else will do it, I am confi-

dent. A peep at the books will stop them, if such a thing is possible.

Everybody supposed, and very reasonably too—that no shipments would be made to this country from the States from July to October. But the *fact* shows the *fallacy*.

The Australian gold fields have thrown the whole world in a speculating fever, which will not pass the crisis for many months; but when once the pulse beats regularly, the patient will be in good flesh and health for the commercial race of competition. Goods must be sacrificed, consignments thrown away, and many fortunes lost, many rich men made poor, before the poor man can be made rich in shipments to Australia!

I am willing to admit that I among the rest was carried away by the dazzling brilliancy of the Southern El Dorado. When I left Boston I was as much a victim to the excitement as any one, and built as many castles as the most sanguine, and who could help it after reading the *reports that were sent from this country twelve months ago.* Yes, I repeat, reports that went home from Melbourne and Sydney!—reports which the newspapers echoed far and wide, reports destructive to a legitimate commerce, and enervating the healthy working of trade!—reports made to catch the eye of every adventurer!—brief but insinuating, such as "*great scarcity*"—"*high prices*"—"*enormous consumption,*" and "*extraordinary demand.*" Reports which will be the means of ruining many a young house, who have embarked their all in this, for a short time "South Sea Bubble" of the nineteenth century!

Every day goes to convince me that advices went from this country last fall and winter that would give *facts* the *lie*—sent home for a special purpose!

Such accounts have led many into the trade that can ill

afford to sink so suddenly what little they had gained; but to all such I must give my sympathy, for I can well remember the fatal result of my first shipment of *onions* to Great Britain. I saw everybody shipping them, and believed a fortune was to be made, and I worked days, thought at my meals, and dreamt nights, until the bills of lading were signed at 2s 6d freight for *twenty five barrels silver skins*, marked T [in a diamond] to Liverpool, on board the good ship Washington Irving. They were picked by hand and packed in the cleanest of barrels, and coopered with scrupulous exactness, and paid for, from my clerkship salary, (I went without a new suit of Sundays all that summer). Those who have been shipping to Australia may form a slight idea of my anxiety about remittances and accounts. 'Twas awful suspense, my letter of instructions was carefully written, not a word too many, simply advising the *quality*, and using the words "prompt sales" and "prompt remittances." Four months went past, and I was about ordering *Menard* to prepare the aforesaid suit, when lo! a letter came. 'Twas sealed, and bore that well remembered stamp, B. B. & Co. I broke the seal, I saw the words "dull market," "regret," "perishable article"—and *debit* of £3 17s 9d! That was my first and last shipment of *onions* to Liverpool! I stopped the order for the coat, and practiced economy until Richard was all right once more.

A continual nightmare has been hanging over our market for the last six months, and now all hands having started shipments again, the monster stares at us more ferociously than ever.

I know of no instance in commercial history where so large a business has been transacted without any reliable information. California was different, and even there first shipments were disastrous, and later ones not much better. Notwithstanding

the enormous quantities of gold which the mines have given up, I have no doubt from the heavy shipments there California is still indebted to her sister states.

We have often known business men to enter a joint stock company in the dark, and book themselves for a few hundred shares on the recommendation of a friend. No matter from how far off they see their dividend; but 'tis very seldom you find the practical merchant entering largely into a commercial transaction of any magnitude in a foreign country without some data upon which to base his calculation; but we must certainly allow that the Australian trade has been an exception. The United States was early in the field, and has plunged headlong into the speculation without even sufficient geographical knowledge to locate the country. It is no usual thing to find bills of lading signed to "Port Philip, with the privilege of Adelaide or Sydney," just as if those places were as near each other as Boston and Charlestown! and I have seen letters directed in the most fantastic way, such as "Melbourne, near Victoria," and "Port Philip, New South Wales;" and one had simply "Australia," in addition to the name of the individual. But there is nothing like experience. The trade will grow, and America will be a strong competitor with England in provisions and "notions" of all kinds.

CHAPTER XII.

MELBOURNE, December 16, 1853.

You will be surprised to see how fast this place is becoming *Americanized.* Go where you will, from Sandridge to Bendigo, from the "Ovens" to Balaarat, you can but note some indication of the indomitable energy of our people. "Hang a coffee bag in that place noted for the warmth of its temperature and the morals of its inhabitants, and a Yankee will be sure to find it," says some observer of our national character!

The true American defies competition and laughs sneeringly at impossibilities. He don't believe in the word, and is prepared to show how meaningless it is. It is not an unusual thing to hear the movers of some undertaking that has been dragging its slow carcase along, remark:—"If you want to have the jetty finished, you must let the Americans take hold of it;" and sure enough they have obtained the contract to complete the Hobson's Bay Railroad Pier, and our countrymen mechanics invariably receive the preference.

A mail or two since I wrote you about the *Tittlebat* appearance of the Melbourne fire brigade at the late fire in Collins street, and suggested the propriety of your sending us out a Boston tub or two, just for aggravation sake. Hardly had my letter cleared the Heads before we had another scorcher, more furious than the first, burning down some half-dozen buildings in Flander's lane. The Americans could not endure it any longer, and on the spot determined to volunteer their services

for the public good. It was too much for our weak nerves to see the reckless destruction of property, simply for want of a suitable engine. The next morning our paper was started and *sixteen thousand dollars* subscribed in less time than it takes to perform the Episcopal service, for the purchasing of the suitable apparatus for a thoroughly efficient fire department under the volunteer system. After all the American houses had contributed their fifty pounds, the paper was passed round among the "merchants of all nations," who gladly gave us a helping hand. The enclosed *scrip* from the Argus will show you that this is no flash in the pan, but a genuine go ahead affair. A committee has been appointed to wait upon his excellency, with a brief outline of our system of managing such affairs, and to request the government to furnish us with engine houses, &c., if it met with his sanction and approval. A meeting will be called to hear the report of said committee, and if favorable, the orders for the engines will be sent forthwith.

As most of the Atlantic States are represented here by mercantile houses, there is quite a difference of opinion about where, and by whom said machinery shall be made—some say Boston, (and I most respectfully would intimate that I am one of that number, having for many years a most religious belief in the superiority of that city over many others for clipper ships, clipper mechanics, clipper engines, clipper scholars and clipper merchants!) Some say New York, others, Philadelphia, while one or two believe in Baltimore. To settle the question, we may have to draw from each, an engine for competition sake,—each maker will then be striving to excel, and we shall accordingly get the best "mer-chines."

This movement will show you that the Americans are not asleep.

A few day since I was trying my *veil*, preparatory for the cloud of dust that sweeps along Collins street, between Queen's and Swanston, when my old eyes were made glad by the appearance of a real old Boston water cart in full operation. The streets were being watered, and 'twas amusing to see the astonished natives on each side gaping incredulously at the watering machine. No wonder, poor benighted race. It was something they never dreamed of; they could not understand how that water, which they were paying two dollars a cask for, should be scattered up and down the street. One man, more intelligent than the rest, had presence of mind enough to climb up on the wheel and tell the driver, amid a shout from the knowing ones, that the water was all leaking out of his cart!

On inquiry, I found that an *American* was watering the street on subscription. I noticed one spot in the middle of the street as dusty as ever, while either side was carefully sprinkled. It seems that the occupant of the store adjoining declined paying for the luxury, so the driver stopped just before, and commenced sprinkling again just after having passed his door!

A company of American Californians have started a line of passenger wagons, (American, of course, made at Concord)—to Bendigo; another party have two teams running from Geelong to Balaarat; and some Cape Cod folks are doing a good business with some Yankee coaches between Sandridge and Melbourne.

There are about one hundred New York buggy wagons in and about the city, mostly owned by Englishmen, who for a long time could not believe that the tiny spokes and slender wheels and springs were sufficiently strong to carry their weight! They are much delighted with the covered buggies, and well

they may be, for the sun comes down most scorchingly upon those who sport a "dog cart!"

Some two or three Americans are engaged in catching fish, some forty miles from town, for this market; another party are cutting firewood at the Heads, on speculation—while Moss is selling American ice at the Criterion at fifty cents a-pound.

American timber shuts out the colonial; and American mining tools have already displaced the English.

American *liquors stand no chance* here—but the American drinks are very popular, and now having exercised the peculiar privilege of an American in saying what he can of his countrymen, permit me to wish you and your readers as many happy returns of the new year as it may be pleasant for you and them to enjoy.

CHAPTER XIII.

MELBOURNE, January 1, 1854.

WE take no note of time, although time takes notes of us. Twelve months ago I should as soon have thought of occupying a pulpit in Timbuctoo as a counting house in the antipodes. Give me Liverpool with its dense fogs and rains, or Boston with its easterly winds, to this *infernal* region, for a hotter place than Melbourne at this season of the year I hope I may never locate in. While you are luxuriating in furs and fires, drinking mulled wine at Porter's and sleighing on the Neck, I, poor devil, am wearing away an unhappy new year in imbibing luke warm Yarra-yarra, and in endeavoring to catch a breath of fresh air amid the clouds of dust that always accompany the hot winds.

Here I am, sans ice, sans fruit, sans everything but the blues, the Australian indigo blues! Who can help it, when suffocating with heat, eaten up with flies, and choking with dust?

The fruits, bah!—the meanest farm down east would eclipse the whole colony in eatables. Twenty-five cents for a little dried up peach! two dollars for a quart of cherries! and fifty cents for a *seed* cucumber!—shades of the Pilgrims, protect us from such a *dessert*, where the only fruits known are the emu and the kangaroo. Give me the rainy season, with all its mud and dampness, rather than this pestilential, fire scorching, dust-choking sirocco, which almost drives me mad. The country far and wide is parched with the intense heat, and the few cattle are

dying for food and water ;—and I believe, in spite of assertions to the contrary, that this is a fair specimen of an Australian summer. Sydney's work on this country and Martin's Colonies are precious gems to guide the unsuspecting.

Herewith is the report of the select committee on the constitution. I send it to you believing that politically as well as commercially you are anxious to hear from us. The document, for an English colony, is decidedly democratic, although many of its clauses have a tinge of the opposite color.

The parliament of Victoria, by this paper, is to be invested in two houses, the legislative council and the house of assembly, the veto resting in her most gracious majesty, through her royal representative the governor, the former to be wholly elective, consisting of twenty-five members, whose term of office is ten years—the colony to be divided into five electoral districts, each sending five members, whose qualification for office must be a free-hold of £10,000, and a British born subject of thirty years of age.

Now this is what I consider perfectly absurd, this bolstering up in such a freak of fortune country as Australia—the money qualification—this placing gold against brains. How few great minds would have ornamented our senate, had it required $50,000 to give them a seat !

Wealth, in my opinion, has weight enough already with the masses without pushing it forward by a statute regulation. The clause making a man British born will of course shut out all the Shields' and Soules ! Away with ambition, ye political outsiders, for ye are not permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the house of lords ! We may expect to see no Pitts in that arena, for a legislative councilor must be thirty years of age. 'Twas a *young* poet that said—

"Man at thirty thinks himself a fool"—

and is pretty sure of it at forty, &c.

I suppose the committee thought it would be too American to call the upper house the *senate*. There's dignity in that name; it has a Roman sound, and calls to mind the giant intellects, Clay, Calhoun, Webster. I have seen none here worthy to touch the hem of their garments, none that bear the stamp of statesmen. Do note the qualifications for electors to this august body! I forbear commenting.

The house of assembly holds a member only three years, every 200 electors giving one member—colony divided into counties, and the large counties into ridings; qualification for said office, £2000 free-hold, and British born subject, or seven years' naturalization. This will give you a glance at the much talked of constitution. Liberal in many things, supremely ridiculous in others, most likely it will be modified. The diggers have a word to say; they are independent dogs, and are ready at anytime for a shindy.

Pardon me if my brevity is saddening—if my pen is dressed in the sombre garb of mourning, for within two short hours I have seen consigned to a dark and dismal grave the breathless forms of two young men. I have but just returned from the new cemetery, and the funeral rites and grave-yard reflections still occupy my thoughts. Mr. Hammatt, a young American, of Bangor, Me, and Wallen, a young Englishman, long residing in Philadelphia, have gone to their long home; and distant friends will join me in shedding a tear for the fate of those two youths, of fair prospects and good name, who wandered so far away for gold and found a grave!

Young Hammatt came passenger in the Plymouth Rock, and brought me a letter of introduction from Mr. George McLel-

lan, of the Boston custom house. He has been battling with fortune at the gold fields, and for many a long day has been drooping with that ruthless destroyer, consumption, brought on, no doubt, by exposure in the mines and the mutability of the climate. He died at Sandridge, where his companions from Bangor did all they could to smooth his dying pillow. But yet he was far away from home, no loving mother, no gentle sister, no relative, none near and dear to soothe his fading moments and hold the taper that lights the dreary pathway to the tomb!

Death at the antipodes! 'Tis hard, 'tis very hard to die so far from home and kindred, and most saddening to witness robust youth, so full of blissful hope and happiness, linger away and die in a strange land, surrounded with none of the luxuries of home! Not even a clergyman who understands the meaning of sympathy! for the *cold formality of the written prayer* seems so professional, in comparison with the gentle flowers that a New England preacher strews over the coffin lid, where words of consolation settle on the mind, it were almost mockery to listen to it. 'Tis most melancholy to witness the proceedings of an Australian funeral! An American dies, and even though a stranger, is followed to the tomb by his fellow countrymen. I am proud to record this kindred feeling, this noble sympathy, this love of country. It was an unusual sight to the old colonists to witness so many American buggy wagons in a funeral train!

Young Wallen has been here about twelve months, and from his strong and athletic constitution you would hardly have pronounced him an early victim to the fell destroyer. He was all life and energy, and very popular in his social and business relations. He was engaged to a young lady in Philadelphia, and has only waited for the return of his father from the States to

go for his fair bride. Alas! the dark border of the funeral note will throw a shade of sadness over that young heart which many months and years of weeping memories cannot dispel!

The funeral ceremony was peculiarly national. A printed notice was sent to all the friends, gloves and long crape badges were provided for all present, and in an adjoining room a table was profusely spread with cake and wine! The hearse was decorated with white plumes, illustrative of youth, and the church service was as chill as the atmosphere and *no ladies* attended the funeral.

"In the midst of life we are in death"

CHAPTER XIV.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., March 1st, 1854.

YOU will never fully appreciate the beauty of the introductory remarks to Meagher's lecture on Australia till you have passed Sydney Heads and dropped your anchor in the clear blue waters of Port Jackson. The Heads present a most imposing appearance, towering as they do so many hundred feet above the surface of the water, one enormous mass of scraggy rock, out of which the immortal chisel of the creator had cut a narrow gateway for the convenience of the world, so small the aperture and so bold the coast, even Cook, the adventurous navigator, lost sight of it and steered his bark in the afterwards far-famed, only in a name, Botany Bay! But the sailor at the mast-head saw the placid waters of Sydney a few miles inland, and thus the harbor was discovered before its entrance.

From Port Philip to Port Jackson the coast presents a most singular aspect, the whole country bearing the impress of inundation. Much as has been said about the dangerous navigation between Melbourne and Sydney, for my part I should think the underwriter's risk much greater on our Atlantic border, or in making many of the ports of Britain. The coast is well marked, and in fair weather your course is briefly told; you need not hug the land, but make your distance from point to point. But when you encounter one of the dense fogs, or get brought up by a genuine "southerly buster," look out for breakers, for they are always rattling along the shore. I saw the rock where the

ill starred "Monumental City" buried so many of her victims, and, as you gaze, your fancy is busy with the distressing scenes it pictures, and you think you hear the wail of drowning misery.

Our passage was a brilliant one, and by it the "Golden Age" has placed her competitors a long way in the distance. With a fair wind the best time ever made from Heads to Heads by experimental steamships was 51 hours, while we have done the distance in 43 with the wind dead-ahead, and Capt. Porter is confident that English coal and favorable weather will shortly bring it inside of 40 hours! It was a novel sight to the good people in Sydney to witness our enormous proportions, for the quick report of the brass gun brought hundreds to the view. The upper saloon, the massive walking beam, the great height of the top hammer from the water, and the peculiar model of the long black hull without a bowsprit, were severally the topics of comment and surprise. But the picturesque appearance of the bay, studded with so many miniature villas and so much natural beauty, was much more novel and interesting to me.

I have never seen nor have I ever read of any place in the world that can compare with it. It seems as though nature had concentrated on the border of her water-works the combined loveliness of a long range of inland scenery.

The hurry and whirl of a new city swelling its commercial boundaries almost to bursting, the rapid change of shaky wood and tottering composition to substantial stone and mortar, the busy stir and the quick step of a Melbourne life, had entirely driven from my memory the fact that Sydney is over half a century old; and not till I had observed in some portions of it a strong resemblance of English Chester and Scotch Edinburgh, did I realize that the town is almost as old as our constitution. Go where you will throughout this fine old place, you see the

unmistakable stamp of England and the English. You forget when witnessing the snug domains and classic cottages which ornament its environs, and the home look of the wealthy citizen, that you are so far from the mother country, much farther (if you measure distance by mails) than the star of the Pacific—California.

Like Boston, Sydney has little uniformity in its streets. Their irregularity is as puzzling as are those everlasting squares in Philadelphia. Some of the principal thoroughfares were kept very tidy, while in others I was forced to walk in the *gutter*—being the only clean place I could find!

The city cannot well be hid, from the simple fact of its being built upon a hill, and we need never look for its fall, as it is founded on a rock. The whole site is one massive quarry of sand stone, in many places towering some fifty to one hundred feet above the surface. 'Tis very convenient to get sufficient material from your foundation to construct your entire building.

Some of the buildings now being erected in George street are choice specimens of architecture. The Bank of New South Wales for instance, and the Commercial Bank are both great ornaments to the city. These institutions can well afford the immense outlay, for Australia banking is a eureka mine to stockholders. The stranger is particularly struck with surprise when the cabman tells him that the cathedral, now about half finished, was commenced a quarter of a century ago! You can hardly credit it, but such is the fact. It was a magnificent undertaking but too heavy for the purse of its projectors. They are still at work upon it, and posterity may yet hear the man of God hold forth beneath its sacred roof. I believe that several sums have been left by those in the parish to help along its completion, but it will be a long time I fear before annuities finish it;

for well wishers must die rapidly, or the foundation will decay ere the roof is prepared.

There are several other unfinished churches in Sydney, commenced in 1842, the panic year, when the strongest houses snapped like a wish-bone, and business was laid upon the shelf.

The private equipages here entirely eclipse our Victoria capitol. I saw several superb liveries. England is copied in this respect, for the footman and the lackey wear the breeches and the boots. The public conveyances are much superior to those in Melbourne, many of them being formerly private carriages.

CHAPTER XV.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., March 2, 1854,

IN my last I confined myself within the borders of the city, now I propose to wander over and about its environs, and to give you a bird's eye view of Botany Bay, South Heads and Parramatta, the three principal excursions from the metropolis, all of which will cater to your enjoyment when you visit Sydney; for they are as attractive in their beauty, and bear the same relation to the place, as our *suburban rides*, to the village of the pilgrims.

Botany Bay has become a proverb, a bugbear in parliamentary debates, a demon in the nursery, no matter how rapid the march of intellect, no matter what other penal prison may be patronized, Botany Bay has too firm a hold upon the mind to die away. When in earnest argument, or in general conversation where crime is the topic, and you don't wish to send the criminal to the place where they don't rake up fire nights, you immediately procure him a passage to Botany Bay. And yet, singular as it may seem, there is nothing in it or about it that shocks the sense, or jars the feelings of the most delicate tourist. Captain Cook christened it for the foliage and the plants, and the first convict ship cast anchor in its silent waters. Hence the name, and hence the association, a medal sunk in the rock is all the reminder you have of Cook, and a small white monument informs you that *La Perouse* was seen on the spot for the

last time. Like Sir John Franklin, and Leichhardt, none knew the place or the manner of his death.

Not a building is to be seen upon the sea shore, save the hotel, which is the Gretna Green of Sydney, the Rockland House of Boston. The shore has a barren look when not shaded with the trees, and a small jetty extending some hundred feet into deeper water, is the only indication of an "hereditary *peerage*." The grounds about the house are very beautiful and the garden is filled with the choicest flowers, but what was most interesting to me was a good view of the birds and beasts of Australia. The emu resembles the ostrich, and runs with great speed. There were three or four of these birds running about the yard as tame as turkeys. Their great size and awkward gait attracted as much notice as did the clumsy lounging movements of the kangaroos. It is amusing to watch the movements of these peculiarly constructed quadrupeds. A kangaroo hunt is most exciting, but it is soon ended, for the steady pull of the well trained hound tells upon the long legged, long leaping jumper, and while the fox under such circumstance seeks his hole, the kangaroo turns at bay and the sharp horny claw on the hind feet does fearful execution on a pack of hounds.

The black swan resembles the white in most respects save its color, and the native deer takes to the water as naturally as this bird.

Birds of every species were to be seen about the house and in the grounds; and in a menagerie adjoining were several animals from the Indies, among which was a beautiful Bengal tiger. Among the birds the cock-a-too pleased me the most; it is easily tamed, and talks with much fluency, saying "pretty cocky" as plainly as a human voice. Botany Bay is short of ten miles from the city, and I think it the pleasantest seashore retreat in the country.

South Heads are studded with the lighthouse and the telegraphic station, and you reach them over a good macadamized road of seven or eight miles, the labor of the early convicts. The view from the summit is most imposing, and covers the country far inland, the whole scenery of the beautiful bay, the picturesque aspect of the scattered shipping, and the classic situation of Sydney itself. Besides which you have a splendid prospect all along the border of the ocean and far out to sea. It requires some nerve to look down the cliff, which overhangs the water; its great height is enough to make a sailor giddy.

Returning we passed Wentworth's Place, which is situated close upon the bay, a romantic retreat for the Australian statesman. Among the thousand and one trees that line the roadside I discovered nothing familiar to the gaze, all seem different from those in our part of the world, not even a shrub did I detect, save a specimen of the common *brake*, that I ever saw in the United States.

Parramatta derives its name from the river, and is some fifteen miles from Sydney. Through the politeness of Captain Fitzroy, A. D. C., and son of the governor general, our party was provided with a lunch at the government house there. A gallant little steamer took us up the river, which gave us a fine view of the country round about, and carriages had been provided to bring us back inland.

In Sir George Gipp's day the government property at Parramatta was in thorough repair and the grounds were most tastefully arranged, but under the present administration they have been sadly neglected. The town is very English, and appeared to me very much as Thorpe did to Mr. Mountford. Nash's Hotel is much better arranged and kept than many of those in Sydney.

I saw the progress the directors had made with the Parramatta railroad, and should suppose that the Pacific line will be completed before this road has passed its youthful days.

A locomotive whistle in Australia will be an era in the nation's progress, and time will be dated from that day! Wake up ye Sydney people, or Melbourne will take the bread from your mouths! The young giant is already boasting of his strength, and your natural position will not offset his energy—*socially* ye are a hospitable community, but *commercially* ye do not keep up with the age in which ye live.

Government and enterprise have done little for Sydney,—nature, everything. I fear now it is too late; the rival of Port Philip is attracting the gaze of the whole world, and I point you to the shipping for the truth of my assertion.

Sydney is the oldest, but not the most progressive of the mother country's Australian children; she is the oldest and has been the most favored, for she is the head of which the others are the body.

The commander of the forces and the governor general are quartered here, but how long they will remain is a question we will answer later on.

I should not be at all surprised to hear that Melbourne is to be the centre. She deserves it, her population, her commercial greatness, her geographical position, demand it.

CHAPTER XVI.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., March 7, 1854.

WHERE you meet with one ship in Port Jackson you will see a dozen in Hobson's Bay. The whaling fleet have *cut* the place —for it would never answer to touch Australia in the *golden age*, for Jack would be off to the diggins! Everything is changed in that respect. No *convicts* are employed now in the coasting trade, as formerly—you must get your sailors where you can.

The port seems to have been selected as a hospital for disabled steamships, the Adelaide, one of the A. R. M. S. S. Co.'s boats, has been lying here for a six month—a bad investment for a new steamship. The captain abandoned her, but the underwriters kicked, and Captain Henderson has been sent out by the owners to get her home, if possible. I hope he will succeed with the old tub. The pioneer Cunarder is also here, the old Unicorn, which Captain Wood sold for Messrs Howland & Aspinwall for about $25,000.

The Tasmania (the East Boston old "Rajah Wallah,") is also another lame duck I can see anchored in the stream. But what American ships are those just under the stern of the Golden Age, bearing the English flag? 'Pon my soul, they are the old Boston packet ships *Washington Irving* and *Anglo-American*, the pioneers of Train's line, that were sold in London some two years since! I saw them at Melbourne when I arrived last May; now here they are at Sydney, they must have made

quick trips to England. Although you have built the Sovereign of the Seas and the Great Republic, you have no reason to be ashamed of your old acquaintances, Mr. McKay. The Washington Irving still holds the name, but the Anglo-American flourishes under the more supercilious *soubriquet* of "Arrogant." The brilliant author of the Hudson, of whom we all feel so proud, will be pleased to hear that his namesake is still alive, and, that although she unfurls another flag, she supports her honors with a good grace.

Off "Capt. Town's" wharf some twelve or fifteen old whale ships are laid up in regular line, the squadron's christened "rotten row." He buys them at auction, and lays them aside, he says, for rainy days. He is confident that sailor's wages will fall, and that a good business will spring up at some future day to bring them into use.

There is a beautiful little steamer, yclept the "Fairy Queen," that plies across the bay, a perfect Tom Thumb of a boat, whose counterpart you will only find in the classic waters of Loch Katrine.

The tide falls some six feet, and deep water berths are as thick as wealthy convicts.

Mr. Williams, the fifteen years United States consul, removed under Fillmore and re-appointed under Pierce, has a pleasant place at Balmain. He stands well in the community, and, although he has married an Australian lady, his feelings are American.

Mr. Clark resides at the "Glebe," and entertains in Chesterfield style. Woolloomoolob and the Glebe are the Roxbury and Brookline of Sydney. What a pity they did not introduce a few more o's in the former name.

To-morrow we leave for Melbourne, and the "Golden Age"

has a fair freight list and a good number of passengers. As promised, I touch off one more squib, and leave the place with my impressions.

I need not say that I was much prejudiced against Sydney when I arrived here, for I had heard of the strange treatment that the Americans receive from the English. Gossip had made me familiar with Mr. Raymond's case, and I thought you could see which way the wind was by straws! He was most unfortunate in having one of the vigilance committee, who was instrumental in sending back several who had arrived in San Francisco as captain of the "New Orleans," and that, together with the loss of the "Monumental City," creating no small sensation, and the republishing in Sydney, from a California paper, that ill-fated letter which Mr. Raymond's friend so imprudently gave to the press, all tended to increase the feeling of distrust and prejudice. But this is fast dying away;—America and Australia are too intimately connected in their commercial relations to allow illiberal views on either side to spring up and check their progress.

I say that I was not prepossessed with the people or the place when I arrived, but now at my departure I see the injustice of my conclusions.

If I am to judge by the hospitality our party has received during our ten days visit from every quarter, I should put Sydney against the world for courtesy.

Sir Charles Fitzroy, the governor general of all the colonies, is a plump John Bull of the free and easy school;—a gentleman whose hospitality extends over a wide circle of his friends. He is a *bon vivant* in its literal sense, and is as good a judge of claret or Burgundy as you will find in the colony. He has held the reins of government some six or seven years with Dea-

Thompson for his premier, a man of strong mind and well read. It is understood that an India appointment would exactly touch the wishes of his excellency, but, as he is somewhat advanced in years, I doubt if he obtains one. Captain Porter gave him a quiet lunch on board the "Golden Age," and he returned the compliment by inviting our party to dine with him, a courtesy much more marked from the fact of his detaining the "Calliope," government vessel which he was about embarking in for the new settlement a day or two to carry out his intentions.

We had a delightful time at the government house, a building which shames its namesake in Melbourne. Twenty-two of us sat down to the table loaded with the luxuries of the day, and from the rapidity with which the plates were changed, you would imagine yourself in the *Hotel de Paris!*

Sir Charles acted the host to perfection, having a kind word for all. In the evening we saw the *élite* of Sydney, and as the lackey announced name after name, some of them ringing with titles, I thought that Sydney boasted a society that Melbourne never dreamed of!

But to me the lions of the evening were William Wentworth and his opponent Darvall. They seemed to me the shining lights in that brilliant assembly. I felt that I knew them both, for I had but just read the exciting debates on the new constitution, where these two orators were the Hayne and Webster of the day.

There he stood, the tall herculean frame, the hard weather-beaten visage, the American constitution-hater, Wentworth!—the giant intellect of New South Wales, the Tom Benton of the legislature—for he has been eloquent for thirty years in the councils of his country. He leaves in the Chusan for England, to push his *nominee* constitution down the throats of the minis-

try, and through the legislative stomach of the English parliament! But it may not go down, Mr. Wentworth! Parliament will reject the titled pill, Mr. Wentworth, which you have so carefully prepared; and what will be the result, Mr. Wentworth? The puzzled ministry will say here's a pretty pickle! New South Wales asks for a *nominee* upper house! Victoria says, give me an *elective* chamber!—and South Australia wants neither one nor the other. Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand will shortly be "knocking at the door, let me in," with an entirely different proposition. Now what shall we do but send them all back to form a *federal* government *a la America*, the centre of which will be Melbourne? *Vive le Australia!*

But I am wandering again from Sir Charles's guests, and Mr. Wentworth begs to introduce me to his friend (?) Mr. Darvall, "whose sentiments are more congenial to mine." We thank you, Mr. Darvall, for upholding American institutions. You have gallantly defended us from Mr. Wentworth's cut-throat stabs. How nicely you riddled his argument, how ingeniously you showed up the fallacy of his logic! That repartee on *his namesake*—one of the early governors of the Granite State, was a capital hit; and the way you handled the slave question, the Baltimore riot among the printers in 1812, and the double election senate, did you credit. You have now our admiration, Mr. Darvall; and when you visit the United States you will find a room already engaged for you. Permit me to introduce to you Sir Charles Nicholson, the speaker of the legislative council, the provost of the university, and the owner of the largest and finest library in the colony. He is a wealthy bachelor of the old school, and is noted for his kindness to our countrymen. He speaks familiarly of Wilkes and Ringgold,

and other officers of our government, whom he has entertained in Sydney.

We met Professor Bell and Dr. Wooley, of the ministry, at his hospitable table—for he is a patron of *belles lettres*. Those I met spoke highly of his excellency; and from what I can gather, Sydney, the Australian writer, told the truth when he said you would seldom find "a better governor than this good-natured, ball-giving, George-the-Fourth style of Fitzroy." Government House is a splendid building, and you will have to go to England to find another such a park. The early governors must have lived in style; and Sir Charles, before the death of his wife, must have had something of a court on his presidential salary of $25,000 per year. His sons are gay birds, and in reputation have almost astonished their illustrious predecessor.

CHAPTER XVII.

MELBOURNE, July 16, 1854.

THE last time I had the pleasure of taking you by the hand in your editorial *sanctum* you requested me to give you an inkling of Australia, its commerce and its people, and you also wanted an occasional gossipping note of general news,—you have had both. Since the time I made Point Nepean, more than a year ago, I have jotted down such items as came beneath my notice and passed them over to you with my impressions of the day. My object has been to give you a fair, impartial view of life in the Southern Ocean, and to comply with the oft-repeated request of many kind and dear acquaintances in my native city, (whose friendship I prize far more than all the glittering dust of Bendigo or the precious "nuggets" of Balaarat,) who begged of me to write them something of this peculiar land, so far famed for its *bunyip* productions of the animal and vegetable kingdom!

Whether I have succeèded or have only laid myself open to *invidious* remarks, you are best informed. If my gossip has proved of interest to some few of the many whose attention has been turned towards the Victorian gold-fields, I am satisfied; if not, I am willing to "cut the painter?" My evenings and the seventh day of the week are all my own; my days belong to the sterner cares of business. My first mercantile lesson for-

bade *private* correspondence in *business* hours; and I assure you I have never broken the precept or forgotten the preceptor.

Having thus "defined my position" for the benefit of "whom it may concern," permit me to say that a year's experience beneath an Australian sun has not made an Englishman of me, and I doubt if a lifetime in the colony could allure from me my passport as an American, as one of the glorious many!

Give me *leased* property and citizenship, to *freehold* and alienation.

Twelve months experience in Melbourne during the memorable years of 1853 and '54 will prepare one to raise his shingle in *Japan*, open an ice-cream saloon in the African desert, form a copartnership in Patagonia, or attempt any enterprise, however hazardous! 'Tis experience dearly bought, but valuable when in possession. San Francisco with its rotting importations is no counterpart to this remarkable port. The millions sunk there may exceed the enormous sums buried here, but there will always be a wide difference between the two places—as wide as between the *cash* and *credit* system!

If we can judge by our recent advices from California, this country is far the largest consumer, and will prove herself the fairest mark for the speculative shipper. Do you doubt it? Look at the figures. *Australian imports last year reached the enormous sum of eighty-five millions of dollars!* and the imports into this colony reach three hundred dollars a head to each man, woman, and child in Victoria! Can you point to me in the whole range of commercial history another such a statement? No, the world never saw the parallel! Is not then a country that can stand alone under such a staggering load worthy the attention of the emigrant and the shipper? and now you have the statistics can you wonder why our markets reached this sick-

ening level, and have proved so disastrous to the early adventurer? At one time *six hundred* ships in Hobson's Bay, deep loaded with valuable cargoes, all clamoring to be discharged—and no lighters, no drays, no warehouses, no wharves, no conveniences of any kind! Do you not then pity the pioneers in the trade, who, while they have been borne down by cares and perplexities which no other place can equal—begging here and there a little storage, and trusting Tom, Dick and Harry in their endeavors to make sales, who, while they have gone through the fire and smoke of the Australian furnace, are obliged to shoulder the censure and bear the blame of stagnant markets and unfortunate speculations?

But now a brighter day has dawned, and once more we are blessed with a clear sky and a brighter prospect. Remember that while our *imports* have startled the world, our *exports* are not beneath your notice. Remember that from January, 1853, to January, 1854, we shipped *one hundred tons of gold!*—and from the commencement of the present year to date, over *fifty tons of the precious dust have been sent abroad!* So you may safely put down our gold product at *one hundred tons per annum* as the official statement, not including the large quantities in the hands of passengers!

Fifty millions of dollars will answer for an annual capital, and if any one doubts it, it will guarantee our solvency!

The average production for the last three months exceeds the same period last year by some ounces, and a larger emigration of able bodied miners would very much increase that quantity. We are now in an excellent position for a healthy trade. There are plenty of warehouses now, and lighters and drays and wharves are fully equal to the demand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MELBOURNE, July 23, 1854.

LAST evening I had the pleasure of sitting down at the Criterion to a grand feast, given by his countrymen, to the patriot statesman William Smith O'Brien, and his companions in exile, Martin and O'Dougherty. Our countrymen have shown a warm sympathy in these poor exiles, and I know there are many who will be glad to hear a word about these martyrs to a glorious cause! There are thousands of whole-souled Irishmen, commencing with the distinguished senator from Illinois, citizens of the United States, who will be glad to welcome to our shores this illustrious man!

The meeting was most enthusiastic, cheer after cheer rang through the densely crowded hall. When O'Brien rose to respond to the toast of the evening, never have I witnessed such a demonstration; cheering and clapping of hands and stamping of feet!—the wine glasses rattled, the windows shook, and the whole building seemed to tremble with the raised voices of a hundred and fifty jolly Irishmen!

'Twas a proud moment for the orator; he seemed deeply affected, and his emotions choked his utterance, for a time; but untying his cravat and unbuttoning his shirt collar, he thanked them with a true and earnest thankfulness for their kind welcome. He met them socially, he could not, he would not touch on politics. His freedom had come to him unsolicited; never, said he, have I attempted to escape, although I have had

many opportunities, for I would never acknowledge that I was a criminal, but I do not censure in the least my compatriots who are in America. I counseled Mr. Mitchel to do so, and I consider him stainless in point of honor, but there is one thing that it pains me to know, and that is the position which he has taken in regard to slavery. I am sorry for this, and cannot understand it; but so far as his escape is concerned, his honor is as pure as my own. Just so is it with my friend Mr. Meagher, a young man of great and sterling promise. I understand that he is about to become a citizen of that glorious country, the United States of America. Should he do so I predict that he will do honor to that kind hearted people who have shown so much sympathy for those poor refuges who bore the curse of English tyranny and injustice. He (Mr. O. B.) here became much excited, and related the causes of his banishment, and spoke of the trials he had endured in Tasmania, branded as he was as a common felon. He spoke feelingly of his country, and advised his countrymen to emigrate to America, there they were men, at home, serfs. Even now I am not permitted to visit my native soil. I am free to come when I please, reads my reprieve, but cannot touch the shores of Britain. His sentiments are unchanged. For five years they have tried his courage, and for five years he has been true.

Mr. O'Brien spoke kindly of his friends who shared his prison walls, and seemed grateful to all who have befriended him. He could not say too much about America, and concluded his remarks by proposing her prosperity and welfare.

He is about fifty years of age, and is a fine looking man. He is a parliamentary speaker, having been a long time in the house of Commons. He is of noble family and high connections, and is a gentleman of handsome property. For no selfish reason,

or for any private purpose but his country's welfare, he entered the arena of revolution. He failed, internal causes prevented his success, a packed jury convicted him of high treason, and he was banished for life! His cause was a just one. The cankering worm of English misrule was destroying his unhappy country when he threw himself into the excitement of the day!

Our land is broad and beautiful, and our institutions show the healthy growth of self-government. Ireland is rich in her internal resources, but mismanagement has made her poor.

Martin seems to avoid politics, but is bitter against his oppressors. He is also a man of wealth and good estates in Ireland. They wait his return, and must wait five years more, for his parole does not permit him to return to his native land until his sentence has expired. He is a middle aged man, with a noble but melancholy face; he has no pretensions to eloquence. O'Dougherty is about 30, and is also a fine looking man. He has studiously pursued his profession as a medical student, while at Hobart Town; and it is his purpose now to return to Paris to finish his education.

O'Brien goes to Belgium, where his family are to meet him. Martin also goes to the continent, and I believe they all go by this overland mail. They probably will not visit America for a year or two, but I doubt if they ever enter again among the useless agitations of their country. Long exile seems to have saddened their lives and crushed their spirits. Wherever they breathe the air of free government they will be welcome, and I can only wish that they may receive as cordial a welcome wherever they may go as Mr. O'Shaughnessy and their countrymen have given them here! Addresses and substantial presents have been showered upon them both here and in Geelong. They

stop at Dr. Motherwell's, a warmhearted Irishman, of large practice, and many friends.

The Golden Age on the 5th of May bore away our old governor, Charles Joseph Latrobe, Esquire, and the Queen of the South, on the 21st of June, brought us our new one, Sir Charles Hotham, K. C. B. The Hon. John Foster, the colonial secretary, was "the officer administering the government" in the interim. The reign of Charles the First terminated with the departure of the former vessel, while that of Charles the Second commenced on the arrival of the latter, King John (as he is called by the Argus) filling up the blank with all the honors, but none of the titles of the office.

Mr Latrobe has many warm friends here among the squatters, but he was not a man of the people. Throughout the colony of Victoria you find no great public enterprise stamped with his name. He was a capital governor for Melbourne in 1837, but 1853 and '54 require men of action and of mind. Since its first issue, the Argus has been thundering away at him to "unlock the lands," to "open the high-ways with proper roads," to "build wharves and docks," and in a thousand ways to "develop the resources" of the country, but without success. Like the wife of the illustrious Dombey you couldn't get him to make an effort! Sir Charles Hotham is of a very different calibre, and the people of this colony have given him a glorious welcome; addresses from societies, from towns and from incorporated bodies have been showered upon him with generous profusion; all have extended the hand of fellowship. The procession was long and the cheers were loud. With sublime and beautiful "confusion worse confounded" they came "as earthly conquerors always come," passing up Collins street, one immense mass of men and horses; but the American car, the American

flag, and the American marshals were the "observed of all observers," and were an honor to their country and themselves. The procession reached from Sandridge to Melbourne, and the flags of all nations and the mottoes of all societies were conspicuously displayed. There was only one thing needed to have the whole line of march go off with distinguished *eclat*, and that was the valuable services of General Tyler as chief marshal. Had he been here, the governor would not have headed the procession, locked up by drays and water carts; nor would the streets have been so blocked up with "dog carts," "traps," and turn outs of unpronounceable names; and a little more order, I think, would have been observed throughout the line. On Prince's bridge, the civic motto was an attempt at brilliant *punning*—

"*Victoria* welcomes *Victoria's* choice."

It has been suggested that as the colonists had no voice in the matter of appointment, it would have been more appropriate to have had it—

Victoria welcomes *Hobson's* choice.

Sir Charles Hotham has a brilliant future before him. Never was there such an opportunity for a man to make himself great as governor of this colony. The door stands open for enterprise and action; the people, the press, and the pulpit are with him in spreading the march of reform. I hope he is equal to the times in which he lives, for, if he is not, depend upon it his official reign will be painfully brief, for our people have begun to *think!* Our politics are in their infancy, but their manhood will be reached ere they touch their youth. They'll burst out in all their glory when it will be least suspected.

I have little local news to give you. Building progresses with

rapidity astonishing even to those who have lived in San Francisco ; stones and mortar are everywhere ornamenting our city. The corporation are macadamizing our roads, and paving our foot paths, and the government have commenced building our wharves and repairing their approaches,

The gold fields are richer than the richest. The "Avoca" is turning out some rich nuggets ; every escort is burdened with the precious stuff, and every ship carries away $200,000 of the yellow dust. The diggers are contented, and labor continues high. The weather has been beautiful for the last ten days, but trade still droops.

CHAPTER XIX.

MELBOURNE, October 28, 1854.

THE Great Britain has done well so far, and may again, so I write to tell you that there's been trouble at Balaarat, and a new judge has been introduced to the members of the bench—an individual who in times passed obtained some notoriety in our own country. You may remember him. His name is *Lynch!*

Last week the diggers rose *en masse* against a judicial decision which liberated a notorious publican by the name of Bently, who was arrested for murder. That night mob law was supreme! Ten thousand men surrounded the house of Bently, which had been a *rendezvous* of a desperate gang of Vandiemonians, and, in spite of military, police, special constables, and the whole government power, the hotel and surrounding buildings were burned to the ground. After which, the ringleaders were taken, but the mob demanded them to be given up, which demand was complied with. As soon as the news came to town troops and cannon were immediately sent up, with orders to "maintain the law, regardless of life or cost," and 'tis anticipated that blood will be shed. The diggers have felt their power, and are not likely to fall back for a handful of soldiers.

Sir George Gray, the present colonial minister, having instructed our new governor to liberate convicts pardoned in V. D. L., who had been arrested by the laws of this colony, a monster meeting was held on Tuesday, in the open air, and such a

crowd of upturned faces I never witnessed before in this country. At one time probably not more than 8,000 to 10,000, but coming and going there must have been 20,000. The speakers were bold in their language, and declare in resolutions passed with cheers that the queen, in this instance, must give up her prerogative, and if you can believe what was said, she will have to do so. It is said that Sir Charles will give way. If not, a storm will be created that will end in cutting the painter.

The convict's act will not go down, and the people here, apathetic in everything else, show a determined front on this question.

Give the colonists their own way and they will remain loyal, cross their path and they will have a flag of their own! I pity the man who sits in the governor's chair, the least movement is sure to betray a pin!

The Bank of Victoria, at Balaarat, was robbed by an armed gang, a few days since, of about £14,000; and it is reported that the manager of the New South Wales Branch Bank, at the same place, has embezzled some £20,000! This will show you that the frauds are not all on your side.

The "Wings of the Morning" came in day before yesterday from New York, but the "Utter-most-parts-of-the-Sea" has not been heard from. "Snail," or "Tortoise," or "Drone," I would suggest for the next clipper, just for a change; I am tired of these "always-a-little-faster" clipper names.

The American press seem to have entirely cut this country. How different the case eighteen months ago! Then, in spite of our millions of sheep and cattle, starvation was the universal cry; and, with the usual impulse of my enterprising but speculating countrymen, out came the monster fleet with the staff of life and general notions; the stars and stripes ornamenting some

two hundred sail! But the investment was almost as bad as California—not quite. How changed the scene from a year and a half ago! Then Australian editorials filled the American journals, as ship after ship was despatched, as house after house was formed; but now the booming of European cannon, the filibustero movements of military politicians, who are desirous of adding two more stars to that beautiful flag by taking Cuba and the Sandwich Islands, the uncorking of Japan, and the everlasting discussion of negro slavery, seem to have entirely driven from your memory the fact, that a large American population are digging away in this far-off land, who are as true and loyal citizens of the United States as the best of you, men who scorn the idea of becoming naturalized here, no matter what may be the inducement. No, busy as you may be with the crowding events of this wonderful age, you need not forget us, for some time we are coming home!—the very thought of which supports us in our exile, and nerves us to renewed exertion.

But you must not forget us. What other country is so entitled to remembrance as ours,—where the stem of the pear grows on the largest end, and cherry stones grow on the outside!—where there are oysters without shells, and fishes without scales!—where a hen laid an egg with a piece of ham inside of it, and a black cat gave birth to a white kitten with two tails!—where sheep luxuriate in "scab," and dogs die of the "fever!"—where there are trees that shed their bark instead of their leaves, and roses without smell!—where the summer months commence in November and the winter months in May!—where some of the aristocrats of the place are graduates of Newgate, and where ignorant men went to bed poor at night and found themselves rich in the morning by the accidental discovery of gold!—where horses and men wear veils

to shield their eyes from the precious *dust*, and where gold is found in *pockets !*—where oysters grow on mountain tops and vegetables out of a caterpillar !—where our news from civilized countries is usually one hundred days old, and where the mails are always in the post office, and the females, no whar !—where the natives consider small babies a great delicacy and American steamships are sold to pay their charges ! Where the old adage of shipping on a fallen market instead of a rising one has proved obsolete, and where merchants get blown up sky-high for not making sales and remitting a handsome profit on patent medicines, sausage skins, shaving boxes, wooden clocks and half bushel measures ! Where tea is sold by the *chest*, molasses by the *pound*, cucumbers by the *quart*, and where a drink of brandy is a "*nobler !*" Where in a country covering such an enormous territory there are only two miles of road where a man can have the privilege of riding on a rail, and where the constituencies of our legislators are mainly represented by sheep ! I say where in all Christendom will you find another such a country, where everything is unlike every other part of the world ? There are no two seasons alike, one winter it rains, the next we have it dry, sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, you can never tell. When rice is ruling at £60 per ton, one little cargo comes in and down it goes to £10. So is it with many other things, up and down with every breath of wind. But there is one thing cheering, if the bottom has dropped out of the markets, it certainly has not out of the gold fields, for they regularly produce their 40,000 ounces per week, and last week it reached 48,000 ounces ! So long as we continue this wonderful yield the country will attract attention abroad, which brings me back to where I started, namely, in saying that notwithstanding its stagnant markets, it should not entirely be forgotten by the press.

The markets are no better, shipments continue, money is growing scarcer, solvent purchasers are hard to find, legislative council are doing nothing, amusements we never have, but Kate Hays is coming down from Sydney, where she made a decided hit in opera ; Australia will make her fortune.

To-day is a holiday—cause, opening of the crystal palace ; I did not go, too dusty, some say, but to you I'll own that the price of tickets had some effect in keeping me at home, only $16 !

CHAPTER XX.

MELBOURNE, January 31, 1855.

THE journals, the circulars and the letters which fill the mail bags of the Madras will show you Victoria, as she is, and as she has been, for this mail carries the summary of a year. The papers are filled with political matter, most of which consists in abuse of the governor and the government ; while the circulars deal harshly with the markets, and the letters blackguard the colony generally. One's views and opinions of a place or country are often based upon the success of the individual. If he is contented, he gives you a brighter glance at the place, than though misfortune and bad luck had shadowed his path. Heavy losses are sure to tinge a man's idea of the country in which he lives, as heavy gains. The one writes dolefully, while the other is in the highest spirits ; hence you receive by this mail a variety of opinions regarding our present position, a majority of which, I fancy, will consign the colony to the bottom of the ocean ; for it would be useless for me to say that there are hundreds who are disappointed. I need give no better argument, than to point to the large numbers that are homeward bound, every packet taking its complement of steerage and second class passengers. Many of these have done well, and only go to return again ; but the majority have accomplished nothing, and carry with them unfavorable impressions of our golden land. In fact, I doubt if those who arrive one week and return the next, without giving the place a trial, would ever have done anything

alarming if they had remained at home. Such people are not wanted here ; but send us your hard-fisted laborers, the bone and sinew of the land, and my word for it, this is the place for them to improve their wordly condition. If they can find nothing in the town to do, let them go into the country, and pitch their tent on some creek in the neighborhood of the gold-fields, where they get their rent, their wood, and their water for nothing, and make their ten shillings a-day ; while they take the chances of striking some monster nugget, a stimulant to labor ! It seems absurd that no employment can be had in a country having, so many broad miles of mineral lands !—a country acknowledged to be the greatest gold field on the face of the earth. A country the greatest portion of which has never even seen the face of civilized man. Who knows what treasures may turn up when the explorer has planted his footprints in the interior ? It seems to me very strange that none of the scientific men of England, who have so often been in search of metals in other lands, should never have thought the interior of this wonderful country worthy of an expedition. There is hardly another place in Christendom so much neglected in this respect as our great inland country. I hope, at no distant day, some of your enterprising geologists, naturalists, and men of the Mungo Park stamp, may form a company and see what the place is made of, and tell us the meaning of the hot wind that is burning my face to the color of a tanyard ! But for the laboring man there is plenty of land that has been discovered if government would only give it away to the actual settler, as they do in the United States. Perhaps when the people whose passages they pay out here begin to go back for want of a cottage and a farm, a little more rapidly than at present, our rulers may see the errors of their ways, and shut the door before they lose their

population. A want of water is a drawback to such a colony, and I admit that navigable rivers would have given it a wonderful impetus. But what is the use of murmuring over what we have not got! There are some garden spots where the finest wheat in the world is grown; but yet for want of land, for want of farmers, we are now paying North and South America £45 per ton for flour, that we ought produce ourselves. But if we go on as we have, since we found the gold, we should not do in fifteen years what California has done in five, raised her own breadstuffs, which she is now sending over to us. Five or six years since, we dispatched vessel after vessel to San Francisco with vegetables. Now the tables are turned, for lately several crafts have arrived from that port, bringing out some six hundred tons of potatoes, for which we have to pay the handsome price of £21 per ton. It is the same with hay and oats, and all hard food and vegetables; and what is more important, breadstuffs, we have to import them all; when the English farmer, the stout active man of your, midland counties, might raise them all, and keep this important source of wealth within the limits of the colony, instead of paying it away to the foreign producer. Let your farmers bring with them capital, for it may be uphill work for a while, and I doubt if they are disappointed. I am glad that the hue and cry of the "unemployed" has died away, and that cheering accounts come in from all the gold fields. Machinery employs companies now, and the long-tom, the crushing and the puddling apparatus, all more or less assisted by the steam whistle, are daily introducing us to untold wealth. Alone, the digger meets with poor success; but, when they go in dozens, they work better, live cheaper, and more equally distribute what their united exertions have brought to light. Remember that the £35,000,000 sterling!

the 330 tons weight of gold which Victoria has given to the world, was taken from her bosom by the hand of man! What may then be expected when machinery is generally diffused throughout the gold fields? When the commerce of the country commenced in the shape of the passenger traffic, and clipper imports, the question was raised, will it last? Yes; if the gold holds out. All depends upon the extent of the fields, the quantity of the precious metal, and whether it will pay for working. Four years of active labor has shown the world how boundless are the treasures of the Eureka land. The gold has never given out, and never will until the land, from east to west, from north to south, has been carefully turned over and analyzed. Even after the European throws up his washing stuff, having taken from it its vitality, the follower of Confucius is contented with gain, which his more greedy predecessor forsakes for more profitable material. The Chinaman, on the Bendigo, makes his profits from what the other diggers leave. The man whose health is spared him, who cannot earn his ten or twelve shillings a-day must be shiftless indeed. As I said before if the country's prosperity depends upon the gold it must be always prosperous, for a new field is discovered whenever the digger has the mind to prosper. Within sixteen miles of Melbourne, on the river, we have a workable gold field in full operation, profitably employing several hundred men. Yet the gold continues to yield; in fact, increasing from week to week. I find that, notwithstanding the political troubles that have agitated the diggings taking so many from their work, an actual gain during the first three months of the present year, over a corresponding period last year of some 14,000 ounces. In 1854, the first three weeks of January, show 88,638, while in 1855, for the same time, we have 102,103 ounces. Take the last three months of 1854 over

1853, there is also an increase *pro rata*, say October, November, and December, 1853, gives by escort, 414,608 ounces ; while in 1854 the same months show 441,541 ounces ! and all this without machinery. Bring that to bear, and you will readily see that the gold holds out. Having endeavored to show that we have room for your farmers, when the government give them the soil, and the gold fields will always employ the active laborer, a few words on the offspring of both gold, labor, and commerce, may not be out of place.

Two years ago, in spite of the millions of sheep and cattle which the meagre statistics gave us as being part and parcel of the country, the good people of all nations made up their minds that we were all about to starve, and in the kindness of their hearts, dear creatures that they are to be sure, they have actually showered upon us the good things of the earth in spite of our remonstrances, month after month, even up to the sailing of the November mail, never even stopping during the whole two years for a breathing spell !—and now that the money market is tightening its grasp on the purse strings of the unfortunate operators, it has been very fashionable to abuse this country for not sending home the £30,000,000 sterling that have been invested in dry goods, sour flour, bad provisions, *bon bons*, nick-knacks, Yankee notions, liquors, and building materials ! We have been diligently at work for some time reshipping to you a part of this rubbish ; and even now, every return ship has more or less of what we never wanted. Our city having been composed of stone and brick, and our streets very wide, we could not burn up property, as was the case in San Francisco, consequently you say we are not so large consumers ! The enormous losses of the commission houses in bad paper, have perfectly disgusted many of our merchants with the place, hence my in-

troductory remarks, anticipating that the advices of this mail in letters and circulars, would not be apt to show the country in a very favorable light, providing always that the intelligence which they convey is to a certain extent based upon their experience. For my part I see no better indication of future prosperity, than by looking at the past. A few lines compose the whole subject. Credits have been monstrous; hence, overtrading and gambling on other people's money. This commencing business on fictitious capital, and doing it on a large scale, is sure to bring about a panic. We commenced here six months ago, just where I fancy you are commencing now, and the United States is following your example. Our financial troubles may be summed up by referring to the records of the insolvent court. We will estimate the figures at two hundred failures, representing liabilities amounting to three millions sterling!—a mere shadow compared to the losses of the firm of Bull, Jonathan and Co.,—commencing, if you like, with Mr. Oliver in Liverpool, and Mr. Schuyler, in New York, and ending the 1st of July 1857. But the best of it is, a good portion of our losses and a part of yours, are absorbed in the colony, taking it out of the pocket of the individual, and putting it into that of the public; thus increasing our capital and really enriching the colony. Therefore, I argue, that our present financial and commercial embarrassments, are the only safety-valve that would have enabled us to recover our sanity; and that the very causes that the circulars and papers enumerate, are the best arguments I can find to show our future prosperity. A single consignment of a bathbrick, or a bag of salt, from some clerk in the bank of England to his friend and relative here in the employ of the government, was sufficient inducement for the individual of the second part, to issue a circular, and advertise in the *Argus*,

that the said brick and salt consignee, in connexion with the dentist and daguerreotype artist over the way, has formed a copartnership under the firm of ——, for the contracting of a first class commission business, as selling for cash was unheard of, the aforesaid bought his stock of trade of the old merchant, who, because he had not supposed it impossible to make a bad debt, at three months. Having tested credit, the new firm open a bank account at some of the new banks that started with the general rush, buy goods of A. B. C. always referring to the man who has once given them credit, and to their bank, which has their paper under discount, both of whom, possibly for their own protection, say "Yes, oh yes, we trust him; we think them good;" and the consequence is, the young men go on swimmingly, getting credit, spending money, till the times overtake them, the reaction comes, the banks shut down the gates when they can with safety to themselves, and then the startling fact comes out, that Messrs. So and So—with a shrug of the shoulder towards some building opposite—Messrs. So and So commenced two years ago with nothing, and have failed for £60,000--assets, *nil.*

The insolvent court has, therefore thinned out the greater portion of those who commenced business on nothing, and less competition makes matters healthier. Understand me, I do not mean to say that all who have suspended are of this class, for there has been many an honest man who has been unfortunate. But I do pretend to say that the failures in many instances have been shameful; many have obtained credit when not deserved, and when obtained, has been sadly abused. But now the fingers have been burned in credits, no one now sells except for cash, hence this want of confidence, money and credit, produce dull

times in many goods that are not excessive in stock, during the best business part of the year.

Some time since I gave you my opinion that the bills of the old established banks here on the parent bank in London, were as good paper as the world can produce. I still think so, but so far as dividends are concerned, there will be a wide margin between the profits of the past two years and the next. Two years ago, such a thing as a failure was never known since the days of gold; and hence everybody's paper was freely discounted. If the acceptor was a stranger, the drawer was good, and all bills were passed; everything, too, was promptly met, so long as consiguments came forward, and every petty trader could buy and sell on time. But the moment the reaction comes, the acceptor goes into court, and the old merchant has to stand the loss, the banks, in most cases escaping free, although some of them must have lost heavily; and, in more instances than one, are much hampered with securities, but the amounts sunk by some of the old houses is perfectly frightful, and the wonder is that they have sufficient backbone to bear such daily losses. Most likely, for their own safety, the banks are keeping them afloat, and it will save much misery if they are able to carry them through. The new houses are not so well known, and are usually dropped the moment they lose their feathers, hence the list of insolvents (which you have enclosed). Having been carried away with times, into giving excessive credit, they now perhaps, may take the opposite course, and by throwing out more or less of what is called middling paper, oblige many to stop that, with a little assistance, might work through. Most of the merchants now demand cash, which of course, reduces bills—hence the banks for the next six months will find their profits very much reduced, but confidence will as usual be restored, as

rapidly as it has been lost; then most likely they may fall into the same error again, and go to discounting as imprudently as ever. But, for a period, good paper will be scarce for them to lend money upon, and hence a great reduction in their dividends, say nothing of the losses that have been made by them, which the outsider knows nothing of.

The position of a bank manager, in panic times is no envious one. His wear and tear of mind must be great, for it is hard work to throw overboard those who are not able to weather the storm. His position too is one of great responsibility; for although each bank has its active board of directors, the actual work falls upon his shoulders, and he has to bear the brunt of all its losses. The managers of the banks are much respected by the community, and take a high position in the place. Their salaries, however, are not such as would allow them to entertain, why is it that men placed in such responsible positions are so poorly paid? The old banks are, the Australasia, the Union, the New South Wales, and the Victoria (colonial); but I think the great facility for discounts, which has done so much harm, has been brought about by the new ones, the London Chartered, and the English and Scotch, both of which were desirous of making a commencement, and by giving great accommodation many accounts were taken from the other banks who, in self-defence when they saw their customers leaving them, followed in the same error; hence the crash when they stopped the wheels, and doing, as they will, comparatively little the next half year. This is my reason for anticipating a great falling off in dividends. I have never agreed with them in the course they have taken by buying gold at the diggings, running it up to £4 1s., putting into the digger's pocket and taking it out of the merchant's! The shipments of last year were bad enough

without having exchange so much against them, caused by the banks going out of their legitimate business to speculate in gold!

The Australasia, I believe, is the only bank that has escaped forgery, robbery, or embezzlement. The Victoria, N. S. Wales, and Union, all having suffered to some extent.

Mr. D. C. M'Arthur is the oldest manager in the colony and is a general favorite with all with whom he is brought in contact. No better compliment can be paid to his financial ability than the fact of his having been selected by the governor, in connection with Mr. Hart, to examine into and report upon the finances of the colony. At the bank he is the stern man of business, but socially is a *bon vivant*. Some years ago he bought, at a nominal price, on the Heilderberg road, a farm of some 200 acres, about seven miles out of Melbourne. The broad acres of cultivated land must be of great value, with hay and potatoes at £25 and £30 per ton. The garden alone covers eight acres of the choicest fruits and vegetables, and is filled with ornamental trees and flowers from other lands. If he would build a mansion on the site of his shooting-box, it would be in reality the residence of a fine old English gentleman. Take Mr. M'Arthur from the bank, and I fancy it would be difficult to fill his place.

The tone of the last advices from England and America, leads us to come to the conclusion that you have at last given our markets a recess. Freight at 40s!—and so few ships loading—good! Keep on for three months, and you will see the Phœnix come out of his ashes, for we are bound to go a-head. The finest ships that the world has produced, will proverbially visit Hobson's Bay, and we shall consume annually for some years, from eight to ten millions of imports; while we shall ex-

port from twelve to fourteen millions. Here then is the material for an extensive commerce ; and while others may write to you gloomily, I freely give you my impressions that this country, this colony, the grand centre of all the rest, is bound to be the great emporium of the Southern Ocean ! Melbourne and Hobson's Bay are now united by rail, and the Yarra has nearly a mile of wharf accommodation. Our progress henceforth will be as rapid as it has been—step by step we shall build a city, not even second to Liverpool or New York ! only don't abuse us now for not consuming all you have been pleased to send us. The place must ever be subject to rapid changes. In this respect it is not different from other nations—one day up another down : yet it will be steadily progressing meanwhile. Its march will ever be onward. I know of no deeper question to deal with than the equalization of property.

Many an old colonist went home a few months ago, and thought himself a millionaire, who when he returns, will be shorn of his handsome income, by the depreciation of real estate, the fall in rents, the worthless scrip of some of the joint stock companies ; but the greatest good will be received by the greatest number.

I should not at all be surprised to see ships go down with you in the same ratio as rents with us. I cannot think that gold countries, the East Indies, the Chincas, the Eastern war, and the North Atlantic, can employ the shipping profitably that has been built at from £12 to £15 per ton, to supply the temporary demand. Such property cannot be idle, and if not employed, down they must come in price, and for a time we shall see your public journals showing up the evils of the credit system, causing ruin and disorder when the bubble breaks.

The war in the East is playing the mischief with our mails ;

the moment a boat is ready she is chartered for troops. We hear that the British government don't care a rap about the colonists, and, if we may judge by the mail arrangements which have been made, there is some truth in the report. China can have a mail once a fortnight, we get it once in two months.

We have had our first railway accident in Victoria. The engine, with a full train, rather inconveniently run into a cow going towards Sandridge, killing the cow, driving the engine off the track, but doing no serious damage. No blame attached to any one, especially to the cow.

CHAPTER XXI.

MELBOURNE, February 15, 1855.

FOR the present dark cloud of rebellion which was hanging over the colony of Victoria when I wrote you last, has blown over, and quiet reigns throughout the gold fields; but still water runs the deepest; a shadow shows the quicksand. The governor is more and more unpopular. He knows not which way to turn—the "*know nothings*" cause him no little annoyance. His executive have given him little assistance; but as much as can be expected from the hangers on of the Latrobe dynasty. The trials of the state prisoners has been again postponed, indefinitely, and the poor devils don't know whether they are to remain "in choky" the remainder of their natural existence, or be "strung up" when his excellency says the word, after the jury and the judge have done their duty. We all wait for the new constitution, when new talent will be infused into the legislative chambers. We need expect nothing remarkably brilliant till then. The chamber of commerce have become an important and influential body, and deal with every question of public import. On Monday they discuss the land question with a view of opening them, and that speedily. I think the movement will become a political one before it has been shelved. Open the lands, and the country will bound ahead as rapidly as California. The soil, the climate, the market and the capital are all here to embark in agricultural pursuits the moment the path is clear. All vegetables and fruits and breadstuffs are

fearfully high. Flour is selling at £48 per ton, and only 800 to 1200 tons in the place! and none expected from the States; we look to the west coast for a supply. With the exception of the above, living is as cheap here now as in many older places. Rents, wood and water and all articles save provisions are plentiful, and at last comfort can be had in Australia for a reasonable price. Competition has given us many things we used to dream of, but never saw. Our streets are splendidly macadamized, the sidewalks paved, and the gutters metaled. Waterworks will soon be finished, and gas light is near at hand. The railway is a great facility; small vessels are daily being discharged at the jetty; the company clear some £800 per week over all expenses, which looks well; but the road has been frightfully mangled; just think of $500,000 per mile, or $1000, 000 to run a rail to Hobson's Bay from Melbourne! It seems absolutely outrageous, but such has been the waste of money. The land was free and no taxes on the property, and yet this outlay!

At last we have a magnetic line to the Heads, the fruit of an American. The first news that came up was the battle of Inkermann, brought by the White Star line clipper Shalimar, last week, with a rapid passage and eleven days later dates. The newsboys were in every street with their extras. It reminded me of State street at the time of the Mexican war. Later intelligence is looked for with the most intense anxiety. No one can predict where the dispute will end. Thus far this country has not been effected, either pro or con.

Hardly had the Shalimar's news been digested when the town was fairly thrown on its beam ends by the startling announcement that the James Baines had arrived from Liverpool with the December mails, after the astonishing and unprecedented

run of *sixty-five days!* Can any one now doubt Donald Mc Kay's supremacy upon the ocean? I fancy not, for the log records of the Flying Cloud, the Lightning, hence to Liverpool in 63 days, and now the Baines out here in 65, will very quickly settle the question. The passages are truly wonderful, and I maintain that Donald McKay has done more to advance the science of ship building than any other man. He stands the victor, and is always first in the clipper race ground. Clipper ships may depreciate, and overtrading in such property may prove disastrous; but the genius of the mechanic and the boldness of the man who has launched such a leviathan as the Great Republic will live so long as great deeds continue to be recorded.

There are but two regular lines of packets from England to this port, the "White Star" and the "Black Ball"—both of which possess a fleet of ships unequaled on the ocean. To these vessels we must now look for our mails, for as I predicted in a letter to you six months ago, the war has drained off all our steamers, not one boat has been left; and unless you mail via Panama, or we start a colonial line from Melbourne to Galle or Suez, to catch the overland mail, we are entirely adrift. Peace would give us a half-dozen lines; but as it is, everything in the steam way heads towards the seat of war. And this young colony, so great in its mineral resources, is left uncared for—forgotten. Perhaps a few more lives shed at Balaarat may wake them up in England.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOBART TOWN, August 1st, 1855,
TASMANIA, (*no longer* Van Diemen's Land,) BROADLAND HOUSE.

MY DEAR COL.—Don't be surprised at finding me at this "jumping off place," on the earth's surface for I have always been a bird of passage—here to-day—and there to-morrow—and why shouldn't I visit the garden Island of the Australia's? More than two years in the seas of the South, and never before across the straits that proudly wear the name of their discoverer—Bass—the Surgeon navigator of 1796—and Flinder, his companion—in that eventful voyage on board the little "Tom Thumb," a boat of eight feet long. These companions of Cook were brave and hardy men; for the long range of unknown coast seemed one continuous reef of treacherous rocks and hidden shoals; a half a century since, and the savage tribes of natives were always hovering near when these bold navigators neared the shore. Some months ago I gave you a glance at Sydney, and from the gold fields, from Geelong, and often from Melbourne, the grand centre of all the Colonies; you have had a letter for the Post, and as my time suits the inclination I will show you and my friends at home Van Diemen's Land, as it appeared to Jonathan abroad.

Forty-two hours steaming under a liberal spread of canvass brought the fine propeller "City of Hobart," to her wharf in the Derwent—a good passage and a pleasant trip. This

steamer runs to Melbourne, and her sister boat the Tasmania, plies to Sydney, both owned in this port, but I fear are losing money for the proprietors. However, they are a great facility to the business of the place, and pleasure seekers would find a sailing schooner most objectionable. Already I am repaid for the journey, for to tell the truth I am delighted with the place; everything I see about and around me reminds me of my life in England. The noble river is not ashamed to look the Hudson in the face, for the scenery on every side is grand and picturesque; Mount Wellington towers four thousand feet above the township in the valley—Lord Hobart's namesake, and the cap of the mountain is as white with snow as a New England hill top in mid winter. 'Tis a noble roadstead—would that Melbourne had so fine a port, for the Derwent can find accommodation for the entire British Navy in its protecting bosom; ships of any tonnage ride at perfect safety along side the wharves, which show the handiwork of Sir Wm. Dennison, and such an event as an accident is hardly in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

A week has gone like magic—roaming about this beautiful spot, and I bear away with me most pleasing impressions of the beautiful river, the substantial wharves, the lofty and majestic banks, and towering mountain scenery; the pleasant ride with Mr. McPherson, (the successor of Mr. Hathaway, late U. S. Consul here, now residing in the States,) along the sandy beach road, and the lunch at the mess-room of the 99th with Captain Munn and his brother officers, all jolly boys, ready for a song, a story and a laugh; they are proud of their regiment and well they may be, for it numbers all told twelve hundred as strong and hearty a body of men as ever wore the uniform. Col. Last told me that they had now laid some thirteen years

in the Colonies, when they came out for only three or four ; many of the officers are married to the handsome girls who were born in the Island, and never have been abroad, and if the regiment remains here much longer, Tasmania will prove the *mother* country to at least *one regiment* of Her Majesty's *In-fant-*ry, *(no-pun-ish-ment !)* if I am permitted to judge from the legion of bare legged—red faced—hearty looking little red coats that completely macadamized the review ground ; it was quite a treat to go through the officers apartments, the prison, and the place where the prisoners (mostly those who have been drunk or deserted,) are initiated into the science of breaking stone, or the more violent exercise of the "shot drill ;" the barracks and the school-house, the *cantonment* and the chapel, the stables, the magazine, the hospital, the mechanics shops, all arranged with such precision, in true army style. Discipline is the order of the day, and if the army in the east is composed of many such regiments as this, success is certain to the allied powers. The Commissariat Department would even please the *Times !* and the cleanliness and neatness in the barracks, where the soldiers cook, eat, sleep and dress all in one apartment, show them to be capital house-wives

Orders have come out for the regiment to get under way for the Crimea, and all except the married ones are glad of it, for thirteen years is a long time to serve without promotion ; the 40th will relieve them. From the barracks I went to the Botanical gardens, which speaks volumes for the taste of the Hobartonians, and the view from the new site for Government House is grand beyond description ; the Derwent and its scenery extending for miles, and the pretty English township adding its many beauties to the picture. One of the most beautiful country seats is that of Mr. Chapman the city representative in the

Council, and certainly it is a beautiful place, and reminds me of the residences about the Cumberland lakes in England.

Through the politeness of Captain Fenton, the speaker of the Assembly, I had a good opportunity of seeing something of Tasmanian legislation, and most favorably does it compare with its sister colony Victoria. The strictly Parliamentary forms are observed in debate, and some of the speakers show a cultivated statesmanship. The new Constitution has just arrived, and the country is rejoicing far and wide to get at last what they had so long fought for, responsible government. In three months time the new Congress will be in full operation.

Briefly—the Government will be carried on by the Governor and two Houses, called the "Legislative Council" and "House of Assembly;" the upper House consisting of fifteen members, (the franchise being for £50 freeholders, officers of the army or navy, retired or otherwise, and professional gentlemen.) The lower House to have *thirty* members (freeholders of £10, and any one possessing £100 has the privilege of voting for a member of assembly.) Electoral districts will be immediately established by the Governor and the present Council, and in a short time Van Diemen's Land will govern itself; the only connecting link to Great Britain being His Excellency and the forces stationed here. The people are as loyal as the British ministry, a proof of which may be seen in their subscribing £25,000, ($125,000,) for the army sufferers; all of which has been remitted to England. To-morrow morning I leave for Launceston by the celebrated convict road, and anticipate an exhilarating ride of one hundred and twenty miles directly through the Island, by the regular old fashioned mail coach, which in older countries the steam whistle has crowded off the course. The few days passed on the banks of the Derwent I shall long re-

member, and never will I again allow myself to be prejudiced against a place 'till I have visited it. The people are most hospitable, and when you are asked at the social board, it is not to make two-and sixpence out of you in the way of commission !

A large business is done in a very quiet way, and most of the old merchants stand A—1, in all the Colonies ; contented with a regular trade, they have escaped the speculating losses which the gold fields entailed upon their neighbors, and no panic has visited the land since 1842.

Sir Henry Young (who succeeds Sir William Dennison since he was called to take the Government Generalship at Sydney,) seems inclined to meet the wishes of his people. He has only been down some three months from South Australia where he was generally liked. I passed a most pleasant evening at his house on Thursday, some one hundred guests were present, and between dancing, interspersed with music both vocal and instrumental, the hours passed rapidly away. Lady Young plays the hostess, and does the honors of Government House to perfection ; possessing the happy faculty of making all enjoy the entertainment. I should think the Governor some forty years of age, and her Ladyship some ten years his junior. He seems proud of his beautiful wife and well he may be, for she is a most *distingue* looking lady.

From the other side of the Island you will get a postscript, for I am away at six in the morning ; so good bye and a kind remembrance to Hobart town.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA, August 4th, 1855,
AT THE CLUB HOTEL,

As promised I add another page, but I shall make it short, for I am late for the mail.

Twelve changes, brought the mail coach into town all trim and right in twelve hour's time. I had somewhat anticipated the trip, but I experienced all the pleasure I expected. The coaching is peculiarly national, and you must go to the north of Scotland to get out of the whistle of the locomotive, for the mail coach is no longer seen in England.

The guard with his bugle, picking up the inland mail bags from off a forked pole, and the consequential bearing of the coachman as he cracks his long whip over the galloping leaders as they plough along *up hill* usually at their utmost speed, while he points out some gentleman's residence in the distance, is as much a part of England as the jolly red faced driver in his buff coat, is himself. The road all the way is the result of convict labor, and is macadamized the entire distance ; individual enterprise never would have accomplished such an undertaking without ruinous loss. It would have cost millions sterling, and those who have most abused the convicts, must admit that their labor has done for the colony what nothing else would have accomplished ; but the time had come to bring about a change, and now the land is free from the curse of new arrivals, although some ten thousand of the old prisoners are still on the Island ;

the country villages along the road, and in the valleys, overhung by woody mountains make the ride most attractive. Many of the buildings are built of stone, and the Hotels are ornaments to every township.

Most of the fences are the common wood rail and post; four rails, the lower one on the ground to prevent the sheep from getting under; the villages bear scriptural and ancient names, it is said that the cause arose from one of the early Bushrangers having an extensive library consisting of several leaves of the Old Testament, from which the several names were selected, hence Jerusalems, Jerichos, and Bagdads are scattered over the entire country; 'tis too bad, when many of the native names would have given a pleasant ring to the little towns. The cultivation speaks care and good farming, and the wheat, corn, and barley for miles show what the country can do. Many of the farmers are using guano, and it pays them tenfold. After finishing my journey I came to the conclusion that Dr. Crook's railway scheme would fall through, for I doubt if Launceston and Hobart Town are *connected by a railroad during the next fifty years*, unless gold is found in quantities on the Island, a mail coach once a day each way will do all that is required. £3000 for the mail, and five times that for passenger traffic would not leave half per cent on the outlay for a rail, and save the farmers getting their crops to market, they have no other source for a dividend.

Launceston is a very quiet place situated about forty miles from the sea, on the banks of the Tamor. Hobart Town being the capital is much the more attractive. I notice as is always the case with smaller towns, a jealousy between the places, all however one-sided. I was much amused, and yet it was a painful sight, to see the convicts some thirty at a time on a tread

mill similar to those at railway depots in America, used for sawing wood by horse power. It is really something new to see human beings in the same predicament, but the idea is not a bad one, for in this way the convicts are made to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. They grind about thirty bushels of wheat a day. Should they happen to stop their continual tramp, down they would fall by the run, with a chance of having a broken leg ; severe is the punishment, but I am told it works effectually ; the place was neat and tidy—the convicts dressed in gray, and looking in good condition, considering the soup which I saw them eating. Looking at a chicken or a piece of roast beef through a cage, I should suppose would give more nourishment to them, but nevertheless they seem to live and thrive !

The Botanical gardens here are far inferior to those on the other side, but the people are equally kind and hospitable. They do every thing in their power to make one feel at home, and they understand well how to do it.

The Royal Shepherd heads for Port Philip on Wednesday, and twenty-five hours' steaming I am told will take me over—but the very thought of a screw steamship in a short sea gives me a sickening nausea, and already I see my head over the rail —(ascertaining of course, how fast she is going.)

To sum up in a few words my ten days' sojourn in the land first seen by Abel Tasman two centuries ago, and peopled by a race now almost distinct, the few remaining having been sent to Flinder's Island ; a race though Australian, who never saw a Boomerang ! and could not even make a canoe to take them across the straits, more shiftless even than the miserable spindle shanked wretches that disease is fast removing from the Port Philip districts.

How strange it is that disease and dissipation sweep away most native tribes in all lands, as soon as the missionary, and the white man have got them thoroughly civilized and christianized! Tasmania with her 80,000 inhabitants, may sometime boast Water Co's. and Gas Co's. in her two large cities, and possible a telegraph may one of these days connect her with her sister colonies; but I fear the time is far distant when she will see a railroad.

New South Wales will supply the coal, South Australia the copper, Victoria the gold, while Tasmania will be the granary of them all; for she can well supply them with the staff of life—now the convict curse is dying away.

"No more shall the festering prison bark
Bring hither its cargo of strife;
But every ship as the olden ark,
Shall pour forth love and life."

Even on my departure I am reminded of the peculiar institution, for even correspondents were obliged to get a paper, which for your amusement I copy verbatum.

V. D. L.

POLICE OFFICE, LAUNCESTON,

No. 957. *7th August*, 1855.

The undersigned Person has permission to depart from the colony on board the Royal Shepherd—

for Melbourne.

Name,—G. F. T.

Ship to the Colony,

"City of Hobart."

No. 74, (Signed,) W. GUNN,

Clearance Permit. *Police Magistrate.*

I didn't care so much about paying five shillings for a clean ticket of leave, but it was the suspicious manner in which the official examined me ; for Dido, the companion of Whelan, be it remembered was at large, and £500 had been offered reward. This man Whelan was the monster who killed at intervals during a fortnight, six individuals—the most brutal murders in the annals of the settlement, and that was only a few weeks ago. With the exception of taking the chances of being popped off while walking home at night by some of these damnable scamps. I have no reason to speak in anything but praiseworthy terms of what a short time since was, the great Prison House for British criminals.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Report of Mr. Train's remark in favor of the Panama route, from the Melbourne paper of September 24, 1853.

"MELBOURNE, September, 24th 1855.

MR. CHAIRMAN.—When the able paper on our mail communication, which you brought before the board last week, was under discussion, I gave notice that I should have a few words to say in reproducing a few facts in regard to the Panama route to-day; so, without occupying your time in arguing against that paper on some points where we widely differ (as all information on this important question is valuable), I propose to run my eye over a route which does not seem to have received that attention from this Chamber which its merits demand.

For two years this Chamber has been rolling the ball on the mail question, and for two years nothing whatever has been accomplished.

The Committee and the Chamber have shown a praiseworthy desire in gathering statistics of the several routes; and letters, and speeches, reports and pamphlets innumerable have flooded the Post-office and the press, and yet we are no better off than when the subject was first introduced! All the steam mail lines retired from the field the moment they could obtain remunerative

employment in transporting troops for the Home Government; and as I have always said, when addressing the Chamber—*the resumption of a steam mail depends entirely upon the turn of the Eastern War!*

English companies are not enclined to embark their capital in an enterprise that has paid them so poorly, and the uncertainty existing in the affairs of Europe completely paralyzes all enterprise on the ocean with the Americans; and as for the colonists doing anything for themselves little else than talk, it has yet to take place! Hence, I repeat, that a resumption of steam mail service under Government depends upon the return of peace.

But as the object in bringing forward the paper last week was intended to gather as much information as possible preparatory to the action of the Council; and as that paper did not give that prominence to the Panama route that it deserves, permit me again to give you my views in regard to it.

I believe the Panama route the most feasible mail route between England and Australia; and, in case of a subsidy by either Government, it would seem to be no more than fair that that route should have a decided preference.

Whilst advocating this route I am aware that the Chamber is already pledged to a particular course in their memorial to Sir Charles Hotham, the Admiralty and Postmaster General, which recommended no particular route, only to throw open the contract to public competition.

All other routes have been tried, and failed.—The Australian Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, (more commonly known as the "Boomerang" Line, from their steamers resembling that missile in starting off and finally returning to the point of departure) have tried the Cape route with the Australian, Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney. The repeated failures

of these boats lost the directors their contract. The stoppages on the way were objectionable, it was said ; and the high seas and boisterous weather for three-fourths of the year between the Cape and Australia, on their return, are sure to retard the steamers. I think however it will be done in sixty days. The Golden Age was a powerful paddle wheel boat, and fairly tested what could be accomplished, for she had almost favorable chance all the way. This route, then, for the present, until Scott Russell tries it again in the monster steam-ship now building, is abandoned : and the most important objection to the Overland and Indian route is *it will not pay !*

That is the point, *they have tried it*, and *lost money ;* and unless receiving a very handsome subsidy, it is not to be expected that they will try it again. *When clipper ships take gold at 3d per oz. (less than one-half per cent), and cargo at 40s. per ton*, it is hardly to be supposed that either gold or cargo will be sent at their prices,—£18 *per ton for the one, and three per cent, for the other.*

And so for passengers. Single gentlemen desirous of travel may be willing to pay £160, and put up with many changes on the route ; but we need not reasonably expect that families will select so expensive, inconvenient, and uncomfortable a journey, to say nothing of second class passengers being entirely shut out, when a ship offers them every accommodation and comfort for *sixty-five guineas !* of course, then, nothing *but a heavy bonus from Government, over and above all present rates of Postage, will give you that route*, however desirable it may be. Now we come to what I have always maintained is the most practicable of all, the Panama route. Two years since the English and Australian papers could not say too much in favor of it. When the advertisement of the Australian Direct Steam Navi-

gation Company, *via* Panama, was announced in 1853, the papers of July and August all advocated this route—all the arguments in its favor were advanced then, and they could not say too much in bringing it before the public; so was it with the papers here and in Sydney, long editorials daily appearing showing its advantages.

Mr. Donaldson of the Sydney council, in 1852, was strongly in favor of Panama, and brought up statistics to show that the course of post by that way would not exceed 120 days.

The *Times* and other English journals used something like the following language:—

"Throughout the entire range of this route across the vast Pacific Ocean, both going and returning between Panama and Australia, fine weather, smooth seas, and a pleasant temperature almost everywhere prevail; and the trade winds, generally speaking, blow with such gentle force and constant regularity, that the seaman can shape his course from port to port with certainty and confidence."

Hargreaves, who was a passenger by the Golden Age, in a letter to the *Times*, July 20th, gives a good description of the voyage, which was made in thirty-two days' steaming from Sydney to Panama. He calls it, speaking from experience, the shortest, the pleasantest, and the most direct route between England and Australia. He considers the consumption of fuel and expense of large paddle-wheel steamers like the Golden Age, the principal objection. (This expense, under proper organization, could be materially reduced.) Those few who made the least objection to this route two years ago, did so on account of the transit across the Isthmus: now, however, that bugbear has gone, and the traveler is no longer dependent upon mule carriage; the steamer runs alongside the railway pier at Pana-

ma, and in less than two hours' ride in large and comfortable carriages over one of the safest railroads in the world, they step out of the cars into the steamship that is in waiting on the Atlantic side.

Panama seems to be the point to connect all parts of the world, some dozen steam lines centre there, and now the railroad is entirely finished, and comfortable hotels are open to the stranger on both sides of the Isthmus, no better time than the present offers, to add one more link to the great steam chain by a monthly connection with Australia. Mr. Williams, the United States Consul at Sydney, in reply to the questions of the Select Committee of the Legislative Council, recapitulated the advantages of this route over any other, as represented to the authorities of Great Britain by Captain Porter, of the Golden Age. He goes on to explain the manner of communicating with Panama, "leaving the existing line from Southampton to take the mails to and from Panama.

"Captain Porter proposed to have two steamers between Sydney and Tahiti, and two between Tahiti and Panama. He proposed that the steamer from Sydney and that from Panama shall start on the same day. His estimated time from Sydney to Tahiti was thirteen days, and from Panama to Tahiti eighteen days; the Sydney boat, on her arrival at Tahiti, to transfer our passengers to a spare boat, waiting ready coaled, to proceed to Panama on the same day, which would then give the Sydney boat five days to coal, previous to the arrival of the boat from Panama, when she would be ready to take the Panama passengers, to proceed to Sydney on the same day as the arrival of the Panama steamer. This would make thirty-one days from Sydney to Panama. It was proposed to have at Tahiti workshops, docks, and everything requisite for making

repairs to the vessels and boats, and for carrying on such an establishment effectively. Captain Porter said that steamers running a short distance on a line have much greater speed than those running longer distances, and therefore they would be much more likely to accomplish their passage in a given time, and in less time than steamers from here through."

Mr. Williams, laid before the committee letters bearing upon the subject; the substance I embody in the following extract from the *Sydney Morning Herald*:—

"The Isthmus is now daily crossed in two hours, from Aspinwall to Panama. Since the discovery of gold in California, there has never been a loss of treasure in crossing the Isthmus. The time from Southampton to Aspinwall, now twenty days, might be reduced to twelve; and he would guarantee to build a line of boats which would reduce it to fifteen, and the time from Aspinwall to New York eight days, and the average length of the voyage, not touching at New Zealand, forty-one days. He would have steamers built, with a guaranteed speed of fifteen knots, which would give thirty-four days' sailing time, allowing twelve thousand some hundred miles as the distance, and allow seven days for changing the steamers and for interruptions from bad weather. The projector was willing to enter into a contract to perform the passage from Aspinwall to Melbourne in 37 days, making Sydney the first port; so that his contract would bring us three days earlier, that would be thirty-four days. He would place the boats at the disposal of the colonial government, in case of war, at a valuation. His proposal to the Postmaster General was £3,500 a trip from Panama to Melbourne, touching at Sydney, and giving to the British Post Office the advantage of all other mails he might carry, except that to Tahiti, which he would carry free of charge.

What he said as to terms was this: 'I will have, when the line is completed, not less than four first class steamships, two between Panama and Tahiti, and two between Tahiti and Australia. I will endeavor to perform monthly trips, and make certainly not less than ten trips each way within the year, giving an average of a mail every thirty-six days. I will also enter into bonds to have the line completed within a stated short period, and finally, I will stipulate that the mail shall be delivered from Melbourne to Aspinwall within an average of 35 days.'"

I am confident that nothing but the uncertainty of the war would have prevented American capitalists long since from embarking in this enterprise; but, as I remarked, this want of confidence in the several governments paralyzes all individual action.

This route is the most popular, because it is the most practicable. Look at the map, lay down your rule, and you will find almost a direct line from England to Australia, *via* Panama. No crooks, no turns, one straight course. Again, in case of accident on the voyage, the steamer can bear up for almost any of the numberless small islands of the Pacific; while between the Cape and Australia, or Eden and Australia, there is little or no shelter for a steamer, or even a sailing craft. Even as early as 1851 the Committee of the House of Commons, on the strength of the evidence of nautical men, and others whom they examined, reported to Parliament in favor of the Panama, against either the Cape or Indian route, to this country.

I believe that the average of twenty-five voyages of the Cape line of steamers was *ninety-two days*, while the general average of the overland mail was about seventy-three, and even that could not be depended upon, when the Australian steamer was too late to catch the Ceylon or Singapore mail. Then a fort-

night was lost. Of course there were individual cases of quick passages by both lines as, for instance, the Argo in 64 days, and the Madras in 58. So are there like instances in the clipper ships; the James Baines in 64 days, and the Red Jacket and Blue Jacket in 68 days.

I agree with what you say in regard to what is most required, viz.: regularity and speed; but you must also admit that steamships must be paid for their labor, and you cannot seriously believe for a moment, that the home government will put their hand into their own pocket just at this particular time to cater to your wants. See what the *Geelong Advertiser* says, when speaking of your paper: "The conclusion which you arrive at is, that the overland route presents the greatest number of advantages and the fewest drawbacks. You are also sanguine enough to think that postal communication by first class steamers to and from Australia would pay at the present rates of postage! This is a mere childish delusion. If we want steam communication we must be prepared to pay roundly for it. Crippled as the Imperial revenues must be, after the prosecution of a great war, it would be equally unfair and foolish to expect that England would make up the whole of the certain *deficit* of any scheme of steam communication with the old country."

Surely these remarks are sensible, and tell a few plain truths in regard to the subsidy and the postage. Mail Lines usually require some government support, but as a general thing they must depend upon their passenger and goods traffic. Speed and regularity command high freights. Look at Collins and Cunard steamers getting £5 to £7 per ton, when the rates by sailing clippers rule at from 20s to 30s. The same proportion would be seen in the Australian trade. The North Atlantic steamers

run between Liverpool and New York in ten to twelve days, a distance of 3,000 miles. Take the same class of boats and multiply by five (15,000 miles), and you see what can be done—say fifty or sixty days. Such dispatch of course would bring a freight revenue. It is a well-known fact that the best paying steam lines in the world concentrate at the Isthmus, and all we have to do to get our share of the dividends is to join Australia to the place. Touching freight: the several changes it may be said, are objectionable in taking freight. Of course they are; but are they not also by the Indian route? It must, however, be admitted, that the Panama route is the only one by which light freight, such as ribbons, silks, fine cottons, millinery, &c., can come, as the West India steamers carry large quantities to the Isthmus. But in the passenger traffic the same remark does not apply, for nothing relieves the monotony of a long voyage so much as change of scenery. Why not bring the same arguments advanced two years ago in favor of this line to bear now? All said at that time that the steamers would go full of passengers both ways. Had anything transpired to change that opinion? Certainly not; the field was never so clear, and the opportunity never so practicable. So long as we continue to extract 50,000 oz. of gold weekly from our unlimited mines, and continue our annual export of *one hundred tons* weight of gold per annum, you need never be afraid of emigration falling off. Throw open the agricultural lands to the world, and steam lines and sailing packets will pour in able-bodied farmers and emigrants by the thousand.

With gold unlimited, and cheap land, passengers will flock in by every chance, and the quickest route will attract the trade, if rates of passage do not interfere. Taking this view of the case, England and Europe would pour down the passengers to

Panama by the Southampton and West India lines. The Pacific Mail Company would bring up the Chilians and all the South American traffic. San Francisco would send down her travelers by the United States mail line, while the entire passenger traffic of the United States and Canadas, would help to assist in filling up. All this could be depended upon, and you must certainly agree with me, it looks well upon its face. Going home on the return voyage, the steamers would also do well. Every steamer would have as much gold as a California boat usually takes, and at much better rates than the beggarly price of threepence per ounce (less than half per cent,) that clipper ships are able to squeeze out of the Banks. We have only to look at the passenger list of the Golden Age (which was before the railroad was completed,) to see what might be expected on the outward voyage. Most colonists, returning on a pleasure tour, are desirous of visiting the West Indies and the United States; and of course would take passage to Panama: even now, to accomplish the journey, sailing ships to Callao and Valparaiso, are selected by many returning to England and the States. The outward business, I am confident, would be satisfactory, and the return traffic bids fair to be most remunerative. Again, look at our immense trade with the two Americas. Since January of the present year, we have paid Chili nearly half a million sterling for her 13,000 tons of flour, which most opportunely came to us to keep down famine prices, when the rest of the world forsook us in our need. Look at California too, and note the fleet of ships that has been and will continue to pour in upon us their deeply-laden cargoes of breadstuffs and provisions, while the United States, on the Atlantic side, contribute between one and two millions sterling more to our commerce. All this is worthy of notice; when subsidies are

being voted for a mail line, I cannot speak too warmly in favor of this line. Take facts, examine statistics, and deal with the matter in a plain common-sense way, and you must certainly agree with me, that the Panama route is the most practical one to join these colonies with Great Britain.

On the 11th September a very able discussion upon the mail question took place in the Legislative Council of New South Wales. After a somewhat animated debate, the *Herald* says, that the following was the substance of the opinion of the Council, as submitted to the Government :—

"That the route which will afford the most immediate, the most certain, and the cheapest mode of communication by steam between Sidney and Great Britain, is that by way of Singapore ; and that the most rapid communication with Great Britain would be afforded by the establishment of steamers by way of Panama, and that if that line could be opened in addition to the line by way of Singapore, the greatest amount of advantage possible to be derived from steam communication from Europe would be achieved."

I cannot entirely agree with the first part of the proposition, but most energetically endorse that portion referring to Panama. I have I think, fully given my reasons, and hope I have made myself understood. The Indian route will not answer because it will not pay, unless by receiving a heavier bonus than the Government can afford to give. The Panama route with a little assistance will find ample support in passengers, gold, and light freight. I repeat it has never been tried—other routes have broken down—whose turn is it now? So far as the project of the colonial steamers is concerned, I think it would receive a death-blow from the statement of Mr. Patterson, the Secretary of the A. S. N. Company, that via Torres

Straits, to Singapore, they require £8,000 per month (£96,000 per year,) bonus, as a minimum estimate, in addition to the entire postage, passenger, and other traffic. And yet, with this startling proposition, our good friends at Sydney are most sanguine of having a speedy communication via the East! I hope they will succeed, but, to me, the most practical part of the Council's Committee report is summed up in Mr. Williams' testimony, touching the Panama route. Mr. Donaldson truly remarks, that "although we see the ripe fruit within our reach, it was, in consequence of conflicting interests, difficult to pluck." Again, "rapid communication by way of Tahiti and Panama might be ensured, without extraordinary burdens being placed upon any colony individually; and, with the aid of the Grand Trunk Line from Panama to Chagres, a most rapid line of communication between Australia and Great Britain might be established."

I believe these views are held by most public men at Sydney, and I cannot but think that all the colonies will see it in the same light. The Governor General, I am told, is in favor of it; and Sir Charles Hotham, who is acquainted with South America and the Isthmus, I believe, has expressed himself in its favor; while Sir Henry Young, in a conversation which I had with him on the subject, spoke intelligently in its favor.

If the A. S. N. Co. would ask for a smaller subsidy, and take up this view of the question, they will be far more likely to succeed. It is worthy of their attention.

In commenting upon Mr. Donaldson's remarks that "a congress or federal council would be of great benefit to the colonies generally, as a combination of intellect and intelligence would be beneficial to all," the intelligent editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald* speaks ably in regard to it. Hear him :—

"Mr. Donaldson touched on the importance of some legal form of operation, which would make the colonies one, where their interests are one. Day by day they stand stretching out their hands to each other, but divided by the impassible boundaries traced by the finger of a surveyor over the maps,—and where a parliamentary spell perpetually thwarts their efforts to co-operate. New South Wales, as the elder colony, should assert the only pre-eminence worthy of her aspiration ; and devise some broad, generous, and impartial system, which may unite all these colonies for their common good. Such a task would be worthy of ambition ; and, if well performed, would give strength and consistency to the whole, would facilitate their relations with the parent country, and postpone a separation which, though a necessity of the future, is not to be precipitated, and which may long be delayed."

Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel, and a mail service would at once spring into life ; how petty jealousies occasion odious comparisons ; and such views divide the colonies in all great public questions for their mutual welfare, as surely and effectually as the surveyor's chain? This evil the colonists should at once uproot, by unity of action, a remedy which will prove a certain restorative. Let us grapple with the mail question on a broad and public basis ; when a project of importance to all is initiated, let us work with a will. Let this Chamber place their views practically before the several Chambers of the other colonies, and in that way reach the ears of the several Governments, as the views of practical men in the mercantile walks of life, backed and endorsed by all classes of the community, who watch with satisfaction and approval every step of this Chamber that marks out the road to improvement and reform. Whenever such a project as this is mooted, Australia

should speak with one voice, acting with energy and without division. Such questions require co-operation, and the future is big with enterprises to be carried out for our mutual improvement. Shipwrecks and disaster remind us of the urgent necessity for a lighthouse at King's Island; and at once we are in communication with mercantile men of our sister colonies, who wait upon their respective Governments, and, all pulling in the same direction, an expedition is appointed, a surveyor takes the bearings; and I am credibly informed that at no distant period the mariner who has been driven by adverse winds and currents on that treacherous coast with the long-expected mail, will see the friendly guide shining brightly from the summit of Point Wickam, that points him out his proper course. In this initiatory movement we see the power, the influence, the utility of unity of action. Let us deal with no questions not practical, but when we do move, let it be with the determination to agitate the matter until the abuse is removed, the improvement carried out, and our object of benefiting the community is accomplished. Shortly I hope to see this mail question put at rest. I hope the point of arrival and of departure will settle down to where it belongs. Melbourne is indisputably the grand centre of all these colonies. Our geographical position, our immense mineral resources and pastoral wealth, our increasing population, emigration adding to it at the rate of sixty thousand per annum, and extending commerce, our exports and our imports, our youth, ever active, ever reaching, ever looking onward. Our unconquerable progress and wonderful energy demand this locality as the rallying point of all the rest.

New South Wales should be proud of us as her enterprising offspring, and South Australia has no reason to be ashamed of her progressive brother. While Van Diemen's Land may look

upon us as an athletic youth desirous of improving our laws, our Government, and ourselves. Admitting then if you please, that Port Philip deserves by her position on the atlas, her resources and her progress, that the mail steamers should arrive and depart from Hobson's Bay (although I should not wish to throw cold water on any scheme, even though Sydney were made the terminus). How then are we to cater to the prejudices of our friendly neighbors? I will show you. We have a telegraph to the Heads by the way of Geelong, thanks to the Government. Let a grand trunk line of telegraphic wires unite us with Sydney and Adelaide, talking with the townships on the way, and a submarine wire along the ocean's bed to Launceston, and so on along the convict road to Hobart Town, then we act in union as brothers and as friends, the magic of the magnetic chain would remove every shadow of discord, for the moment the mail steamer was signalized off Point Nepean, the news boat would board her to receive the brief digest of news, political and social, financial and commereial, which the purser would have in readiness for the Exchange newsman, and bear it with a sure and swift stroke to the telegraphic office on Shortland's Bluff, where the manipulator would flash the intelligence along the electric messenger to Melbourne, New South Wales, South Australia and Hobart Town, long before the steamer touched her anchorage in Hobson's Bay! All would then receive the intelligence at the same time; what we all require is, news, late dates, intelligence from the rest of the world; as conveyed daily through the interest engine of modern times, the printing press; not so much as our letters; give us the summary of news, and we will wait a day or two for details. I have thus shown how all may be satisfied in getting the latest intelligence, and then, when the steamer has stopped her paddles,

let the mail-bags for our neighbors be in readiness for their destination by the splendid fleet of colonial steamers for which Australia is so celebrated, branching out from Sydney, of which she may well feel proud; and fixed days being appointed for the return mails, no delay or annoyance would occur. You may remind me, Mr. Chairman, that all this looks very well on paper, and you may laugh at my suggestions as chimerical; but I assure you, all this will be a reality at no distant day.

This connecting all the colonies by a magnetic telegraph has long been a project of mine, as may be seen by my remarks made a few days after landing in the colony on the 4th of July, 1853; and no better time than now to agitate the matter can be had. Great public enterprises will soon be started, that will send this country ahead with a progress deserving of its great wealth. The moment that the ghosts of all our mismanaged pioneer joint-stock companies are buried and lost sight of in the ghastly records of the Insolvent court, enterprises of public utility and sounder basis will be initiated, and what is better *carried out*. In my opinion nothing can be done so effectually to wipe away local prejudices as to connect the colonies by a grand trunk line of magnetic telegraph, which would give us all intelligence at the same time. Individual enterprise, under liberal public grants, will soon start it on the journey, and, my word for it, each colony, in proportion to its revenue, would come to its assistance through its population. I saw many of the merchants at Hobart Town who would take their share of the enterprise, and Adelaide and Sydney are not likely to draw a knife across their own throat. Let the governments work liberally together; let private enterprise commence with the telegraph; and we see a new era spring up with a steam mail, a railway, and an electric wire. I was not aware that we were

to have the advantage of Captain Town's presence at our board to-day ; and although he may not agree with me on every point, yet it has afforded me much satisfaction to hear his views regarding the Indian route, which I sincerely trust will be carried out.

In advancing the foregoing opinions, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am advocating no private interests, but bring forward my views, as a member of the Chamber of Commerce, on a public basis, which I am willing to give my time and industry in fostering. I propose shortly to visit the United States, and if by the time I arrive there, *no mail line has started for Australia*, I pledge you my word that I shall not return until I have turned every stone and exhausted all my ammunition, in carrying out the views which I have laid before you, in organizing a first-class steam mail line between Great Britain and Australia, *via* Panama, by a course of post not to exceed, at any rate, one hundred and twenty days, and most likely not over a hundred and ten.

CHAPTER XXV.

COMMERCE AND RESOURCES OF AUSTRALIA.

Introductory Remarks—Population of Australia—Production and Location of the Gold Fields—Price of Gold—Banking Companies in Victoria—Commercial Affairs—Summary of American Shipping—Imports and Exports—Flour Trade—Insurance—Railroads—Custom House and Exchange—Postal Communications—Distances of Routes, etc.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, September 25th, 1854.

FREEMAN HUNT, *Editor of the Merchants' Magazine*:—

DEAR SIR:—Notwithstanding our antipodean position, shut out as we are from the civilized world by irregular mails, your highly valued journal, containing its usual monthly history of the commercial world, has at last touched our shores, and nothing, I assure you, in that line is hailed with more pleasure by our countrymen, engaged in mercantile pursuits, who for the last fifteen years have read its pages and appreciated its worth. With others, I am indebted to an old gentleman of extraordinary proportions, whose Dominie Sampson labors in the schools of New York have been transferred to the wider field of introducing American literature into this country, and whose itinerant wanderings from counting-house to counting-house have won for him the *soubriquet* of "Old Mortality." I have introduced him here to acknowledge my obligations for his regularity in bringing me the *Merchants' Magazine*, and for his kindness in only charging me *one dollar and twenty-five cents* for each number!

As your researches and correspondence penetrate into every shipping port, gathering statistical information in European, Asiatic, and African countries, as well as in the two Americas, and the islands of the Pacific, you may not consider it out of place to devote a few pages of your Magazine to a retrospective view of this New Holland of years ago, or the Australia of our time.

The prolific lands of this beautiful agricultural country were wrapt in the repose of plenty when the scientific Hargreaves, in April of 1851, found a single speck of sparkling dust, which proved to be the sentinel of illimitable gold fields! The wonderful news spread like wildfire throughout the colonies, depopulating the townships, and changing with the force of magic the wild uncultivated abodes of the savages, of the emu, and the kangaroo, into a whirling scene of active life; and from the cloud of canvas, and rattling of picks and mining utensils along the ravines, resembling some gigantic encampment of topographical engineers!

The magnetic influence of the "monster nugget" soon passed the borders of this island, till it was felt in distant lands, and the tide of immigration has not yet commenced its ebb, nor will it so long as Eureka veins are daily touched! and a large expanse of agricultural lands are thrown open to the gaze of the discontented thousands of the old world, whose unhappy condition is aggravated by the horrors of European wars!

The present population of Victoria may be estimated at 300,000 souls; South Australia at 80,000; New South Wales, 230,000; Van Diemen's Land, 70,000; and New Zealand, 15,000; say in all the British colonies of the South-eastern Hemisphere, 700,000 whites; but as we are dealing more particularly with this colony, by running our eye along its history we find that in 1836, (at the formation of the customs,) there were but

1,200, showing a gradual increase until 1850, when it was 70,000—at the end of 1851, after the discovery of the gold fields, it had reached 82,000, the increase being principally by arrivals from the neighboring colonies.

On the 31st December, 1852, Westgarth estimated the population at 200,000, since which there has been a steady increase by emigration, etc., till we arrive at the estimate for the present time.

This population has not been idle as you may see by the astonishing production of our gold fields, which may be accurately stated as follows:

VICTORIA GOLD.

	Ounces.	Av. price.	£.
From towards the end of September, 1851, to 31st December, 1852, ...	4,608,188	77s.	17,741,524
From December, 1852, to December, 1853, ...	3,090,342	77	11,897,816
From December, 1853, to September, 1854,*	1,130,519	80	4,522,076
	8,829,049		34,161,416

Showing the enormous sum of £34,161,416, or at the par of exchange 4*s.* 2*d.* to the dollar, $163,974,797, and weighing 328½ tons, which is more than sufficient to load any clipper schooner afloat, and which the insurance offices of the world could not cover in one bottom; and these wonderful results have been accomplished within the short period of a presidential term, and all extracted from the bowels of the earth by the hand of man, machinery not having as yet been introduced to any extent.

* This return comprises only what is brought in by escort, as the total production cannot be ascertained until the end of the year, when stock is taken of all gold in the hands of the banks, &c., and when the quantity brought in by private hands is estimated.

The arrivals by sea over departures for the first eight months of the present year are 39,861, being at the rate of about 1,000 per week, and from our last advices from England emigration is setting in more extensively than ever.

If the past shows such astonishing statements what may we expect in the future? when the whole country from the Grampians to the westward of Melbourne, to Lake Omeo, far away to the eastward, (better seen by a map which I had prepared,) is entirely auriferous. The following official return giving the latitude and longitude of the fourteen active gold fields, may also prove interesting :—

Name of gold field.	Lat.	Long.
Mr. Williams, in the Grampians, . .	37° 15′	142° 35′
Avoca, in the Pyrenees	37	143 10
Maryborough, in the Simson's Ranges .	37 5	143 40
Tarrengower, in the Bryant's Ranges .	37 5	144
Ballan	37 33	144 15
Anderson's Creek,	37° 40′	145° 10′
Plenty Ranges,	37 35	145 10
Mount Alexander,	37	144 20
Bendigo, . . .	36 20	144 20
Balaarat, . . .	37 35	143 58
Melvor, . . .	37	145
Goulbourn . .	37 5	145 50
Ovens, ...	36 30	146 40
Omeo, ...	36 55	147 30

These diggings extend from longitude 142° 35′ to 147° 30′, and from latitude 36° 20′ to 37° 40′, over districts comprehending upwards of 30,000 square miles, or more than half the area of the colony.

The receipts from the several mines continue on the same extensive scale as in their palmiest days. We certainly do not hear of such enormous individual success, but the returns are more regular and can be now very nearly reckoned at a certain quantity by each weekly escort; and although some two or three of the original spots have not lately kept up their standards, other fields have been opened which promise as rich results as those which, by their wonderful productions, enticed so many to these shores.

The number of ounces brought in last year by private hand amounted to nearly 460,000, and as traveling is becoming more secure every day, in consequence of the increased traffic, and so many of the bands of Bushrangers being broken up, it is expected that the present year will show a still more extensive quantity brought in this way. On this subject the *Argus* says:—

"Of late the Melbourne banking companies have employed agents at the various gold fields to purchase gold dust direct from the diggers, and they do not send their gold regularly every week to town, so that the escorts are less than even an accurate criterion of the diggers' success. A very large quantity is always brought down by private hand. Even the shipments are not now a criterion of produce, as the banks do not regularly ship all their gold dust."

The present price is £4. 0*s*. 6*d*. per ounce; even a shilling higher than this has been paid for the produce of the Balaarat mines, which is the finest and purest ever found, being worth 3*s*. per ounce more than the produce of the New South Wales mines.

The escort fee is 6*d*. per ounce from all the diggings except from the Ovens, (the farthest from Melbourne, on the northernmost limits of the province,) when it is 1*s*. per ounce.

There is no mint yet in operation, although one is to be shortly established at Sydney.

Russia produces £4,000,000 from the Ural Mountains; California, I believe, has reached £11,000,000, and the average yearly produce of Victoria I may state at £12,000,000.

The present high price of gold has been brought about by what I considered injudicious management on the part of the banks, most of which have branches on the several diggings, and purchase the gold direct from the diggers, and by competing

with each other have raised the price to the entire exclusion of every other purchaser, and prevented the merchant using the article as a legitimate source of profit on its shipment.

The extraordinary imports of last year and a portion of this, having gradually gone into consumption, or changed hands at ruinous prices, large sums were to be remitted, and the banks, taking advantage of the brisk demand for bills, raised the rate of exchange since May, 1853, from 1 per cent discount to (within lately) 3 per cent premium, which the increased premium of insurance, in consequence of the war, has raised to 5 per cent, at which rate it now rules; and as gold keeps pace with exchange, it has caused the former to rise in price in the same ratio; but this cannot last. From present appearances our exports will soon exceed the imports, and then we shall see the tables turned, and it would not be surprising to see exchange at a discount within nine months, for the moment the banks are out of the market as purchasers of gold, the price drops, and down comes exchange.

In December, 1852, the banks purchased bills on London at 9 a 10 per cent discount, and issued their drafts at 7½ per cent discount. It will thus be seen how exchange has fluctuated in this colony within a few months.

I consider the bills of the joint-stock banks here on the parent establishments in London as good paper as the banking world can produce, consequently shippers need not advise their consignees to guaranty such bills of exchange.

No country possesses greater banking facilities than this, as the following table will show. Where no interest is allowed on deposits, which have acted in part as capital, it will be readily seen that well managed stock of this kind must prove a profitable investment to the shareholders:—

ABSTRACT OF THE AVERAGE LIABILITIES AND ASSETS OF THE BANKING COMPANIES IN VICTORIA, FOR THE QUARTER ENDING JUNE 30TH, 1854.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Deposits	£6,042,354	Coin	£2,962,156
Notes in circulation .	2,292,570	Bullion	594,734
Bills in circulation .	50,524	Landed property . .	90,275
Balances due to other banks	1,287,566	Notes and bills of other banks	301,054
Reserved fund, profit and loss account .	66,223	Balances due from other banks . . .	868,146
		Notes and bills discounted, and all other debts due to the banks . . .	6,222,096
		Government securities	319,246
Total	£9,739,237	Total	11,257,706

Capital paid in	£3,159,550
Amount of dividend	296,629
Amount of reserved profits after declaring dividend . .	523,479

The great facilities for obtaining discounts have brought about a most unsettled state of affairs, and the Insolvent Court is the daily scene of aggravated cases of chicanery and fraud.

Five hundred thousand pounds will cover the entire extent of the failures of the last twelve months, a greater portion of which have recently occufred, but the next will show a wide table. By this thinning out of irresponsible parties, who, not being able to bear prosperity, recklessly extended their liabilities, and branched out into extravagances of living, we look forward to a much sounder state of finance.

The exports of wool, tallow, and hides are also very considerable and somewhat affect exchange, but only to a limited extent. Some 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of sour flour have been re-shipped of late to England, as well as some East Indian produce.

A small cargo of wet salted hides has been shipped to Baltimore per "Juliet," but no wool has yet gone forward. This

export to the United States is a new feature in the trade of this place.

About the early part of 1853, the high price realized on Kauri gum, which found its way to England and America in small lots, where it was used for varnishing purposes, caused several secret orders to be sent out to New Zealand, (where it is only found,) and about 300 tons have been shipped to the States; considerable lots have also gone to England. It is very difficult and tedious to procure, and although there is plenty of it, yet it can only be obtained through the agency of the natives, who alone have had the gathering of it. I believe it has now fallen in price, and leaves now but a very small profit.

You, sir, who often chronicle the result of overtrading and ill-judged speculation, will readily understand the position of this country since the discovery of gold to the present time. Leaving the United States in February of last year without any definite knowledge of the internal resources or the business facilities of this country, and arriving in Hobson's Bay towards the latter part of May in midwinter, a time when trade is as stagnant at that season as in Russia, I was astonished to see on every side of us several hundred ships deeply laden with goods, and few discharging. Within ten days some six or seven large vessels with valuable cargoes from American and East Indian ports arrived to our consignment, all clamoring to be discharged, and most other houses were in the same predicament. In town, the streets were crowded with hundreds of "office-seekers," but the demand was so much in excess of the supply, it was difficult to obtain even a shelter.

Lighterage and storage went up a hundred per cent, and everything available for the purpose was put in requisition. From 30*s.* to 50*s.* was paid for the former from Hobson's Bay to Mel-

bourne Wharf, and storage room, even in yards and tents, could not be had under 3*s.* to 4*s.* per ton per week. In anticipation of famine prices, every small trader had filled his store by the 1st May, *before the American ships began to arrive.* Imagine, then, the effect of having cargo after cargo of American notions poured upon such a market. A hundred sail in four months' time! Flour was sold by some at 10*s.* per barrel for shipment to England, while others would not sell and held, accumulating charges, but meeting with no commensurate advance.

We wrote at once to stop shipments, but before the long journey could be reached by our irregular mails, more ships were dispatched, ere the first results were heard from, and after advices went home saying "leave us alone for four months, and look at the exports before you commence again," ship after ship continued to be dispatched from the United States, and the consequence has been in many instances ruinous to the pioneers of the trade.

Our population of less than 300,000 could not consume imports of some articles sufficient for 2,000,000, and as no large fires swept off the accumulating stocks, as in the early history of San Francisco, and the surrounding colonies having more than they required direct, needed nothing from this quarter. We were placed in the position of a community of settlers where there were no buyers at hand. This has lasted almost to the present time.

As merchants often require something more substantial than a simple statement, you must permit me to endorse my assertions by a glance at a few figures, compiled from a list which I have carefully kept since my arrival in the colony, giving the name of every American ship that has anchored in Hobson's Bay since January of 1853 to the 1st September, 1854 :—

SUMMARY OF AMERICAN SHIPPING FROM JANUARY, 1853, TO SEPTEMBER, 1854, SHOWING HOW MUCH FAITH OUR COUNTRYMEN HAD IN THE MARKET OF THIS COUNTRY.

			Av. passage. Days.
From New York—			
Ships . . .	52	30,828	121
Barks . . .	22	8,537	118
Brigs . . .	2	385	140
Schooners .	7	1,468	120
	83	41,216	
From Boston—			
Ships . . .	25	14,917	112
Barks . . .	29	10,072	118
Brigs . . .	2	417	127
Schooners . .	5	562	124
	61	25,968	
Other American ports—			
Ships . . .	12	6,120	127
Barks . . .	12	3,384	94
Brigs . . .	4	764	90
Schooners . .	1	181	91
	29	10,449	

Total, 173 vessels of the aggregate tonnage of 77,633.

Most of which ancaored in Hobson's Bay during the first twelve months, very few having arrived latterly. This immense fleet came deeply laden with flour, provisions, lumber, and general cargo, the losses on which will only be surpassed by the amount sunk in California.

In the above table you only see the American shipping, but when you add in connection the combined imports from other nations, you will more readily understand what the future historian of Australia will term the "reckless speculation of 1853–54." This statement it has cost much labor to obtain, but being from official sources, may be relied upon, and, as with other tables, covers the whole ground from year to year since the discovery of the gold fields.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTS.

	1851. £.	1852. £.	1853. £.	1854. £.
Great Britain	687,863	1,560,529	7,359,383	5,208,970
United States	734	69,711	1,719,656	581,219
France and other European countries	2,101	33,451	412,825	386,597
East India and China . .	49,746	165,540	1,451,427	667.471
All other foreign ports .	27,988	51,740	237,482	220,976
Colonial	157,396	1,623,900	2,913,874	1,490,835
Total	875,828	3,504,871	14,094,647	8,556,068

SUMMARY OF EXPORTS.

	1851. £.	1852. £.	1853. £.	Half Year of 1854. £.
Great Britain . . .	661,900	5,993,605	8,036,280	4,313,266
United States . . .	.....	.....	41,246	4,045
France and other European countries . . .	.....	3,140	9,593	.....
East India and China, .	.....	97,085	167,587	41,173
All other foreign ports .	3,977	235	199,491	198,195
Colonial	170,365	1,043,090	628,377	345,201
Total, ...	836,242	7,137,155	9,082,574	4,901,880

When you look at the above statement, can you wonder why sales were not effected why remittances were not more prompt, why ships did not receive more dispatch, why the shipments of last year have proved such a long-winded business, and why the result has proved so disastrous, sinking over half a million of dollars in flour alone? Surely no reasonable merchant has a right to censure responsible agents in this country for not doing impossibilities.

I think, however, we have at last touched bottom; and, as I calmly look over the past, I have come to the conclusion that a brighter day is dawning. The losses of the first adventurers in the trade have only paved the way for those who may enter the field later. American provisions, hams, bacon, butter, cheese, beef, pork, preserves, etc.; furniture, wooden houses, carriages, wagons, boots, etc., have been introduced, and are much liked.

The Australians have got a taste for our "notions" which they will not forget. America can compete with Great Britain in most articles that go into consumption with the people.

Goods of first quality only should come out. Take flour, for instance—Haxall & Gallego have a reputation here which no other millers can establish. This flour, with only one or two exceptions, has come out sound, and should have the preference. Several cargoes of Chilian have been received from Valparaiso, but the bakers and others prefer our barrel flour when they can be obtained. A cargo or two of wheat has also arrived from the western coast of South America, but in a musty and weevily condition, and was unfit for anything else but feeding pigs and poultry. Haxall & Gallego flour has lately been sold at 65*s.* a 70*s.* per bbl.

This market will always be worth the attention of flour shippers. At a moderate cost and fair freight, small cargoes, if arriving in good condition, I think will be a safe investment.

There can be no danger of loss, when Haxall & Gallego can be laid down here at 50*s.*, until the Australians show more attention to agriculture than they have since the discovery of the gold fields. California says she shall now commence exporting breadstuffs, the production of her own soil; but so long as 100 lb. nuggets are taken out of the Balaarat, some time must elapse before we can follow her example.

The extent of our wants may be better seen by an import and export table. The increased consumption shown by the relative comparisons for the last four years since the time to which this return is made up, comparatively little has arrived; but much will be wanted. I am not yet prepared to state the annual quantity required from abroad, as it is almost impossible to obtain the actual production of this soil.

SUMMARY OF THE IMPORTS OF FLOUR.

	1851.	1852.	Half Year of 1853.	1854.
Great Britain, ... tons	....	391	3,588	500
United States, ...	....	494	15,036	3,720
South America and other foreign ports,	....	243	2,228	3,664
New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, etc., . . .	....	9,314	3,381	2,522
Other British colonies, ...	....	154	2,125	443
Total, ...	....	10,596	26,358	10,849

SUMMARY OF THE EXPORTS OF FLOUR.

	1851.	1852.	Half Year of 1853.	1854.
Great Britain, ... tons	....	....	255	3,051
United States, ...	....	....	....	....
South America and other foreign ports,	....	....	215	....
New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, etc., . . .	25	60	6,075	993
Other British colonies, ...	....	....	....	....
Total, ...	25	60	6,545	4,044

American lumber is much liked, and notwithstanding hard pine tongued and grooved flooring boards were sold six months since at about the freight, the article is now sought for at 22*l.* per M. feet, and it is my opinion that judicious shipments of a really good article of assorted American lumber will generally meet with a favorable result, unless the market is smothered, as was the case last year.

The facilities for discharging and dispatching ships having so much increased, the usual policies of insurance covering thirty days after arrival, is sufficient to protect the shipper; but formerly, when ships were often sixty to one hundred days in port, the risk was all on the owners of the goods. The marine risk at anchor in the bay is small; while the burning of the Ameri-

can ships Columbia, West Wind, and Julia, and the English ship Protector, by mutinous sailors, or by "barratry," some time since, add much to the fire risk. But what surprises me most is the comparatively small number of lighters that have gone down, when during the high rates of last year such crazy-looking crafts were employed. When goods are assured to the wharf insurance offices, they should have an eye to the lighters, as well as exercise much care in the survey of the ships.

I hope the ship-owner who peruses this will not consider it in the light of "my services are at his disposal," when I assure him that where dispatch in effecting sales, or in getting away a ship, is concerned, that it is most important for him to have a consignee; for this is a credit country, and captains would hardly care to guarantee Melbourne paper, especially just at this particular time.

As many ships belonging to the merchant fleet of last year lost their crews by desertion, the country is well supplied with sailors; and as their roving disposition unfits them for a digger's life, after a short experience at the gold fields they are glad to ship again. I would, therefore, recommend ship-owners to engage their crews for the run out, with the understanding they should be paid off when they have discharged the cargo; for when shipped for the voyage out and home, or by the month, the restraint on board leads them to desert, when otherwise they would most likely remain; and in several cases when sailors have been detained against their will, the ships have been set on fire—a most serious objection to the forcing system.

The canal to connect Melbourne with Hobson's Bay is only a vision of the Provisional Directors; ten years hence, with prolific gold fields, the project might be accomplished, were it not for the almost certainty, with the present extensive immi-

gration, of the limits of the city extending to the beach at Sandridge within that period. What we most require are suitable dry docks for the repairing of ships. Now we have nothing of the kind, and we are under the disagreeable necessity of going to our sister colonies where there are facilities for heaving down, but nothing on a more extended scale. Public energy or individual enterprise, I hope, for the credit of this young commercial giant, will shortly remedy this evil.

So long as California continues to yield up her precious treasure under the beautiful flag of our own fair land, I can scarcely expect an extensive immigration from the United States to this *El Dorado* of the Southern Seas; but when I remember that it was only last week 318 lbs. weight were taken out of one hole at Balaarat, valued at about $73,000, (one nugget alone weighing ninety-eight-and-a-half lbs.,) and the exhorbitant price of vegetables and dairy produce, and demand for mechanical labor, I have every reason to believe that strong, able-bodied men, farmers, mechanics, or manual laborers, who are not afraid of hard work, will in a short time accumulate their share of the precious dust.

I have alluded to the fine opportunities to the cultivators of the soil, upon the supposition that our new governor will show a much more liberal policy in entirely unlocking the lands, hitherto held on license by the squatting interest; but there can be no fitter place to observe that this is not the country for young men whose business capacity is concentrated in a fast trotter or in a new prima donna. White kids are not wanted here, for there is no Italian opera.

I have already given you a statement of American shipping, but I will now cover a broader field, condensing in a few figures the maritime fleet from all parts of the world that have cast

their anchors in Hobson's Bay, and for a better comparison of our extended Commerce, I review the arrivals since 1851 :—

SUMMARY OF ARRIVALS.

From	1851. Number vessels.	1851. Tonnage.	1852. Number vessels.	1852. Tonnage.
Great Britain	83	47,885	218	147,831
United States	..	.....	11	5,061
France and other European places	6	1,630	9	2,270
East India and China	10	2,325	17	5,041
All other foreign ports	15	4,541	32	8,201
Colonial	369	43,545	1,093	192,349
Total	483	99,926	1,380	360,753

	1853.		First year of 1854.	
Great Britain	544	249,220	294	143,655
United States	118	53,712	42	18,092
France and other European places	39	12,658	45	14,101
East India and China	94	35,561	40	15,497
All other foreign ports	129	31,510	52	12,327
Colonial	1,227	248,479	619	143,290
Total	2,151	631,140	1,092	346,962

The startling figures explain themselves; and while on this subject, a few words on the increased facilities of discharging, may not be out of place.

A year since, sixty to ninety days was considered good dispatch; now, a month's detention is thought unwarrantable delay. The most extraordinary instances of dispatch were the American clipper ship Red Jacket, handling 1,800 tons cargo, etc., in twelve working days, a fortnight's time only elapsing from the arrival in and departure from this port! and the American ship Lantao having discharged her entire inward cargo of

6,316 barrels and half-barrels of flour, ballasted and sailed again in a week's time!

These results show what can be done, and shipowners need no longer fear that their ships will remain as store-houses in Hobson's Bay. Already some of the largest and finest clippers afloat have visited our shores, and we have no doubt that so long as Europe and Great Britain are teeming with their discontented thousands, immigration will not only be the means of selling American ships in England, but will eventually, in the event of protracted war, bring us out, under the neutral flag, the finest specimens of marine architecture which the shipyards of America can produce. I predict, at no distant day, that first-class clippers with a little steam power will do our entire carrying trade.

The Red Jacket made the run in 67½ days under canvas—the exact time from anchor to anchor consuming 69 days 11 hours and 13 minutes, being the quickest passage on record by a sailing vessel, adding another laurel to the shipbuilders of the United States, and more than equaling the average performance of the mail steamers, not excepting the overland route.

The unprecedented rentals and never-before-heard-of rates of storage attracted the attention of capitalists, who, nothwithstanding the extraordinary price of building materials, and wages of masons, carpenters, etc., at 2*l.* per day, commenced erecting warehouses, some of which would vie with any in the United States or England. I should think that £4,000,000. have been invested in stone stores and other buildings within the limits of the city. This of course has lowered rents, and storage can now be had for 1s. 6d. or 2s. per ton per week, or 50 per cent less than the rates paid last winter.

Our streets are all macadamized. Our wharves line the

Yarra for a mile, and our new Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, proposes to make still farther improvements.

The railroad to the Bay, two miles long, is completed, and was opened for passenger traffic on the 13th inst., and if successful, as I think it will be under proper management, will only prove the "wedge" to open the entire country; and if we can believe the promises of our new Governor, he will shortly prove himself the Railway King of Australia. When I find by statistics the annual cost of transporting goods to the townships, and mines of the interior, exceed two millions sterling, I come to the conclusion that the high price of labor, and the great distance which we have to transport the iron, will prove no argument against the extensive formation of railways in a country where there are no parliamentary expenses, no vested interests, and liberal public grants. The whistle of the engine on the Sandridge road has not only surprised the native born Australian of Victoria, but will ere long startle the aborigines of the interior.

Ground has been broken at Geelong and also at Williamstown to connect them with the capital by railroad, but this cannot be completed for at least three years to come. Williamstown was intended as the principal port of this colony, but has not kept pace with Melbourne or Sandridge in the rapid progression which has taken place since the discovery of gold, and is now too far behindhand to be feared, at present, as a rival to either of the above places. Government have completed a telegraph to Williamstown, and have contracted to continue the electric lines to the Heads by way of Geelong. Plans are drawn for a new Custom House in conjunction with an Exchange, to cost about sixty thousand pounds, and a very creditable building is now being erected for the exhibition of articles intended

to be sent to the Crystal Palace of the French; and the near completion of the water works leads us to suppose that we shall soon have a plentiful supply of pure water, which will not only do away with the present objectionable water-carts which one meets at every turn of the streets, but in connection with proper sewerage, will add much to the healthy condition of this young city. What we most want, and what is most essential to our future prosperity, is a regular mail communication, whether by the Cape of Good Hope, Suez, or Panama, or direct by paddle-wheel steamers, I care not which, but there certainly seems to be a fair opening, more especialy by the way of Panama, under the present liberal grants of the Colonial Government for the enterprising capitalist.

Since writing the foregoing I have received the report of the select committee of the Sydney Chamber of Commerce on the subject of postal communication with England, comprising not a little information, and covering much valuable statistical matter. It will be observed that the distances are reckoned to Sydney. Melbourne is about 500 miles by sea from that port, which would give it an advantage of that distance in the case of vessels coming from the westward, and *vice versâ* when sailing from the eastward.

I am strongly of opinion that Panama should have a decided preference, as a steam line by this route would connect at that place with regular established packets to all parts of the world. Sufficient coals can be placed at Tahiti from Newcastle, N. S.W. A better instance of the desirableness of this route is the fact of the steamship Golden Age making the run from Sydney to Tahiti in 13½ days.

The Sydney Chamber of Commerce recommend memorializing the Legislature of New South Wales for an annual grant

of £12,000 for five years, in addition to the entire postage, for a monthly postal communication direct with Great Britain, and this body is evidently in favor of Panama. I have no doubt Victoria would come forward in an equally liberal manner to secure the same objects for Melbourne.

The average time made by the overland route is about 68 days, the last mail brought her news in 57½ days only! and the General Screw Steam Company's ships have averaged about 70 days via the Cape of Good Hope, and I would strongly recommend writing by these opportunities, particularly by the overland, as this has invariably proved the quickest means of communication with this country, taking advantage, however, of the chances of any clippers sailing direct from the States, the Nightingale having been only 75 days from New York! From New York the average passage has been 120 days, and from Boston 116 days. In sending letters from America to England for transmission by the Australian mail, it should be observed, that at present the service is performed on alternate months; for instance, the overland mail leaves on the 8th of September, and the Screw Company's steamer on the 4th of October, and so on.

COMPARATIVE DISTANCES OF THE RESPECTIVE ROUTES BETWEEN SYDNEY AND ENGLAND.

	Miles	
Via Cape of Good Hope		13,634
Cape Horn, estimated the same.		
Via Panama, viz:—		
Milford Haven to Navy Bay	4,552	
Panama to Tahiti	4,486	
Tahiti to Sydney	3,351	
By land	46	—12,437
Or Southampton to Chagres via St. Thomas	4,612	
Panama to Huaheine	4,562	
Huaheine to Sydney	3,277	
By land	46	—12,497

Via Egypt, Singapore and Torres Straits		
Southampton to Singapore	7,987	
Singapore to Sydney via Torres Straits, inner rout	4,195	
Land Journey	252	12,434
Via Egypt, Singapore and Cape Leeuwin.		
Southampton to Singapore	7,987	
Singapore to Sydney	4,630	
Land Journey	252	12,869
Via Egypt, Ceylon and Cape Leeuwin.		
Southampton to Galle	6,893	
Galle to Sydney	5,300	
Land Journey	252	11,945
Via Egypt, Aden and Cape Leeuwin.		
Southampton to Aden	4,259	
Aden to Sydney	7,184	
Land Journey	252	11,695

I have thus carefully reviewed the Commercial history of this port since the hidden treasures of the country were brought to light, and have given you my experience of its general trade, and my opinion of its future prospects. For many of the statistics I am indebted to the Honorable Mr. Childers, late Auditor General, now the Collector of the Customs. The others are endorsed by the highest Commercial authorities—they may, therefore, be considered accurate.

If this condensed review gives any additional light to those interested in the Australian trade, I shall feel amply repaid for having brought so many facts within the borders of your valuable journal.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 28 September, 2015